THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A W eekly
Found aj. Franklin

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In a *Nation-wide* Poll

48 *States Show* **Parker Pens Lead All**

23% Ahead of Second Pen—45% Ahead of Third Best Seller

Library Bureau

December 14, 1928

The Parker Pen Company,
Janesville, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen:

This is to certify that we have just completed a Nation-wide Fountain Pen Poll among consumers located in every state in the Union, showing that 23.07% more people will select a Parker when they buy a new pen than will choose the next nearest make, and 45.45% more will select it than will choose the second nearest make.

This was conducted in a manner similar to the Literary Digest presidential poll. We sent questionnaires to 100,000 telephone subscribers prorated among all states.

This poll was entirely impartial—telephone subscribers had no means of knowing for whom this was being done, and there was nothing on the questionnaire to influence answers.

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STATISTICAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

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Makes all pens write better

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We wanted to know if the Parker is really the country's *preferred pen*, so we ordered a *nation-wide* poll in a manner resembling the LITERARY DIGEST'S (in forecasting the last presidential election). The result shows that *23.07% more people will select a Parker* when they buy a new pen than will choose the next nearest make, and *45.45%* more will select it than will choose the second nearest make.

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This able pen—today's "last word" in both efficiency and fashion—marks a *37 year development* by Geo. S. Parker in which *29 patents* have been issued on Parker processes and products.

Try *your* hand with it at any pen counter nearby, without obligation. Demonstrate it to yourself. Every dealer is glad to have you do this.

You want all the features that this master pen provides, so look for "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD" imprinted on the barrel. That identifies the only genuine Parker Duofold, in pen, pencil, or desk set.

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When you ask the saleswoman *yourself*—

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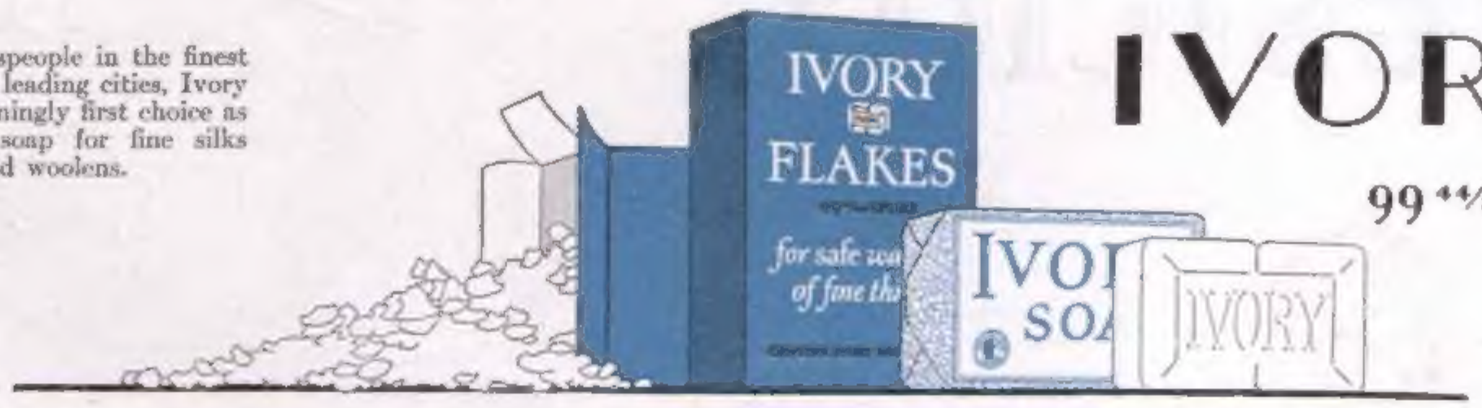
Among salespeople in the finest stores of 30 leading cities, Ivory is overwhelmingly first choice as the safest soap for fine silks and woolens.



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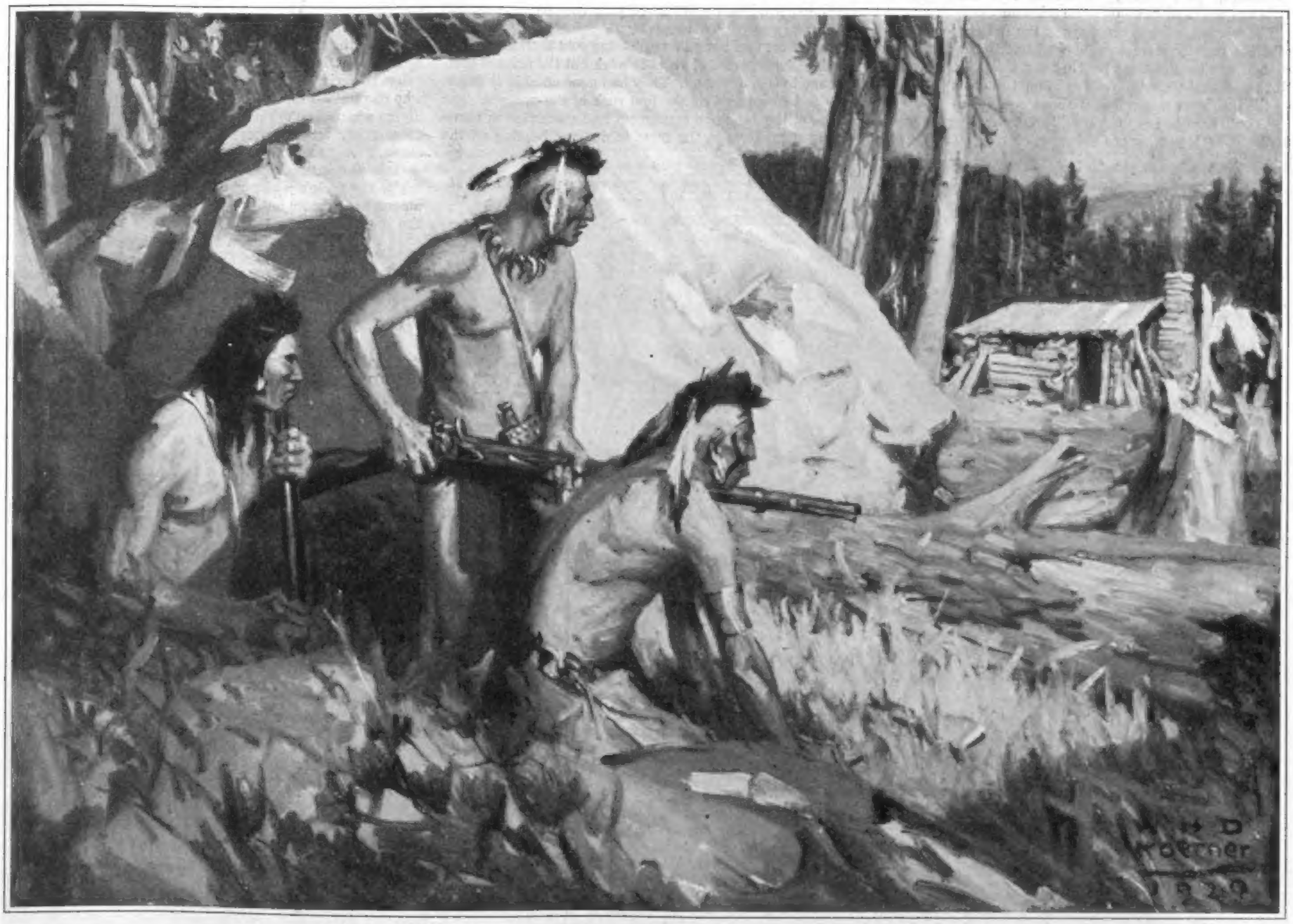


A Most Venomous and Enduring Hatred Existed Between the Settlers and the Savages

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

RODNEY BUCKNER'S first struggle toward wakefulness was occasioned by the harsh voice of the woman bidding him rise and go after the cow. Then the lingering remnants of sleep were dispelled by a deafening explosion as a flintlock was discharged through the half-open door of the cabin and the spreading dawn was rent by the fiendish war whoop of savages.

Ensuing events were but a vivid nightmare of horrors. The cabin swarmed with painted warriors. There was the sound of a blow, a shriek of mortal hurt or terror. The bedding which sheltered him was plucked from his trembling form, an iron hand seized his wrist and he was rudely dragged from his bunk. His captor, brandishing before his horrified eyes a menacing tomahawk, expelled the few English words, "Boy no talk!" in such a fierce tone as to freeze unuttered the anguished wail that trembled on his lips.

On the floor lay the forms of an older girl and the young man of the household. He was dragged out the door by his captor, almost stumbling over the still shape of Johnny Aiken, the youngest son of the woman, a boy two years older than himself. He was propelled toward the spot where the woman, a tall, gaunt person, her hands pinioned behind her, stood in the custody of two towering savages. Then he was entering the forest while the faint light of dawn was amplified by the glare of the blazing cabin.

A brier thorn pricked his foot and he halted to seize the injured member with his hands. The savage just behind him thrust him forward with a sharp grunt of impatience. Rodney could see that half a dozen warriors led the way in single file. Next came the woman, another warrior, then himself. Five more savages brought up the rear. The sinuous progress of this procession along the winding path through the gloomy forest recalled to his childish mind the gliding movement of a huge black snake that had swallowed two young chickens in their garden a few days before. His throat constricted with terror—also with thirst; and he was fiercely hungry before they had been on the trail an hour. His feet and legs burned from occasional brier pricks.

The tall figure of the woman strode on and on as if she could never tire or falter. Always she had impressed him that way—indestructible, driving, relentless. From the first he had felt little about her that was lovable. Of his own mother he had but a vague

recollection of a gracious, loving presence. After her premature death his bereaved father had drifted westward with Rodney, eventually to leave him with this pioneer woman while he accompanied her husband, Aiken, in search of a fabled mine still deeper in the wilderness. Neither had been heard of again and the boy had been left an unwelcome burden upon the hands of this woman. A stern, rather harsh creature, and no doubt harassed by the cares and anxieties of carrying on alone, she had found little time for gentleness.

White Fawn

But now the boy drew a measure of comfort from that very harsh efficiency that was hers. Her presence seemed a tower of strength to him.

His legs grew weary and each foot seemed a leaden weight. But whenever he lagged the fierce Wyandotte, who could speak a few words of English, hissed the command, "Boy hurry!" Presently he stubbed his toe.

"I am too tired to go on!" he cried out.

The woman, wise in the ways of the Indians, knew that captives usually were treated well until such time as a council was held in some Indian town to decide their fate. But those that were too frail or ailing to keep up the pace on the trail were dispatched without hesitation.

"You'll have to keep up, Rod," she said without turning her head. "If you lag one of 'em will fetch you a clip with a hatchet."

The boy had never disobeyed that voice with impunity and he responded to it now, trotting along manfully to close the gap. Fatigue dragged at him but terror spurred him on to fresh exertions.

The distant sound of occasional gunshots and the faint gobbling yelps of the war whoop reached their ears from ahead and to the right and Rodney knew that savages were making an attack on the cabins of three settlers at a spot known as Jamieson's Farm. The intermittent nature of the sounds had conveyed to the ears of the warriors the fact that the whites at Jamieson's were making a stubborn resistance. They commented upon it in their own tongue.

Presently they stopped at a spring and refreshed themselves. Another and longer string of savages came through the forest and joined them.

Two men prisoners accompanied the new arrivals. The captives were heavily burdened with various plunder that had been captured by the savages.

They were two bound men, having sold themselves into bondage for a period of years to work out the price of their passage to this new land. They had gone outside at dawn, only to be captured by the first rush of the savages. The others of the Jamieson settlement had succeeded in barricading themselves in the three cabins and beating off the assailants.

"Them as took us is Wyandottes, with a few Ottawas throwed in," said the woman. "The ones that got you is Senecas. All the tribes must have gone out again."

The weaker of the two captives, too frail to support his burden, stumbled frequently. At last an exasperated savage swung a tomahawk upon his skull, stooped to encircle his head with a knife and wrenched off the scalp.

"Lord ha' mercy on his soul," the other man mumbled.

The woman made no comment. When the slain man's burden was transferred to her shoulders she moved off with it without so much as a murmur of protest.

Rod, at the point of exhaustion, stumbled occasionally and fell, but with that bloody example of the fate that awaited laggards fresh in mind he recovered his footing and spurted ahead with such manifest terror that the savages were moved to mirth.

"You pooty good boy," the big Wyandotte said presently, and Rod found himself riding astride a powerful back.

The party halted at nightfall on the banks of a creek. Rod was handed a small piece of dried meat and a few grains of parched corn. The savages fashioned small hoops out of green dogwood, upon which they stretched the reeking scalps taken in the recent raids and hung them in the smoke of the camp fire.

When one is aged eight, it is not given to him fully to gauge the grief of others. He did not miss Johnny Aiken, who had bullied him shamelessly. Therefore, he could not divine what raged in the breast of this border woman when those grisly trophies were suspended there to be smoke cured.

Grim and silent, apparently as emotionless and unyielding as the rock against which she leaned, the woman sat among her captors until the latter staked both herself and the man captive upon their backs for the night. Rod watched them tie her ankles to stakes, tie a thong about her neck and fasten it to a tree. A six-foot pole was placed across her breast

This Savage Procession Glided Along Without Speech, the Moonlight Glinting on Musket Barrels, War Plumes and Naked Shoulders; a Fascinating Sight, Yet One Fraught With Peril

and to this her extended arms were securely lashed. Thus spread-eagled on her back, she could scarcely so much as shift her position to ease the strain.

At dawn the procession resumed its way. In the evening a great river, the Ohio, was crossed by means of bark canoes. All west of the Ohio was Indian country. The party floundered through swamps and waded creeks, heading ever deeper into the unknown wilderness of the West.

On the fourth day they came to a clearing that was planted in corn. The log-and-bark lodges on the edge of the forest beyond indicated a fair-sized Indian town. The woman knew that they had reached some tributary of the upper Muskingum. An excited throng surged round the victorious war party. A halt was made at the edge of the town and a heated discussion took place between the townspeople and the returning warriors. All seemed to agree upon some common plan and the man prisoner was divested of his burden and stood staring stupidly about him.

A Tall, Powerfully Built Savage Stepped From Behind the Tree and Held Up One Hand

Two lines of savages were forming to fashion a lane that led to the big log-and-bark council house two hundred yards away. From his perch on the Wyandotte's shoulders Rod watched these sinister preparations. A burly, bearded white man clad in buckskins stood among the savages and Rod wondered why he did not do something to help the captive. But his thick-lipped mouth grinned approval. Evidently he enjoyed this scene.

The man prisoner was propelled suddenly forward between the two lines, and he spurted desperately for the council house. He was slashed with knife and tomahawk, struck with whips and clubs. All such blows, which he believed were efforts to kill him, actually were carefully calculated to avoid that end. He was to be reserved for a far more ghastly fate. He reached the council house and fell exhausted.

Rod and the woman were secured in a hut under guard. The male prisoner was brought in, stripped, his body painted black with a mixture of soot and bear grease. He was a stupid ox of a man, new to the frontier and unaware of the dreadful significance of this blackening process. But the woman knew.

"Gawd help him to endure!" Rod heard her mutter.

The white man came in. The woman knew that the French traders and American borderers who roved the Indian country sought to purchase the lives of captives who had been condemned to the stake.

"Kin you buy his life?" she asked the trader.

"Me? Pay my own goods for his worthless hulk?" the man demanded, turning upon her fiercely. "What have they done for me except drive the French out? Hah! I have helped roast many the one! And will have a hot ramrod for this fat sheep." The woman beside Rod did not answer. Well, there were men like this one too.

At nightfall the man prisoner was led out. Presently the drowsing boy was roused by dreadful animal screams of agony that froze the blood in his veins. All through the night he woke in horror as some particularly hellish shriek assailed his ears. His exhausted body forced blessed if intermittent sleep upon him. But the fear and horror of it had fixed the face of the Frenchman indelibly in his mind as that of some dreadful monster. He waked in the gray light of dawn. The sounds outside were dying down and presently there was silence save for the thin whine of mosquitoes in the lodge. The woman spoke from the gloom.

"Our trails fork from here, Rod. 'Tain't likely we'll meet ag'in. I got nothing left to live for. But you're a Virginny Buckner—proud stock. You'll have kin somewheres and maybe they'll buy you back. I'm to be took to the Wyandotte towns and you been sold to the Shawnees. They'll treat you well. G'by, Rod."

It was the same sort of parting endured by untold thousands of captives as a land-hungry people pushed the savages foot by foot back through the wilderness—parting thus, never to hear of one another again.

II

SEVERAL more days of traveling west and south with strange Indians, and Rod came to a tremendous Indian town which he was later to know as Chillicothe, the capital of the Shawnee nation. Later he was taken a day's march to a smaller Shawnee town and conducted to a sizable lodge in which were a young squaw and her son, a youth of about Rod's own age. The squaw took him to the creek, scrubbed him thoroughly and divested him of his tattered shirt, then clothed him in leggings and jacket of soft deerskin. His feet were incased in moccasins.

He had traveled so steadily that he believed this to be but another overnight stop, but when morning came he ate with the others and was not summoned to take the trail again. The Indian youth, stripped of his buckskins and playing in the sun with others of his age, made frequent pilgrimages to the entrance of the lodge to display the captive to his fellows. The squaw had gone to work in the cornfield. Upon her return she took Rod by the hand and led him forth, visiting various lodges in the village, in each of which the white captive was offered food. Then she left

(Continued on Page 161)

IN HEAVEN A LITTLE WINDOW

Doubtless the Freshness and Extreme Youth of Doña Marequita Would Protect Her From the Madrid Audience, Which is Sometimes a Very Cruel Audience

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MADRILEÑOS love their city with a certain defiant loyalty, for no reason that discovers itself readily to the stranger; since in summer they must parch with the dry torridity, and in winter, tucked away in its pocket of the Guadarrama, the air is of a still deadliness which, as the saying goes, may kill a person without snuffing out a candle. Yet one might as well wonder why a man loves his mother, who is no longer young or charming, and has grown perhaps a little querulous with the years. At any rate, they have another saying, in that land of many sayings: *De Madrid al cielo, y en el cielo una ventanilla para ver a Madrid;* which signifies in English: "From Madrid to heaven, and in heaven a little window to look down upon Madrid."

The Marqués Estañy, known familiarly to his acquaintances—if one may conceive of familiarity in such connection—as Don Ursulo, practiced to the full the true Castilian virtues of *lealtad, gravedad, y amor de Dios;* his loyalty was equaled only by his gravity and by his love of God—a true Castilian God, who exacted frequent presence at the mass, and penances of the most severe during certain seasons, but who cherished no puritanical Anglo-Saxon prejudices against bullfighting or the lottery or such other games of chance as are still accessible, now that the vulgar modern spirit of reform penetrates even Castile's citadel of old tradition. A little more reform, reflected the *marqués* rather anxiously on occasion, and how was a gentleman to live?

Not that to live required any very great expenditure, if one regulated one's life accordingly. In the early morning a cup of chocolate served, together with a dish of humble neighborly gossip, by his faithful *muchacha*, Concepcion, was breakfast enough for any man who was neither a laborer nor an athlete. Then came the daily visit to market, with Concepcion to carry home, in her large brass-bound basket, their small and very cautious purchases—perhaps a wing of chicken or a pig's heart to stew with vegetables for the *puchero* which had long taken the place in the *marqués'* household of the more formal and quite unnecessary dinner. Then, after paying one's devotions to whatever saint happened to be celebrating—saints' days are many in Madrid, and the churches both cool in summer and comfortably warm in winter—time had arrived for the siesta, which costs nothing. Then one repaired to some favored café—El Paris, perhaps, where poets gather to compose their sonnets while sipping the *apéritif;* or the Café Ingles, beloved of bullfighters and the *aficion*—where in order to enjoy all afternoon a chosen table, with access to the various journals left behind by more extravagant patrons, it was necessary to order at least one demi-tasse of coffee, or perhaps an *arucharilla*—that innocuous fluff of beet sugar which the abstemious Spaniards stir into water and drink with such apparent gusto. After this, between the hours of sixteen and nineteen, followed the promenade, which again cost nothing—except perhaps the price of a sprig of jasmine for the buttonhole. Then, at the hour of twenty-one, which is nine P.M. for the rest of the world, Concepcion's excellent *puchero*, very hot, and further seasoned with the fine spice of hunger. This dispatched, began at last the true business of the day; those all-too-short night hours at the various casinos and gambling *cercles* where a gentleman may still employ his leisure in the more or less profitable company of the fickle goddess.

To be sure, there were certain other expenses one could not avoid—a few coppers for one's especial beggar, a *perrogordo* occasionally for the *sereno* who so obligingly unlocks all house doors at night; the price of the daily lottery ticket; and of course in season for the usual seat at the Place of Bulls. The *marqués* no longer afforded himself the more expensive seats in the shade; for, after all, can one have too much of Madrid's sun, even if received in the eyes? And *Madrileños*, no matter of what humble station, are undoubtedly the world's most stimulating company.

Don Ursulo, indeed, expanded visibly in the small extra politenesses accorded him by his humble neighbors at the bull ring. The native *toreros* themselves knew very well the tall, gaunt figure in shabby broadcloth, who, when the rest of the world went mad over them, flinging down upon the sand hats and wine skins and expensive cigars, would rise in his place and signify approval by a deep and courtly bow. On one such occasion, those seats which correspond to the bleachers at an American ball park were electrified by the honor of having a *diestro's* cape of ceremony sent into their midst, to be held by the *marqués* while its owner dispatched his fifth bull, which in Madrid is always dedicated to the people. This honor Don Ursulo immediately returned by sending back, with the cape of ceremony, his fine seal watch fob, sole remaining souvenir of a father who had also known only too well how to make the grand gesture. Concepcion was very cross with him about this later, for a good watch fob will purchase many a wing of chicken in the market place; but was presently constrained to admit that among gentlemen an obligation is an obligation, to be honored as incurred.

It was this sort of thing, considered Don Ursulo, which made one's city unique among the world's capitals—of which he had no personal experience; favorite matadors of the day consorting quite willingly with simple noblemen like himself; public places, picture galleries, and the like,

open free of cost on certain days of the week to those who found the air a trifle keen sometimes for capes grown paper-thin with service; the various academies receiving on winter Sundays, with quite substantial hot refreshment provided; and every afternoon when weather was more propitious, long, pleasant hours at a sidewalk table, the slight inconvenience of hunger forgotten in agreeable converse with all the world—with Gallego waiters, who have their experiences like other men; with strolling sailors home from places he had no ambition to see, but enjoyed to hear about; with gypsy beggars who knew better than to beg of him; with distinguished friends of a more prosperous weather, on their way to the clubs no-longer patronized by Don Ursulo, and who made themselves perhaps a little overcordial because of the shabbiness of his attire—but what mattered some slight touch of patronage, if it gave them pleasure?

Once an acquaintance of other days, and of even greater distinction than his condescending fellow nobles, came walking briskly along the Calle de Alcalá in his venturesome galliard way; and recognizing with his alert glance the cadaverous old gentleman who rose so punctiliously to mark his passage, paused in friendly fashion to ask the loan of a cigarette.

It was an awkward moment for the Marqués Estañy, who had abandoned some time since the unnecessary extravagance of cigarettes. But fortunately he had noted, at the table behind him, an American tourist before whom lay a well-filled cigarette case of tortoise shell; quite a creditable case, in fact; and always resourceful, he reached behind him and took possession of the case by *force majeur*, proffering it with quite an air. The other selected what he had need of, and passed on, remarking over his shoulder pleasantly:

"Ah, American tobacco? You are fortunate! You must permit me to return this timely favor on your next appearance at court, my friend"—since he had for the moment forgotten the hidalgo's name.

Don Ursulo restored the cigarette case to its somewhat astonished owner with suitable explanations and apologies, delivered not without difficulty, since he scorned to know a word of any language save Castilian, and the American seemed to suffer a similar disability. But with the aid of a phrase book the thing was somehow accomplished. The two became quite confidential, indeed, over the phrase book, the *marqués* having a question to ask of this, his first American acquaintance: Was the price large of a journey to America and back again?

The tourist admitted that it was, and asked with proper tourist curiosity why the *señor* should wish to go to America and back again.

Don Ursulo shrugged eloquently. "Naturally, *señor*, one would not wish such a thing!" But a relative, it appeared, had been at one time a resident of that remote country; had, in fact, suffered the misfortune to die in it. There remained the matter of a legacy.

"Oh, I see," said the tourist; and showed such congratulatory sympathy in the matter of the legacy that Don Ursulo felt it incumbent upon him to explain. The legacy was a human one.

He drew from an inner pocket of his frock coat—thereby inadvertently betraying the fact that his immaculate shirt bosom was merely a bosom and nothing more—a bit of cardboard which proved to be a photograph of the legacy: A very small girl with very large sloe-black eyes, hair that was like soft black crêpe, and an extremely brunet complexion—to American taste, an appallingly brunet complexion.

"Do you not find her singularly beautiful?" asked Don Ursulo. "Truly, a flower of her sex!"

"Um-m! Your grandchild, I suppose," murmured the American.

Ah, no, explained the *marqués* deprecatingly; he had never been able to afford himself personally the luxury of marriage. He added, after further consultation of the phrase book, that it was the offspring of his parents' younger son's child, sole remaining hope of the Estañy fortunes, who was at present receiving in America an education suitable to her future position in the world. But the good sisters at the convent had written him, as head of the family, that her education was about to complete itself, and that the time had come for her to assume her future position in the world. Naturally a young lady of such charms and distinction could hardly be expected to travel in public unattended, and there was nobody except himself to attend her; hence his inquiries as to the cost of round-trip journeys to America.

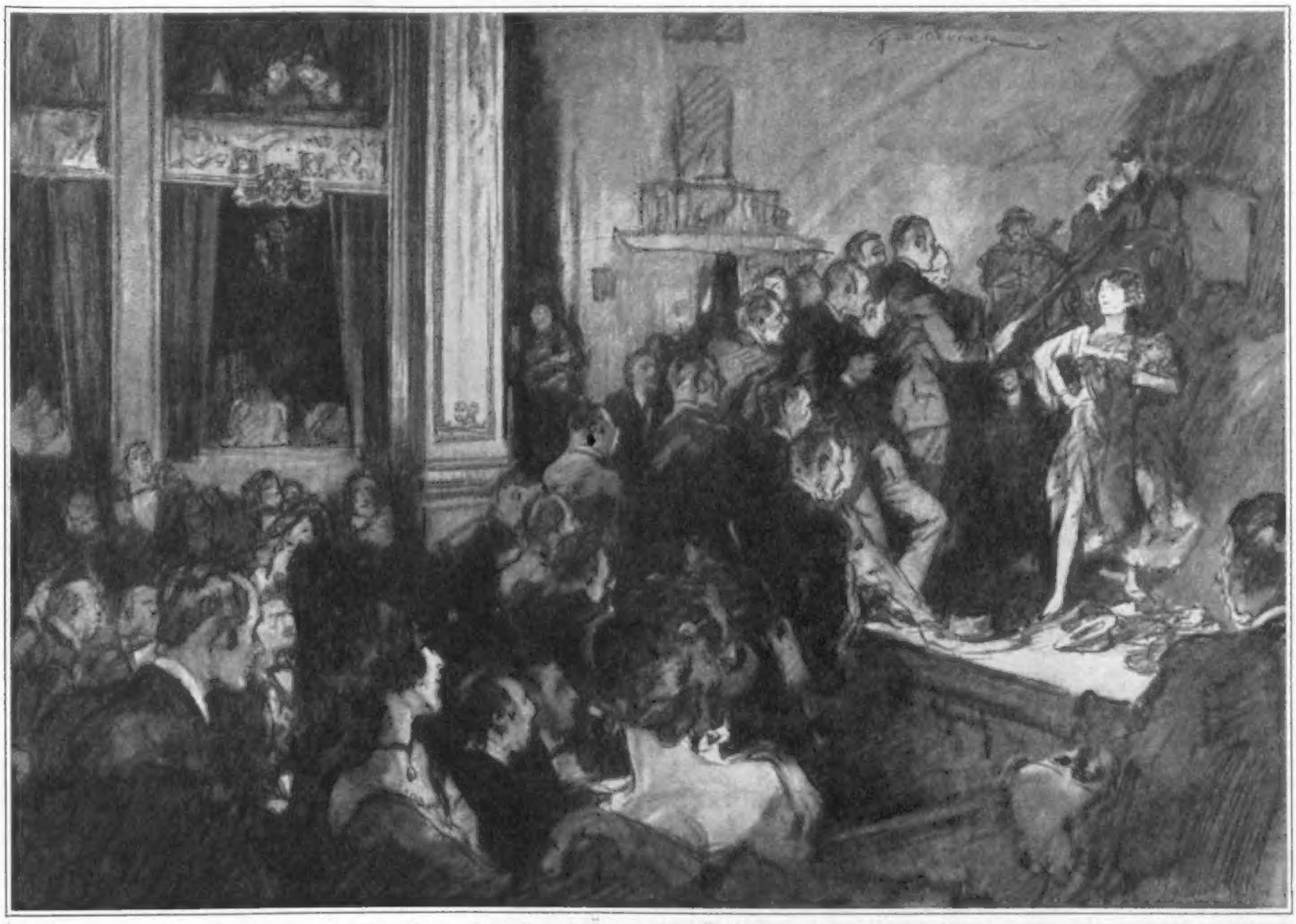
But as it appeared that this rather dark flower of her sex was being educated somewhere in the interior of Brazil, whereas the tourist inhabited that portion of America known as Chicago, his advices were of negligible value. The Spaniard blenched a little at his tentative estimate of the sum which would probably be required to go and fetch her. Don Ursulo's cautious operations at the casinos and *cercles* he frequented had not permitted him, as yet, to lay by the half of such an amount. But presently his face cleared; he remembered the lottery. True, one had never in the course of a long lifetime come within many figures of approximating the winning number, but all the more reason that one might do so tomorrow.

The day's episode was undoubtedly an omen too; cast, as the peasants say, a good shadow on his affairs. There were those who might even have seen in it some possible tangible advantage, and sought substantial return for the favor of the borrowed cigarette—a possibility the borrower may well have had in mind. But the Marqués Estañy was of a class not fond of seeking personal preferment; the little episode was sufficient gratification in itself. Where else than in their Madrid, he thought, unless in the storied city of Harun-al-Rashid, could such a pleasant encounter have taken place?

Perhaps it was no wonder that when a medical acquaintance, some years since, had tactlessly advised the *marqués* that the cough which was killing him could never be cured in Madrid's searching or scorching climate, Don Ursulo had replied very simply: "But what other climate is there?"

For him assuredly there was no other; and not too much left of that.

(Continued on Page 153)



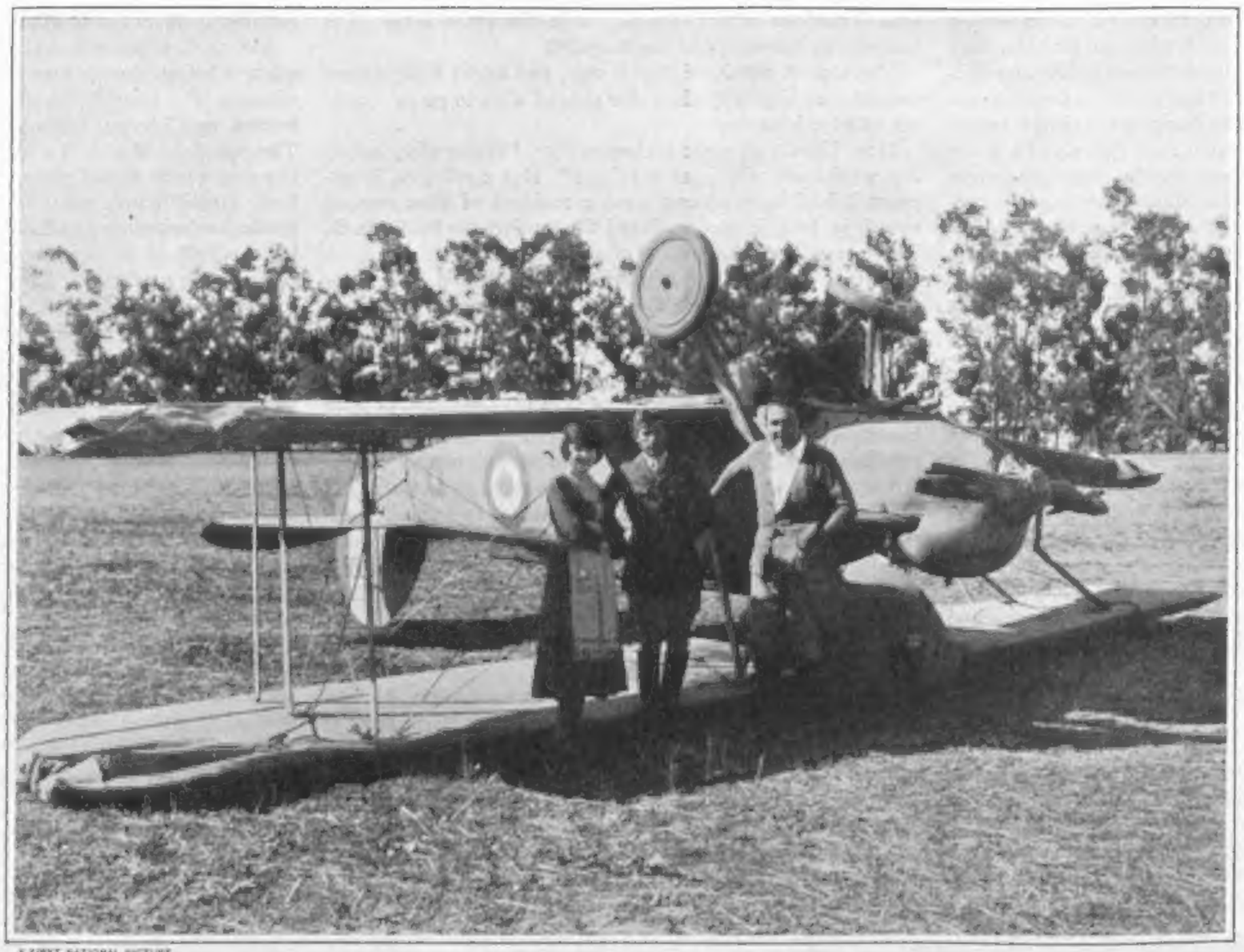
There Were Plenty of Caballeros Who Flung Their Hats to Her, and Cigarettes and Coins

FALL GUYS—By DICK GRACE

THE poor fool! He ought to have known better! A few minutes before, he was a stunt aviator. I had told him that he couldn't do it, and I was right. He had died in the cockpit, simply because he put too much confidence in the ability of a motor to pull him out of a low loop.

How much it takes sometimes to kill a human being, and others, how little! But it was not for me to philosophize. I had work to do.

From the field to the William Fox Studios was some distance, and I arrived none too soon to prepare for the stunt for which I had contracted. It had nothing to do with aviation, since, if you are a good stunt man, you must do them all. On a certain day you might be ordered to make a drop from one airplane to another. The next stunt might be a high dive or the wrecking of an automobile, or any of the many and various forms of hazard which fill the lives of the haunted.



A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

Colleen Moore, Star, and George Fitzmaurice, Director of "Lilac Time," With Dick Grace

This particular stunt was unusual. A five-story front had been built on the isolated section of a street set, at the rear of the lot. Behind those windows I knew that cans of black powder had been poured. Huge piles of paper and old film, highly ignitible, were scattered about, and to make it even a warmer place the whole interior of the building had been soaked with gasoline. This was to be a fire scene, and knowing Bernard Durning, the director, I surmised that it would be as true to life as possible. I went to my dressing room in Tin Pan Alley to put on the so-called double clothes I wore for The Fast Mail.

Before I came to the West Coast I had been a fairly well-known stunt man, had owned my own aviation field and given exhibitions. Before that there had been the war, which had taken me to France and Italy as an officer in the Naval Air Service. My life seemed destined to be one of sensation. My father had begged and insisted, but I, like a fool, would stay with aviation. The result, I saw, would be that I'd stay until it got me too. Just a stunt man!

In for a Hot Time

I RAMBLED back to the set, a lively scene now. An old-fashioned fire engine was puffing and smoking at the far end of the street, and all about the place were firemen from the Hollywood station. Shirley Mason, Buck Jones and a few of the other principals were grouped around the cameras. Extras were gathered in knots here and there, and with a little imagination it was easy to think this the real East Side of New York. My appearance on the scene was a signal for activity. Cameras were moved to their final positions, extinguishers and the chemical hose cart were strategically placed. Extras were warned to keep from the danger zone no matter what might happen.

"Are you ready?" asked Durning.

"Last instructions?" said I.

"None but these: After the fire is lighted, wait until I give you the signal. Then and only then jump into the fire net. There is nothing to fear. We have real firemen to handle the net, and plenty of equipment to put out the blaze."

"There's only one thing," I said. "Be sure to warn them to place the net clear of the wires." I nodded toward some telephone wires which were strung parallel to the windows of the third story, and at a distance of about ten feet from them.

"Don't worry. They know their business," said Durning.

As I climbed the stairs to the fire wall I noticed more gasoline and film being loaded into the fake backings, and knew that I was in for a hot time.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

William Wellman, War Flyer and Director of "Wings," With Dick Grace

As I stood there I made a quick survey of the situation. Cement below—about a sixty-foot jump—and nothing to go to, should ——

"Light the fire," came from Durning.

There were a few seconds of intense silence as the men with torches approached the building. Everyone had expected a brief interim before the building should be swept with flames. Not so! There came a sort of puff, an explosion, and the entire building and myself were lost in flames. I stepped back to avoid the fire, but there is little protection on a three-foot fire wall. Great tongues of fire shot out into the street and defied the helpless little engine. Through the flames I could see that it was impossible for the firemen to stand the heat. Twice they tried to get the net near enough for me to jump. Women were crying; men were hysterical. I could hear Durning helplessly shouting, "Get that net under there! Do something, you fools!"

High Dive

THE flames were scorching now. I noticed the heat raise a blister on one of my arms. I was a sap, a fool! Now it was my turn to join that squadron of the dead. Soon the devil would be handing me my new brevet. But not by burning. I'd jump to the pavement first. A last effort of the firemen, and they got the net almost in place. Almost! Right under the wires. But it gave me my only chance. I dove headfirst toward the pavement, and shivered as I saw it rise up at me. Then, as I passed the wires at the third story, I put my hands far out behind me. I felt the wire slide past the muscles of my arms, and partly closed my hands. A sudden jerk! I had caught there momentarily, flipping my body under the wires, and into the net. A few seconds later the whole wall collapsed. This finished shooting on that set for the day. Also it finished me for several more. The burns were superficial—came from the heat alone—but they were painful. I collected my hundred dollars. That was one time when I earned all that I got, even if the Irishman, Kelly, in the casting office did think I was a highway robber.

Things were slow for a while, which means that money was scarce, and I had to go back to the old diet of one meal a day. However, a small company was making two-reel comedies. Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin were the stars. The name of this concern was Warner Brothers. A few days with the Warners convinced me of one thing: These two brothers knew what they were about. Dick Dickinson and I ran a flivver off a cliff into the water for them, and all Jack Warner said when he saw the rushes in the projection room was "Lousy!" I didn't know whether he meant Dick and me, or what; but I guess he knew that when you're told to do a dive in a certain spot, that's the only place to go.

A few days later we had a party at the home of Pauly Malvern. Among the guests was one named Burgess. His line of work was much the same as Locklear's and mine—climbing the wings of airplanes, jumping from one plane to the other, and the like. Burgess had agreed to hang by his arms from a wing skid of a plane, and to do other minor stunts for Slim Summerville, and he was telling me how he intended to accomplish his job. I looked over his heavy-set body and mentally noted the fact that he weighed about fifty pounds too much for quick, nimble walking on wings. However, I listened.

On the day set for the stunt I stopped to watch it. The thing was not difficult; I would not have considered it

even a pastime. But Burgess got beyond his strength. After twice letting himself out to full arm's length, he found it impossible to regain the slight bamboo support. He held on as long as he could, but not quite long enough.

Omar Locklear was working for Fox, starring in a series of five-reel melodramas. Omar was the first person in the United States to change from one airplane to another, and he reaped the reward of his daring. It so happened that we had crossed paths several times in the Middle West when both of us were playing the fairs.

Lock had with him his pilot, Skeets Elliot, who was as clever on the stick as they make them. The pair were landing their ships behind the studio in an open space that borders Sunset Boulevard, but their regular field was Rogers Airport on Wilshire Boulevard. Although the field was but a thousand feet long, Shorty, the second pilot, and Skeets took off with Locklear on the wing. By the time they reached the end of the field Locklear was climbing the ladder on the landing carriage of Skeets' ship. That was the most sensational change I have ever witnessed.

Lock was very successful, but I thought now that something seemed wrong with the biggest dare-devil the air has ever known. He seldom smiled as he used to do in the old days. I was told, too, that even on parties in Hollywood, he would get morbid and insist on being off at once to the aviation field Skeets and Shorty would always accompany him, and Locklear's chief stunt was to go up in one ship, coming down in the other.

To make this change from plane to plane at any time of day is not the safest thing in the world, and at night—I can't imagine doing it for fun! Afterward, however, Locklear would again be more or less the guy fellow we once knew.

I took on an engagement to double for the handsome hero of a Fazenda picture and jump onto the rail of a speed boat as it passed the dock at San Pedro. The thing sounded easy, but already I had learned that there are two reasons why directors and production managers make a stunt sound so easy. The first is that it's really hard and they think you sap enough to take their word. The second and paramount reason is that they intend to give you as little for the job as possible. It behooves the wise stunt man, therefore, to boost his price up to twice the sum he expects to get, then cut to his own satisfaction and that of the main office.

This special stunt really should have been easy. The wharf was about fifteen feet above the water at the tide at which we intended to work. The speed boat was to pass within ten feet of the piles and I was to jump at the director's command.

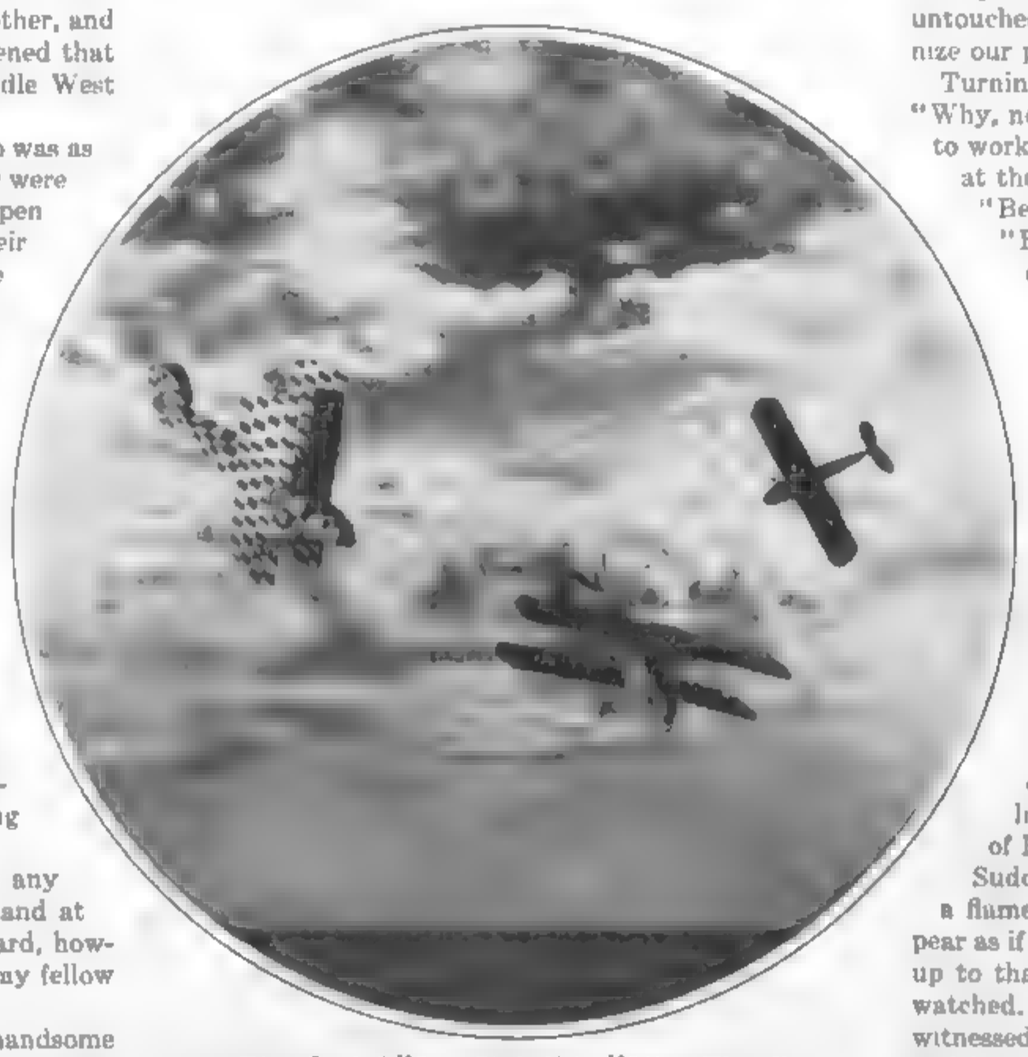
It was the boat's rate of speed that made the thing impossible; for, going as it did, instead of coming within ten feet, it couldn't pass nearer the dock than twenty-two feet. This made quite a difference in our calculations.

Dress Rehearsal

I COULD not jump that distance, but I could make a running dive for the rail. To do this required perfect timing; otherwise I would miss and be thrown into the water, dangerously near the propeller.

Twice I let the boat pass, making false starts to test my judgment. Then I gave my director the signal and the camera started to grind.

I did make a faultless leap. The distance wasn't too much, but had it been just six inches more I should have missed. As it was, I hit with such force against the anchor on the side of the boat that I broke all the bones in my left foot. And that wasn't all! The cameraman ran out of film and failed to get the shot, which meant a retake. With my foot still numb and almost useless, I had to do the stunt over again. The bang that old foot got on the second successful jump didn't make me feel exactly like going to a dance, and the worst of it was that it would do no good to have the broken bones set that night. I was scheduled to make a fifty-foot dive from a bridge in Hollenbeck Park the next morning. That dive was nothing much—nothing much more than misery, with my foot swollen until only a giant's shoe could have been pulled on.



The Aerial "Dog Fight" in "Lilac Time"

The doctors set the bones, splinted the foot and gave me two crutches to use. I hobbled away unhappily, to go to the café on the Fox lot, our old hangout. A cameraman on Locklear's picture came in and sat down near me. Neither of us noticed Locklear enter, but when we did catch sight of him, it was simultaneously, and the cameraman shook his head

"Lock's been acting queer lately," he mumbled to me.

Locklear was leaning against the marble counter, staring fixedly into the mirror behind it. A chocolate soda stood untouched before him. Then suddenly he seemed to recognize our presence.

Turning round, he asked, "Coming to the field tonight?"

"Why, no, I'm not," answered the cameraman. "I have to work on some double exposures for the picture, here at the studio."

"Better come out," said Locklear

"But, Lock, I'll catch it if I don't get my work done. Anything exceptional out at the field?"

"Well," mused the king of stunt men, "if you don't come out you may miss the best shot in the picture." Without another word or look at us he walked to the door.

Some hours later I was still thinking over that short conversation. Locklear's words sounded as if he had a presentiment. I'd heard others talk that way. Finally, in disgust I threw down the book I was reading and put on my overclothes.

From my house to the field was approximately six miles, and I had been ordered by the doctors to keep quiet. So I started out slowly. Yet the more I thought the faster I traveled. Soon I had only half a mile more to go. The drone of a motor could be heard in the sky. Huge sunlight arcs were playing about the silhouetted figure of Locklear, five thousand feet above them.

Suddenly, as I looked, the wings of the ship gave forth a flame. There were phosphorous flares to make it appear as if the ship were burning. It was a clever stunt, and up to that time not often done. I got out of my car and watched. Locklear went into the prettiest spin I have ever witnessed, with those tongues of flame streaming far back and into the heavens. One, two, three thousand feet he fell. He was now but a bare thousand up.

"Bring it out!" I said to myself as if I spoke to Locklear. But the spin kept on. "Bring it out—bring it out, Lock, quick!"

Joining Another Squadron

BUT he went on falling. Now it was almost too late to save himself. I started to run; my hands were wet with sweat. "Out—quick!" I stumbled and fell flat on my face; at the same time I heard the ungodly crash that only those witnessing a tailspin into the ground can understand.

When I got to my feet again the sky was covered with a red illumination. For miles around one could see. The ship had fallen into the pool of an oil well. It was all on fire. Locklear and his pilot Skeets had joined another squadron.

From a Warner Brothers serial, The Eleventh Hour, in which I doubled for the hero who was dropped into a cage of lions in his efforts to escape the villain's House of Tortures—lions which resented so unconventional an entrance—I returned to Fox and to aerial acrobatics to do a stunt for Tom Mix. In the picture Sky High I was asked to leave the cockpit of a ship and slide down a twenty-foot knotted rope. I knew rope ladders well and that the ordinary ladder is difficult enough to work on. But you can hang from one by your knees when your arms tire. Not so from a knotted rope. The strain on arms and legs is unrelieved and cannot be shifted. If you doubt it, climb up and down a

An American Plane Attacking a German Troop Train in "Wings"

(Continued on Page 185)

FAITH

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"It's Been So Interesting to be Here. I'd Rather Forgotten This House. It's Such an Expression of Middle-Class Solidity, Isn't It?"

AS I CAME out of the door into cold air a gathering broke up in the wide porch of No. 6, Lake Place, and various shoes scuffled and clattered down the steps. About fifteen boys withdrew guiltily or tried to indicate that they were merely there by some extreme accident and had not been just fed quantities of things through the window of the butler's pantry.

Some of them collected around William James Lovejoy and Valentine Joseph Lovejoy defensively; three or four of them pretended to be looking at a black eye of Curtis Lovejoy or his twin Edward. Samuel Norton Lovejoy alone did not bother with any subterfuges. He was openly and composedly eating a pink cake which had smeared upward on his nose.

"That's not good for your figure, Snorty."

"'S too," said Samuel Norton, getting more pink sugar down his chin. He wiped this off on a sleeve of red, knitted wool and then told me, "We had a burglar!"

"So I hear."

"'N' I saw her!"

"I hadn't heard that, Snort."

William James, Valentine Joseph, Curtis, Edward and Eustis Martin Lovejoy all remarked that the kid was crazy. Herman Melville Lovejoy ordered his youngest brother not to talk rot. Samuel Norton concluded his cake and looked down to the mob with disdain. A fat child of seven can be more disdainful than most people.

"I di', too, see her, and she was a woman!"

William James Lovejoy now assumed the family's responsibility and assured me: "He's imaginative, you know. You know he sleeps in the room next to Polly and dad, and this burglar was foolin' around on the stairs when Joan woke up. He can't have seen him. Polly was awake, reading, and the fella would have had to come past her room to get any place near this thing. It's psychological. He just thinks he saw someone, because we've been talking about it for three days."

Samuel Norton did not care to answer this indictment. He walked off and stood hopefully under the window of the pantry, sure that his brother-in-law's servants would not see him wronged when there was food stirring. A maid at once recognized his rights by setting something bright with coconut on the window sill. The mob edged up the steps again, except for the lone and dignified person of William James Lovejoy. Either W. J. felt that he was too old to eat adventitious cakes publicly, or he wanted to talk to me. He stayed shuffling on frozen gravel as I came down. Polly Lovejoy does not permit her children to be shy. W. J. walked past empty cars and cars sheltering drowsy drivers, and informed me precisely as to the names of owners. This was a monstrous tea fight inside the square, hard house. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Gross were entertaining for the first time since Miss Abigail Lovejoy became Mrs. Frederick Gross, and that was an important matter in the city of Lutherville. The cars spread along the curbs of Lake Place in both directions. I felt that some of them had been polished for the occasion; they glowed in the faint light.

"Why aren't you attending, W. J.?"

"Under the age limit. Abbie said seventeen was the edge. Of course, she said I could come if I wanted to. Only I hate tea fights," he said. And then he asked, "How's she getting on with it?"

"Beautifully. Didn't you think she would?"

"Oh, yes! But a lot of the young people don't know how to behave any more, you know."

The dark boy said this in just the tone of a resigned old gentleman deploring something in a corner of a club's reading room.

I choked and lit a cigarette. There were crumbs of cake on his chin.

"They seem to be on their good behavior today, W. J. Lady Luria's the only disturbing influence, and she limits it to being just as rude as she can. And people are rather enjoying her, except her grandfather. I think your mother took him home. He was suffering a good deal."

"Which one of those squaws is she?"

"Don't you know her by sight, W. J.?"

"No," he admitted, looking back at the maroon curtains of the drawing-room. "Y'see, I was pretty young when she got married. I guess I was eight. Didn't even know she'd been engaged to Freddie until Polly told me the other night after the burglar scare. We all went down to get somethin' to eat after mother got the kids back to sleep. She got talking about Faith Meserve—Lady Luria. It's fun hearin' about these—these legendary sort of people. But I never knew she'd been engaged to Fred, an' mother says Fred busted it. Crazy, isn't she?"

A cold wind rushed along Lake Place. The lake sent a murmured complaint from beyond Freddie Gross' lawns and the golf course next to the water. The air's movement brought the clangor of Faith Luria's voice from an open window of the bright drawing-room.

"What makes you say she's crazy, W. J.?"

"I meant socially," the shrewd boy said. "Says awful things, doesn't she, and thinks she's bigger than elephants?"

"She's generally trying to hurt someone. She opened fire this afternoon by saying that there's no such thing as an American gentleman, which turned her grandfather green on the cheeks. I came away when she'd finished off a Mrs. Weeks by saying that all babies were awful, but that hers—Mrs. Weeks' -must be peculiarly nasty. She's insulted Freddie for running local politics and told your sister that she'd be quite handsome if she had a good dressmaker."

"She said somethin' snotty to Ab the night of Mrs. Munkittrick's dance. That was Monday. The night we had our burglar."

"What about this burglar, Bill? I only got here this morning. Haven't heard the details."

"It was kind of flat," he said. "Joan woke up hungry and was goin' down for a cracker and ran into this fella on the landin'. She yelled. Polly saw him a minute. He was a young egg in chauffeur's clothes or putties—that kind of pants anyway. Mother wouldn't send for the police. She said he was young. And you've got to respect a man that'll jump sixteen feet. He had guts! He just crashed the window on the landin' and jumped. I've never been mixed up in a good crime yet," he lamented. "Never really saw anybody arrested for anything much."

"How old are you, W. J.?"

"Be seventeen next June," he said in a resigned manner. "But this lout must ha' been an amateur. Everybody knows we're poor! Nothin' in the house to steal but daddy's first editions. Burglars probably don't know much about rare Americana an' sociologies."

William James knows a deal about both. He mingles pole vaulting with hours in his father's collections. Lately he had been interested in criminology and resented the tameness of Lutherville.

"The criminal set does read newspapers, W. J. Old Mrs. Burdick left your mother those jewels when she died. That was in the papers. Fred sent me a clipping."

"But she sold 'em all! How did you think Delray went to the school of journalism and Dicky got sent to art school in New York?'"

"You know that's what your mother did, W. J. But it isn't likely to have been heard in the upper or lower burgling circles. And why does Samuel Norton say the burglar was a lady?'"

"Dunno. It's kind of funny, though. Says he waked up and a lady with pants on told him to be quiet or she'd kill him. So he stuck his head under the pillow and then he heard everybody yelling and the window smashing. He makes a good yarn out of it. Polly doesn't want him encouraged about it. Matter of fact, this fella could have brought a girl along, and they may have climbed in over the pantry roof. They'd land in Snort's room that way."

"More theorizing," Mrs. Lovejoy said tranquilly, behind me, and touched W. J.'s shoulder with her stick Wind arranged her clipped white hair as a wild cap on her high head and her cloak blew gracefully around her slimness. "Told you to let the burglar be, W. J. If the mob keeps talking about it, Snorty'll keep on being scared at night. . . . Where is my angel pig, by the way?"

"Over at Freddie's, mother."

"And where are Eustis and Val and Curt and Edward? And Bimmy?"

"Where d'you think?"

"I feared as much," said the calm lady. "Now let's have an understanding at once, W. J.! You are my oldest son temporarily, and you've inherited the captaincy of the mob from Del and Dicky. I won't have Freddie Gross plundered. It's luxurious to have a millionaire part of the family, of course, but I won't have him imposed on Go and call them off."

"Mother," her third son told her, quite severely, "Fred said he didn't want a lot of stale sandwiches and cake weltering around after this orgy. He said it this noon in front of Bimmy and Eustis."

Polly Lovejoy saw the justice of this rebuke at once, and apologized handsomely: "I don't think Fred said anything about weltering or orgies, dearest. That's not his style, conversationally. But if he invited the mob, it's his own fault. Go and call them off. I have their digestions on my conscience. There were caviar and *rillettes de Tours* in some of those sandwiches. Your father, thank heaven, is off lecturing on the causes of the Civil War and he won't be disturbed by anything that happens tonight. But go and rescue Snorty, at least."

Snorty was not needing rescue. His voice just then soared toward us, apparently from upper air. He was in fact bouncing along on his brother-in-law's shoulder. He rode and howled, beating the yellow top of Freddie's head with the remains of a pink cake and gesticulating to the new stars with a sandwich. He howled strikingly while his ashamed brothers loped alongside the giant and begged the baby of the family to shut his face. A scandalous public proceeding is not in the Lovejoy code.

"Something scared the poor cuss, Polly," Freddie panted, depositing the convulsion of red wool on the pavement before its mother.

"Maybe it's just the beginning of the end. . . . Bim," said Mrs. Lovejoy, handing me her stick, "run and see if there's plenty of bicarbonate. It may be a wild night in the nursery. Run along."

Herman Melville ran. The other boys all sat down on their heels and contemplated Samuel Norton, who was doing his best. Several drivers hurried from the cars to observe this tumult. Door lamps and gate lamps and street lamps were now revealing Lake Place, and Snorty's anguish became remarkably plain.

"Tell Polly," his mother urged, "everything, you poor abused darling!"

"Sh' looked at me!"

"Who was so unfeeling, Snorty?"

"Her!"

"Yes, but what her was it, Sammy? Try to be definite."

"Th' burglar! Froo th' winda! 'N' I don't like her," said Samuel. "Sh' looked at me!" He then dove headlong into his mother's lap and was erased, except for his red legs, under the blowing cloak. His howl declined into a steady sobbing He was safe.

"Translate this, Vally."

Valentine Joe reported, a trifle nervously, "W-we'd gone around to—to look 'em over, Polly. He was lookin' through a window and then he began yellin', and Freddie came out. I don't know what started him off."

"I'm so sorry, Fred."

"Stuff," said the giant. "Calls for a vote of thanks. He started people goin', Polly."

"Aren't you enjoying your party, Fred?"

"The only worse one was at a professor's in Cambridge, when I was a sophomore and some hen tried to explain Boston society to me, Polly. William James, I'll buy you all the criminologies you can hear of if you'll go over and play the piano and make it sour! Play the Dead March from Saul. Play a lot of Brahms. That always drives people mad."

"Will you buy me Aspren's Studies in the Psychology of Drug Addicts?'"

"Sure!'"

"Well, thanks a lot, Fred! It costs ten dollars, though," said W. J. honorably.

"I'll buy you ten sets of it, brother! You can be police commissioner, too!"

W. J. sped across Lake Place and up Fred's driveway. Mrs. Lovejoy chuckled, nursing Snorty's head on her shoulder

"You're a dreadful person, Freddie."

"So's this tea, Polly, and you deserted us! And that hyena "

"Steady, child!"

Freddie Gross growled, but I thought it excusable, after two hours of Lady Luria. His tea fight had been agreeable until the tall woman swung into the long drawing-room and settled on a chair near the third window. Since then a terror had roamed. For two weeks Lutherville had tried to be civil to this woman, it appeared, but every dance and every dinner had been a disaster. She raged as a disease; she was an influenza of rudeness. She beautifully reclined in corners and slew from thirty feet. The prosperous society of a whole city shuddered. But she could not be neglected; she was Judge Meserve's grandchild. She had to be asked to parties. She belonged.

"Go back, Fred. I don't want Abbie left alone to face this."

"Abbie's better at it than I am, Polly. She never was engaged to that—that extraordinary person," said the giant. "And I was! If I'm rude, it looks ——"

"Go back. Go back, both of you. She may assault W. J. And he's perfectly capable of answering her back. And you," she crisply told me, "get me the ring I left on the third window sill. The window's open, if you can't count three. . . . Come, Snorts. A shot of bicarbonate of soda and some bed, and you'll forget your spooks."

Mrs. Lovejoy retired up her driveway and the mob trooped after her cloak, Curtis dragged the cane he had politely taken from me, suggesting the tail of a sated tiger. They would not need much dinner.

"She's a great woman," said Freddie.

"Your wife's rather like her. W. J. is getting a bit uncanny. Or is it my old age? I suppose I'm beginning to feel that a kid of sixteen shouldn't be clever. Eh?"

"I was just groaning," Freddie said.

His hair blew and his coat vibrated around his narrow hips. A lamp displayed his green eyes and his foreshortened nose. He stood in the middle of Lake Place and was afraid to go back into his famous drawing-room, where some Presidents had shaken hands with callers and his father had altered the politics of three states in 1892. He was afraid of Sir Arnold Luria's wife. He was man enough to say so.

"She scares me. What's her voice like?"

"Copper. She sounds as if someone was pounding a gong in her throat when she speaks."

"That's nearly it. I was engaged to her for a month in 1919, when I got back from France. It was just an impossible thing. I broke it off. Not that she wasn't willin'. She hated me!"

"Really?"

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She Set Her Fists on the Wood and Screamed Across the Jewels at Lord Edward

LOVE ON A FARM

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WHEN I got off the train at Squisset the first person I saw was Eddie Guild.

"Hello, old boy!" said Eddie, looking in all other directions. "Well, this is fine. Only from what you told me over the phone, I didn't expect you until the 6:14. But this is fine! How's Wall Street?"

"Hello, Eddie," I said. "Why, it's so stagnant that I got away at three o'clock, and—and —— What do you think you are, Eddie—a revolving beacon?"

"There they are!" said Eddie, excitedly, and hurried toward six women and three men who had just filtered out of the forward Pullman.

Eddie and I had been classmates in college. He'd never had any money, but he'd had plenty of friends, in spite of the courses he took. He'd taken biology, zoology, chemistry, forestry and botany.

Then when we'd graduated, two years ago, he'd gone to work in the state biological department, but almost before he'd dissected a single grasshopper his great-aunt Maria had slipped on a moth ball in the attic and left him two million dollars and all the crayon portraits.

So Eddie had bought a huge farm at Squisset, where he was a passionately model farmer, and he'd invited me down for a house party, Friday to Monday.

Eddie signaled to me, and I went over and met the posse, and none of the girls needed any excuses. In fact, I was sorry that I hadn't been sold a seat in that forward Pullman.

Eddie said: "Well, come on, everybody! We're off for Riverside Farm!"

So we climbed into two flivver station wagons and barged up a lane that would have been a pretty good lane if anybody had blasted the bowlders out of it and filled in the ruts.

The girl on my right—when she wasn't hurled into my lap—was named Eleanor Something, and she said, "Do you know how far it is to Riverside Farm?"

I said, "No. And please pardon me for lurching."

She said, "Well, whenever I travel I always wear glove silk, in case of an accident. But if I'd known what this—Oomph! Did I hurt you?—this road was like, I'd have worn canvas!"

Here one of the men had a majestic idea. He'd brought a shotgun with him, and his idea was to unpack it and fire it at random, and make Eddie, whose car was just ahead of us, think he had a blow-out. So he fired at random, into a pasture. And Eddie never even turned around, but the girls all screamed and the sharpshooter said: "Good Lord! But —— Oh, no, the cow's all right; she doesn't even limp; it only stung her." I began to realize that it was going to be a gay, carefree party.

We arrived at Riverside Farm. The house was only about half as large as the Grand Central Terminal, and the whole landscape was full of honest farm hands who got up and went to work as soon as they heard us coming. I was shown to my room by a hired man in a striped waistcoat, and then Eddie came in.

I said, "Eddie, I hate to make any remarks, but I'm afraid something's died around here."

And We Looked at Each Other and Kept On Walking

Eddie sniffed. "Oh!" he said. "Why, no, that's nothing but the fertilizer in the south meadow. Runs 14 per cent phosphoric acid too." He sat down. "Bill, old boy, can I talk frankly to you?"

I said, "Yes, Eddie, keep right on."

He said, "Bill, I'm crazy about Dorothy Booth. She's the brunette about the size of Greta Garbo, with Clara Bow's eyes. And Dorothy's wild about movies. Matter of fact, the Kinemart people have practically offered her five hundred a week to go to Hollywood. They're tired of vamps and ingénues, and they want society women. And just for the fun of it, she might go. But that was what gave me this hunch, to surprise her. I'll announce it at dinner. I've got a shark photographer coming tomorrow, and we're all going to do a private movie. I wrote the scenario myself. Well, it finishes with a wedding, and what I hope is that the wedding'll be real! I've got the town clerk and the minister coming into it, anyway, and they're all primed to make it legal, if Dorothy says yes. They'll come up whenever I telephone we're ready. Do you get it?"

I said, "Sure! But her family'd let her loose in Hollywood?"

"She hasn't got any family," said Eddie. "She's an orphan, and she lives on Park Avenue with a companion. So help me out."

"How can I do it?"

He said, "Plug my game, old boy. There's two men here—Charlie Morris and Sam Allen—that are pretty keen on her themselves. So when I'm busy on this picture you sort of take care of her, will you? Keep her away from Charlie and Sam, and give me the breaks."

"All right, old boy, I'll plug your game. But incidentally, what am I in the movie?"

"You're a crooked lawyer," said Eddie, "but you reform and marry Dimples. It's a good part."

"Never mind about the part," I said, "but how good is Dimples?"

"She's a good kid. Eleanor Morton. You sat next to her, coming over."

I said, "Yes, and she came over about as much as she sat next to me. All right, Eddie, it's a firm contract." So Eddie went away and I got into my eating suit and went below and sat on the veranda, and somebody touched me on the shoulder and I jumped.

"Try bromides," said a voice, "for that twitchy feeling; try Old Doctor Bromide's safe and sovereign remedy. Feeds the nerves."

It was a man about twenty-two years and four months old. He stood about six feet and half an inch, and weighed about one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. I also estimated that he had had about five stout drinks, or nine mild ones.

"Sir and fellow guest," he said, swaying gracefully, "my name's Morris—Charles Francis Morris—and I appeal to you as a man of the world. I can tell it by the way your coat fits. But do I, or do I not, look like the master mind of a bootleggin' ring?"

"No," I said, "you don't. What next?"

"And yet," he said, "that's what I've got to do in Eddie's movie. He wrote it himself, and it saddens me. I got to be a bootleg king and he marries the girl. Now, as man to man, do you call that fair? And if he wants to give you any of his cranberry gin—don't. Because I got here earlierer than the rest of you, so I know whereof I speak. . . . But hist!" And he fell over the Gloucester hammock. "We are discovered!"

It was the crowd coming down to dinner. The chaperon and her husband—she was young and skittish—weren't any handicap at all. Then we went in to the dining room and Eddie told us that everything was straight off the farm, including the bread, which was partly potato flour. He didn't say what the other part was, and we were too polite to guess. He also related dozens of cute anecdotes about Riverside Finsteraarhorn Rupert III, his two-thousand-dollar prize hog, and Riverside Lotto Eglantine IX, his prize heifer, and Riverside Lady Eiderdown VI, the most fruitful and multiplying of his prize white Wyandottes. And I sat between Miss Booth and Dimples, and ate Lady Eiderdown's fried children, Maryland style.

Dimples had nearly everything, and I liked her a lot, and she was just analyzing my character for me when Eddie called for silence and told us about his movie scheme. And the enthusiasm was loud and rife, and everybody wanted to hear the scenario. But he said his secretary hadn't typed it yet, but we'd all have copies of it by bedtime. And the husband of the chaperon got up and conducted us in the singing of that ripe old anthem, For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.

So I said to Miss Booth, who was quite agog, "I understand you're very ah-ah about the movies."

"Why, yes," she said. "Are you?"

"Well," I said, "I'm interested in the stock of one or two companies, but that's only the commercial side. Eddie told me you were interested in the professional angle."

"Well," she said, "through a friend of mine who knows a man in Kinemart very well, I've practically had what almost amounts to an offer to go to Hollywood. And it might be fun. Anyway, I'm having a screen test next Wednesday at their New York studio. But isn't it darling of Eddie to do this for us?"

"Yes," I said, "and thank heaven it'll be mostly outdoors, so we can wear some of our own faces. I may be old-fashioned, but I don't like girls with purple skins."

Then the man with the shotgun—he was Sam Allen, and one of Eddie's rivals—tried to do a trick with three forks, two tumblers and a dime. And while the butler was sweeping up the glass, Dimples and I talked some more about our characters.

After dinner Eddie took us out to look at his prize melons, and feel of them, and after that we camped on the terrace while he told us about the different diseases of sheep, and after that we played bridge. And Sam Allen was awfully Menjou at Miss Booth, and Eddie didn't like it. And Charles Francis Morris gazed at her with a cuddling and glassy eye, and revoked four times and cost his partner sixty dollars. Eddie didn't like that either; and Eddie wasn't even his partner.

Then we all had a breather on the lawn, and Dimples and I became lifelong friends, and then we all said good night. But Eddie came into my room before I'd even stopped swearing about my toothpaste, which I'd packed without putting the cap on.

"Bill," said Eddie, "can you ride a horse?"

I said, "Sure! Bill Hart, Tom Mix—I'll be anything."

"It isn't that," said Eddie, "but Miss Booth wants to go riding before breakfast. And I'm going to be busy. And I've got six good saddle horses. So will you take her out? To keep her away from Charlie and Sam?"

I said I would do that. And I said that if requested I would even tie a ribbon around my forehead, as in Ben Hur, and ride the other five horses myself, in order that Charlie and Sam should be left absolutely flat.

"Splendid fella!" said Eddie approvingly. "And here's your carbon of the movie plot. We'll start taking it at nine o'clock."

He went away and I read his scenario. The title of it was Love on a Farm.

It seemed that Lucy—Miss Booth—a virtuous village maiden, was wooed by Jack—Eddie—a rich and energetic farmer who wooed like he farmed. But Lucy was dazzled by Osborne Treadwell—Sam Allen—who, unknown to her, was a vile dastard. So she eloped with Osborne, but about a hundred yards after they eloped, he proved himself a white-livered poltroon by fleeing and leaving her to the mercy of a herd of Jack's prize bulls. She saved herself, but then fainted, and was revived and brought home by three Girl Scouts, Fluffy, Polly and Dimples—the chaperon, another girl and Dimples—who had been out on a bird hunt. But her parents spurned her, so she wandered hopelessly into the wildwood.

Jack, after drinking heavily to forget his chagrins, went swimming in the river and caught a cramp and was drowning. Lucy rescued him, and helped him to the office of Woodridge—me—an unprincipled lawyer and justice of the peace, to sign the pledge. But I pulled a fast one on Jack, and what he actually signed was a deed of his farm.

Pierre—Charles Francis Morris—a Canadian halfbreed bootlegger, spied through the window and saw me sell Jack's farm to the village banker—the chaperon's husband—for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So Pierre blackmailed me and ——

At this point I rang the bell, and the hired man came in.

He said, "Did you wish something, sir?"

I said: "Yes, James, I wish something—or anything! But quite a lot, James—quite a lot!"

Came the dawn. Came the horses—namely, Riverside Maud and Riverside Napoleon. Came Miss Booth, and we rode out into the whole United States. Came conversation.

She said, "Have you read Mr. Guild's scenario? What do you think of it?"

I said, "Well, it kept me awake most of the night."

She said, "Well, it is a little sensational, but ——"

I said, "Yes, a little, but ——"

We riveted our eyes on each other, and she said, "But Eddie's such a dear, we've got to do the best we can with it, haven't we?"

I said, "That's easy enough for you. All you've got to do is to be beautiful, so you don't even need to rehearse. But I've got to be a shyster lawyer of the deepest dye, and then struggle up from the depths to find my better nature, and give back my ill-gotten gains and wed Dimples."

She laughed. "Will that be any hardship?"

I said, "Well, Dimples is a pure, sweet girl. But if the big drowning scene should go cuckoo, and Eddie sinks to a watery grave, and I have to be his understudy—well, that wouldn't be any hardship, either."

She laughed again, just as our fiery steeds shied at a smooth piece of road. "You're really rather nice," said Miss Booth, "and in case of necessity, why, maybe I can understudy Dimples."

"Well, if you do," I said, "then I absolutely refuse to restore my ill-gotten gains. I mean, we'd have to have something to start housekeeping with, wouldn't we?"

Her cheeks got tinted, and she said that I certainly did need reforming, and let's gallop back to the farm.

When we got there we found that chaos reigned. Because the cameraman had come, and also a woman to make us up, and she'd already done most of us, and they were trying to eat breakfast with it on, and complaining that nothing tasted authentic. And the cameraman said he couldn't develop his film except in a bathroom with

(Continued on Page 146)

So the Cameraman Said Apologetically "O. K., Baby" and Went On Cranking

THE RISE OF THE DOLLAR

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE rise of the dollar is in many respects the most spectacular event in the history of finance. No other medium of exchange has ever undergone so swift and mighty an evolution. It took the British pound sterling a full century to complete the cycle of its authority. From debtor nation in 1914—our adverse balance then was $5,000,000,000—we have reached the point where our stake overseas aggregates $26,000,000,000, if you include the Allied debts to us.

We are so apt to take dollar ascendancy for granted that we do not always keep in mind the chain of events that made it possible. It is partly due to the familiarity that breeds, not contempt in this case but indifference. There is another reason. Even so stupendous a happening as the World War grows dim in memory as the whirligig of time projects new wonders upon the mental screen. The average man probably knows more about Lindbergh and his achievements than about the part our money played in the vast drama that began to unfold in 1914. Hence our war financing and its aftermath, which made the United States the universal banker, requires detailed review. It is not only a necessary chapter in the story of the evolution of international finance—the objective in this series of articles—but is peculiarly opportune because the final liquidation of the war through the commercialization of German reparations is at hand.

The narrative means much more than the record of immense cash outlay by an affluent Uncle Sam. It must also show how the cost of the war rose to the colossal sum of $80,000,000,000 gold and the way it was met; how the spontaneous outpourings of people's savings in all the major countries involved exploded the myth that a great war can only be financed by international bankers; how our trade, following the British tradition, kept pace with expanding investment; how our gold stabilized European currencies and brought the Continent back to normalcy; and how the ultimate dollarization of the world was effected with a peacetime offensive no less far-reaching than the super-subsidy of the conflict itself. Here you have a war tale that is no saga of valor. It lacks the high lights that beat about danger and death. Yet no host fought more effectively though silently than the army of dollars, reënforced by its comrades of the pound and the franc.

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The Men Behind the Men Behind the Guns. A Liberty Loan Meeting in Front of the New York Subtreasury

For Cutting Off Our Trade

THERE are still many people who believe that our financial intervention dates from 1914. It is true that it began only then in a big way, but we had long been entered upon the world balance sheet. When hostilities started we had $2,625,000,000 invested outside the United States. It was small, however, as compared with Britain's $20,000,000,000 and France's $8,000,000,000. Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Holland each had hundreds of millions invested all over the world and were fast increasing them.

Our over-sea stake was largely commercial. We had ventured abroad throughout the entire nineteenth century, but as amateurs at the game. We had no chart or compass to guide us. The dollar was a timid soul groping its way along the highroad of international finance. It had a distinct fear complex and was like an old lady afraid to cross the street. Fear, however, was not the only restraining influence. We were a new and expanding country. We required our capital for an industrial development at home that before many decades made us the workshop of the world. In fact, we were unable to supply our own capital needs. This is why the British had more than $2,500,000,000 employed within our confines when 1900 dawned. It helped to build our railroads and canals, aided the winning of the West and enlarged our productive scope.

If we are to comprehend fully the scope and extent of the transformation of our finance we must retrace our steps. It will lead us to generally unfamiliar ground. Few pause to consider that the break with Britain partly grew out of an economic impulse. If you will read the Declaration of Independence you will discover that the indictment against George III arraigns him and his government "for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world." Thus our twentieth-century competition with Britain had a far-away and historic origin.

We first appeared on the world map during the Napoleonic wars. Being a neutral nation, we monopolized a considerable portion of international-trade carrying. The tonnage of American ships expanded from 346,000 in 1790 to 1,000,000 in 1812. During that period the tonnage of American cargoes carried in American bottoms increased from 25 to 91 per cent. We maintained this percentage through the glorious era of our clipper ships and until the age of iron and steam on the seas gave Britain her marine mastery.

Because it succinctly analyzes a significant period in our world expansion, I will quote a passage from the Hon. George Peel's recent book, The Economic Impact of America. Referring to those early plastic days, he says:

"The total effect of the European wars, 1793–1815, upon the question under view [the American impact] was rather to create a new economic life inside America than to cause her to be commercially active without. The day of onset was still far off. The opening decade of the nineteenth century was, perhaps, the real formative period of American economic life, even as the decade commencing in 1770 had been for England, and as the decade commencing in 1860 was to be for France. The South took shape and substance aided by the enormous war demand for raw cotton. The West entered with all its energies upon the path of agriculture, aided by the not less voracious war demand for foodstuffs. Finally, the manufacturing East arose as an industrial power, in order to minister to the West and South in the articles required for their new and gigantic expansion."

A Victory Loan Poster

A Lesson in Geography

IN THIS allocation and interrelation of economic forces you have the basis for the self-sufficiency, barring a few products like rubber, sisal, and coffee, which has helped to make the United States economically great. Europeans marvel at what they regard as our militant growth. They lay it to tremendous energy and the lust for the material compensations of life. They further see triumphant solvency as the basis of bombast. They do not understand that geographical circumstance is a contributory factor. They are accustomed to a multitude of comparatively small national entities hemmed in by customs as well as racial barriers which impede the free movement of traffic.

If the United States were forty-eight different and distinct countries we should be up against the same handicaps and impairments. Instead, our commerce shuttles back and forth from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Mexican line without trammel or trouble. Vast area and rich resources have naturally contributed, but it was the free flow of raw materials and manufactured products that made for the concentrated power which the whole world began to feel for the first time in 1914. The exchange of goods to which Peel refers underwent a change long before our Civil War. The East still sold its products to the West, and the West in turn disposed of its foodstuffs to the South. The South, however, began to move its cotton and tobacco to Great Britain, so that by 1860 we ranked fourth among exporters. In 1860, out of 1,390,000,000 pounds of raw cotton consumed in England, 1,116,000,000 came from the United States.

We might have then clinched a considerable world-trade position but for two happenings: One was the Civil War,

which dislocated our whole productive structure and deranged our cotton exports, which were the backbone of our international trade. The other was our pressing need of capital which, as the century lengthened, put us in the front rank of debtor nations. From 1840 up to 1913 a vast stream of foreign money, principally British, poured into the United States. In bulk it more than offset the extent of our commodity shipments.

As early as 1840 we owed $250,000,000 abroad, which did not include foreign money invested in private American enterprises. In 1880 Europe held $2,000,000,000 in American securities. By 1889 the total had grown to $3,500,000,000. At the outbreak of the war we were indebted to the amount of about $7,000,000,000.

We could never ship abroad as much money as we were obliged to import. We produced an economic surplus, but we absorbed it. In consequence we had to borrow overseas. We were what is called a natural debtor nation and were in precisely the same position in which Germany finds herself today. Another element entered into our economic decline as far as world investment was concerned. We lost our grip on shipping. Britain stood first among the sea carriers in the 50's while the percentage of American goods hauled in American bottoms steadily shrank until in 1900 it represented only 8.2 per cent.

Furthermore, we were handicapped by the inadequacy of our banking system. It was in no sense geared to the world-trade fabric. Like the dollar, it was provincial.

European Surplus in America

OUR foreign trade was financed by London, which was the center of a gigantic bill market. All our international commercial paper gravitated there. We had no rediscount system. It was to come later on, with the rise of the Federal Reserve System, born with the World War.

Until 1914, therefore, we were at the mercy of the foreign financial machine. This does not imply that it took any unfair advantage, but it did mean that a part of the profit of world commercial transactions, and, what is equally important, the trade secrets involved in them, were capitalized by London.

It followed that in the long era of peace before the World War Europe's economic surplus was available for export, and countries like the United States that were in process of transition availed themselves of it. As one observer put it: "It was the European banker, chiefly of England and also of Germany and France, backed by the European manufacturer, merchant and investor, who built the system which, over a considerable period of years, put the surplus of the Old World to work productively in America and other continents."

All the while we were not entirely missing in the international financial roll call. We had begun to step out slightly as far back as the 80's. Our initial investment of American capital abroad was not inspired by an excess of capital seeking a profitable outlet for employment or the urgent need of foreign markets for our goods. It developed almost entirely out of the desire of individual American enterprises to extend their field of operations to protect their position in world trade. Hence the bulk of our investments were by huge industrial concerns whose output, whether oil, meat, fruit, timber or specialties like typewriters, cash registers and agricultural implements, had begun to compete favorably with that of Britain and Germany. Not more than fifteen firms of this type formed the vanguard of our penetration. The investing public as a rule was not invited to participate in these foreign undertakings.

Back Bay Does Its Bit. Boston Society Women Distributing Liberty Loan Posters

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—The Bank of England

Patent laws and nationalistic restrictions of various kinds also accelerated the extension of American-owned production in foreign countries. It gave our manufacturers a better strategic position for the distribution of their products and enabled them to obtain the benefit, at the same time, of preferential tariff rates and lower labor costs.

In this way the chain of American branch factories—they now number 3000 the world over—was started. It was natural that our pioneer outposts should be set up in areas like Cuba, Mexico and Canada, with which our economic destiny was closely linked. Next came Britain, where the patent laws enacted in 1907 made it mandatory for us to make certain appliances there. It was not until 1899 that the United States made its first foreign loan. Mexico came into the market with a proposition for the sale of national bonds to refund some earlier obligations, and the house of Morgan underwrote it. The amount involved was small, but it had a big significance. It marked our entry upon the stage of international governmental financing. One year later the Anglo-American situation was reversed. For decades John Bull financed our needs. Now he had the Boer War on his hands and came seeking money. Again the Morgans provided the funds to the extent of $50,000,000.

Still at the Same Old Stand

WITH this British loan began what might be called the period of American investment abroad. We extended the scope of our loans to the Caribbean and South America, and helped to finance Japan in her war with Russia. Our oversea investments grew, but to no appreciable extent. Many of the loans were short term and the amounts trifling compared with present-day operations. It looked, however, as if we might become a world force. Whatever aspirations we may have had in this direction were stifled by the panic of 1907 and the business recession that followed. We drew in our horns and kept them more or less under cover for several years. Our borrowing abroad continued. The outbreak of the World War found us still doing business at the old debtor-nation stand.

In the light of what happened during the succeeding hectic years, it is interesting to note that at the beginning of August, 1914, less than a dozen foreign government and municipal obligations were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. They were mainly Argentine, Japanese, Mexican, Chinese, City of Frankfort, and Russian issues. The total annual turnover of foreign securities on the Exchange did not exceed

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Fighting With Dollars. A Liberty Loan Drive on Fifth Avenue

EMERITUS

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

Eight Dollars an Hour Was Certainly a Robber's Price for Teaching You to Hit a Dinky Little Ball!

EIGHT dollars an hour for lessons - and they've got the nerve to call it the national game of Scotland!" Millard Slade spoke with the bitterness jointly engendered by three newborn water blisters, the melancholy wreck of a twenty-dollar driver and the triumphant, bumping scurry of the ball toward the dense inkberry thicket abreast of the practice tee.

Archie Mactavish made a brief gesture of summons toward the caddy.

"They're mostly in the teaching end of it, the Scotch," he remarked. "Your hour's up, Mr. Slade. Same time tomorrow?"

Below the new sunburn of Slade's countenance a deepening of color revealed itself. His square and formidable jaw achieved a new grimness.

"No," he barked. "I'm through! I've given the fool game all the chance it's going to get. Ever since I came down here I've been waiting to see where the fun of it comes in, and all it's showed me so far is some blisters and a nice, roomy hole in my pocket. You can't tell me it's a game, Mac. You don't get any fun out of it yourself."

"It's my business," said Mactavish dispassionately. He touched his cap perfunctorily at the approach of his next pupil and the melancholy of his look underwent a slight intensification. Millard Slade, breathing audibly through his nose, stepped back from the scarred sand clay of the tee. A kind of reluctant wistfulness tempered the rancor of look and voice.

"Why, that's right! It isn't a game at all, for you! You don't have to get fun out of it; you get—you get eight doll——"

The sentence hung in the air. The arriving disciple passed briefly before him, acknowledging with a quick, efficient nod the ascent of his hand to the visor of the gayly checkered cap. Again, as on each of their previous encounters, Millard Slade found himself endeavoring to decide of whom Miss Skinner reminded him.

It was not a question of looks. She didn't look like anybody he knew. He was sure of this, and made sure of it again, now, as she took his vacated place and Mactavish squatted to tee a ball. Somewhere between thirty and forty, he estimated; not pretty nor yet homely; a little sharp-pointed at the corners perhaps, but not unpleasantly so. A woman who knew what she was doing, all right. Purpose, resolve—these qualities were visible in the minute stabbing motions with which Miss Skinner now prepared to strike the ball, and these prefatory dartings also served to quicken Millard Slade's baffling sense of associated memory; somewhere, in far happier circumstances, for some purpose vastly nobler than this childish game of golf, somebody like Miss Skinner and yet altogether unlike her, had made just such preliminary movements as these.

It couldn't have been old Amanda Marvin, could it? There was in Miss Skinner's assault upon the ball, to be sure, something of the spite with which Miss Amanda had attacked the big bluebottle flies that used to crawl in between the loose sashes of the schoolhouse windows; but Millard Slade was sure that it wasn't of Amanda that Miss Skinner reminded him. Also, with the melancholy solace of companionship in unhappiness, he observed that the swift, waspish slash of Miss Skinner's club accomplished no better result than his own late belaborings.

"Pressin'," said Mactavish. "The same as you, Mr. Slade ——"

Miss Skinner's gray gaze moved to Slade. "Would you mind going away, please?" The voice was not exactly hostile. "I'm paying enough for this lesson to make me feel entitled to undivided attention."

Slade removed himself with abruptness. A certain lingering resentment toward Miss Skinner did not prevent him from sympathizing heartily in her grievance. Eight dollars an hour was certainly a robber's price for teaching you to hit a dinky little ball!

The thought expanded as he changed his shoes in the dim corridor between metal lockers. They had this thing reduced to a science. It wasn't enough to soak you greens fees and locker rent—they stung you an extra dollar for your locker key! Why, the way these grafters acted, you might think that instead of purveying an idiot amusement they were dealing in some absolute necessity, trading on a desperate human need!

Yes, sir; all along the line, beginning with the clothes. He'd had to pay the price of two first-rate business suits for these race-track tweeds, for baggy pants and crazy-quilt stockings absolutely useless except for a silly game! Shoes you had to take off before you even went into the clubhouse lounge! And then the outfit—clubs at jeweler's prices; that bag to carry them in—why, he'd paid more for just the bag than they were getting, back at the office, for one of those new Model-A One-Unit Washerettes!

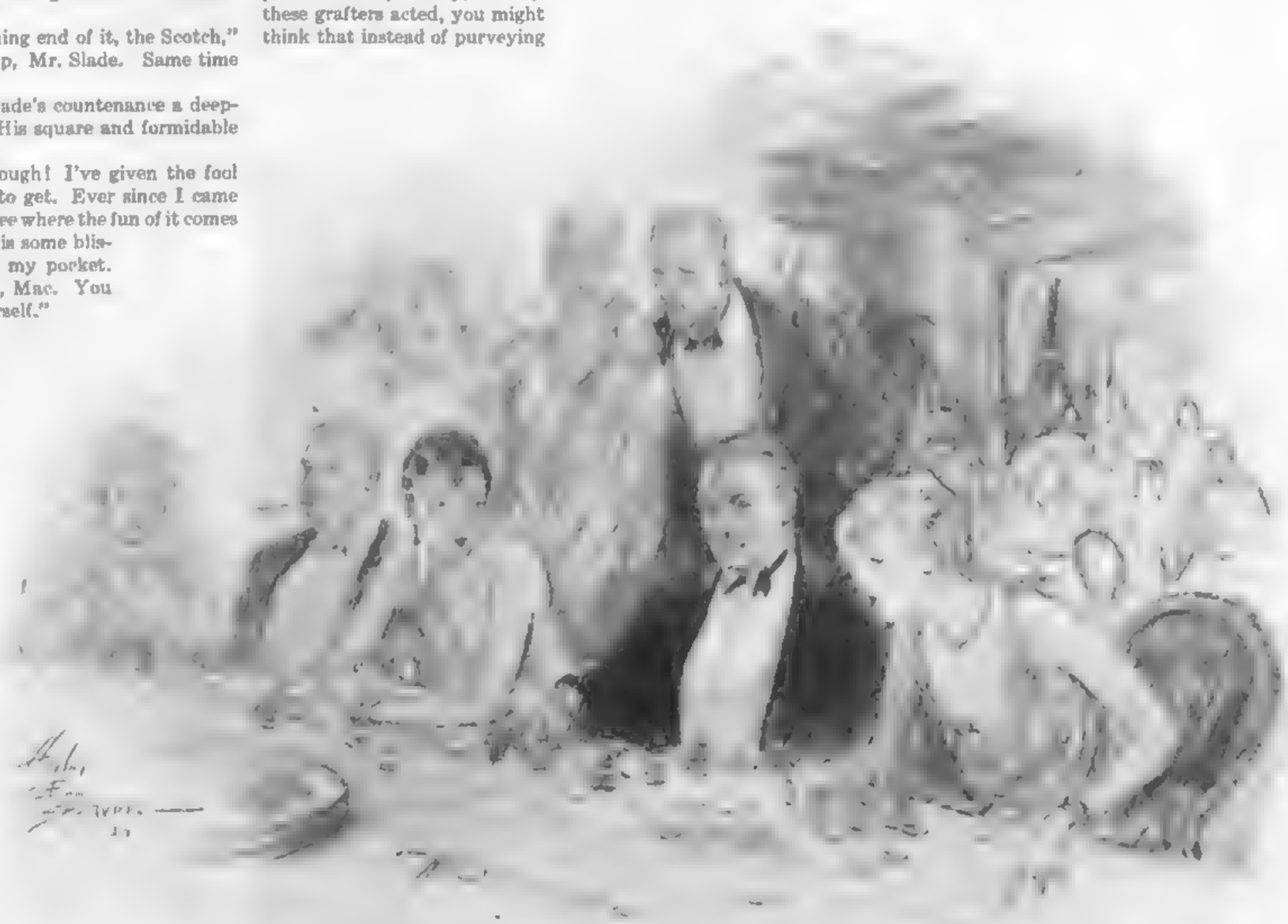
"Fun!" muttered Millard Slade, bending to shoe laces. "Huh! Try and get it!"

You couldn't even get to this jumping-off place unless you rode on an extra-fare train. And after you'd been stung a dollar for riding two hundred yards in the station bus, they acted as if they were doing you a whale of a favor to let you have a room up near the roof for thirty dollars a day!

A fixed habit of straight thinking held Millard Slade himself at fault. He saw now that all his life he had deluded himself with the stupid belief that he'd have a good time at the end of it. He'd been like old Doll, following an empty oat box into a halter and never learning any better. He had held his nose against the grindstone for thirty-eight years, telling himself that pretty soon he'd stop and play. He straightened, kicking off the spiked shoes. Quick decisions were his habit, along with straight thinking.

He'd been wrong. That was settled. There was another extra-fare train tonight, a train that would be headed in the right direction. At noon tomorrow he could be back at the office, where he belonged.

He frowned, however, in spite of the instant beckoning of that prospect. He'd been a fool to burn his bridges that way. He wasn't president of the Slade Washing Machine Company any more, entitled to walk in and take command as if he'd just been away on a business trip; he wasn't even, technically, a stockholder in the business. Unless Eddie Dole fell down on his payments those escrowed certificates belonged to him and not to Millard Slade. When you came right down to brass tacks, if Eddie wanted to he could tell his uncle to get out and stay out.



"I'll Play the Black," She Announced. "If it Works One Way it's Bound to Work Both"

"They Come Down Here by the Dozen, Every Winter—Pitiful Old Birds With Some Brand-New Golf Clothes"

Eddie wouldn't, of course. He'd be glad enough, by this time, to have his uncle back on the job; and even if he wasn't, he certainly would be decent enough to pretend that he was. That so-called sale of Millard Slade's stock was nothing but a gift, and Eddie knew it. There wouldn't be any trouble about it. It could stand, for that matter, while Millard Slade helped Eddie earn the dividends that would pay off the nominal selling price. Still ——

"Well, well!" The voice was hearty, even cordial, but it fell unpleasantly on Slade's ear, nevertheless, as he carried his golf bag, corpulent now with shoes and sweaters, out to the desk in the cheerful lounge. He turned sharply toward the sound, and the expression of his countenance, already out of harmony with his insouciant attire, became even less amiable. Jim Finn might pretend to be friendly, but Millard Slade was in no humor to make the effort. He nodded curtly at the lean, brown man who came briskly toward him, a hand outstretched.

"Hahya, Finn?"

Finn seemed to ignore the rebuffing tone. He slapped Slade's shoulder and pumped his unresponsive hand up and down with gay insistence. "Well, well, well! What on earth do you think you're doing down here, Slade?"

Slade freed his hand and, by way of precaution against further demonstration, thrust it into a pocket.

"Don't worry!" Finn chuckled frivolously. "You don't have to look out for your watch—I'm harmless now." He repeated his shoulder slapping. "Don't tell me you're going in for golf!"

"Why not?" Slade spoke sulkily. "Haven't got a patent on it, have you?"

Finn laughed. "Still sore about that suit, are you? Forget it, and tell me how you happen to be down here in the woods so far away from your funny little business." He shook his head. "Wonders will never cease! Mill Slade on a vacation! With a golf bag too! Well, well, we ——"

"Vacation nothing," said Slade. "I'm out of the business. Retired last month."

Mr. Finn's mouth registered blank, incredulous amaze. "Retired? You?" He slapped his leg. "You almost had me believing that, for a minute."

"Pretending you don't know it," said Slade. "I'll bet you went to church the Sunday after you heard it and put as much as a whole dollar in the plate."

Finn sobered. "You don't really mean it? You're just down here on a vacation, aren't you?"

"Oh, cut it out! You know mighty well I've quit business, and it was the best news you've heard since you gypped us in that patent suit. What of it anyway?"

Finn laid his hand solemnly on Slade's shoulder. "Slade, if I were still interested in the washing-machine business I'd have been sorry to hear this. Not that your competition ever worried us, but I'd have hated to see even a little competitor like your outfit get rid of a mossback and come under modern management. But that's all ancient history as far as I'm concerned. I haven't even thought about business for the last six years. I've washed the slate. I don't even bear any malice for the pickpocket tactics you always tried to put over on us. Outside of your absolute lack of business ethics I always liked you. And it's because I like you that I'm so sorry to hear you're trying to quit the only possible thing you know how to do."

"Trying?" Slade ignored the prior affronts. "What do you mean—trying? I have quit. I'm all the way out. I don't own a nickel's worth of Slade stock. I ——"

"Honestly? That's bad." Finn wagged his head. "Still, you probably sold out to Eddie Dole on some kind of installment basis; and by this time the poor kid probably realizes how badly you stung him, so he'll be glad enough to call off the deal. You'll be all right."

Millard Slade opened and closed his mouth. Finn nodded sagely.

"Yes. That's it. Eddie Dole'll be glad to give you back your playthings," he said. "You had me really worried for a minute."

"Never mind worrying about me," said Slade. "I couldn't pry one share of stock away from Eddie with a crowbar, even if I wanted to. And I don't. I'm through. And ——"

"Well, you can always start in again," said Finn consolingly. "That's one thing."

"Say, what's the idea?" Millard Slade's voice rasped dangerously. "What you trying to do—kid me, Finn?"

"You'll find out what I mean," said Finn, "if you haven't found out already. And you didn't look to me, when you came in here just now, like a man who was having a good time. Own up, old man—you're sick of it already, aren't you? All packed up to go back and take Eddie's toys away from him! It was written all over you, Slade."

"Is that so?" Invention came graciously to Slade's rescue. "I brought my bag out with me because I'm going to play the Cedarcrest course tomorrow. And that's some more of your business!"

Finn wagged his head, manifestly in compassion. "I've seen too many of 'em," he said. "They come down here by the dozen, every winter—pitiful old birds with some brand-new golf clothes and the kind of bags that are made to sell to just such old fools, all perfectly sure that school's out and they're going to frolic around like barefooted kids for the rest of their lives! And I watch 'em finding out!"

"I'll bite," said Slade, endeavoring to resist a sinking sensation at his diaphragm. "Finding out what?"

"You know," said Finn. "They find out that loafing's the hardest game in the world, and that if you don't begin to learn it young you've got about as much chance of ever learning it as—as you have, Slade, of shooting an eighty! That's the tragedy of it! You all take it for granted that because you've been able to make a little money you know, without a minute's teaching or study, how to enjoy idleness! It's like a bricklayer thinking that whenever he wants to he can build a skyscraper or write an opera! The most difficult of all the arts—and all you plodding old moneygrubbers fondly believe you know all about it!"

"Huh," said Millard Slade. "I noticed you putting in about thirty years doing your dog-gonedest to grub some money. I suppose you figure that because you never got away with very much you don't belong in the grubber family, eh? If it takes so much brains to be a genteel loafer, where do you come in?"

(Continued on Page 107)

THE SECONDARY RÔLE

By Mary F. Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

Vesta Seated Herself on the Foot of the Bed, Selected a Cake, Bit It Thoughtfully. "Bien, Maman; That Sounds Very Gentille, But I am Not Gentille. I'll Go to the Theater With You, of Course"

TRAVELING from Munich to Paris by the day express, Cléo Hanni encountered, during the second serving of luncheon, her old colleague, Gerda Thorsen, and with her Gerda's meek and blue-eyed daughter Astrid. Ordinarily Hanni would have risked no such meeting. In her multiplicity of hand luggage was always included a perfectly equipped tea basket, abundantly provisioned by the last hotel and administered by the current maid, secretary, or by Charlie Duke. Today, however, she traveled in splendid solitude. Charlie, having already made the trip from Paris to Vienna that week, did not propose, even in Hanni's glamorous company, to retrace his steps until sufficient solace of beer and leisure in leafy German gardens had healed the inroads of excitement upon his middle-aged nervous system. The Vienna affair had been exacting; he consented gladly to be led away from there, but stubbornly planted his heels in Munich, whence Hanni always fled as quickly as possible, haunted by ghosts.

And so it happened that, bored by the long journey, expensively alone in her compartment and hungry beyond the dreary possibility of brewing her own tea, she sought the restaurant car, her hat pulled low over her eyes to hide the famous brass-colored hair.

Gerda, however, the little eyes in her broad Norwegian face keen as a hawk's, had recognized her at once and beckoned her to their table with fat and complacent good nature, while the younger Thorsen stood up and dropped a lank curtsy.

Hanni beamed with a reciprocal friendliness well over the edge of condescension, and took the proffered chair. Female colleagues were always her poison. Not that she had grounds to fear their trespassing at that time when she, of living dramatic sopranos, commanded the highest *cachets* and the largest audiences on four continents, but she believed in preparedness. Some of the debutantes were studying her rôles and singing them upon obscure stages even now. Every peak has a narrow top and a long downward slope. However, Gerda was a contralto, a contented contralto without Brünnhilde in the back of her mind, and she was Cléo's senior. The risk was minor.

"Darling!" cried Cléo, "what heaven-sent luck! I was expiring of ennui! Is there anything decent to eat?" She examined the card and perceived with satisfaction that the French influence was already felt in the commissary department. "I'll take the menu," she told the waiter, "and a bottle of Chablis. . . . I'm not singing until the tenth, Gerda, and I want to drink your health. Don't tell me this is your child!"

She pushed back her chair a little and examined Astrid through the thick fringe of her hair. The girl rose like an automaton, kissed Cléo's hand and sat down.

"*Entzückend!*"

"Yes," agreed Gerda. "Of three husbands I have only this, but she is a good child, unbelievably useful in the dressing room. Her father was quite the best of the three, until la Colomba got him away from me. He died of a fever caught on her Eastern *tournée*, I've heard."

"*Pfui!*" said Cléo. "Those dancers are all pigs."

"You may be sure she led him a dance," chuckled Gerda. "There was a prince following her, too—the one who got your American Molly Loomis her Paris engagement."

"No!" Cléo pulled her chair forward, eager elbows on the cindery tablecloth. She adored gossip.

The meal was excellent, the wine—miracle of miracles—not too chilled, and Gerda a perfect wellspring of piquant information. The hour passed pleasantly enough. Later, in the dim and lace-trimmed solitude of her first-class compartment, Cléo reviewed the amassed details of the interlude with retrospective savor.

She was surprised to detect in these musings a subtle undercurrent of melancholy, and tracing this in some anxiety, she found that she was remembering with the keenest interest the behavior of the girl Astrid. The eager solicitude with which she extracted the bones from her mother's trout; with which she constantly recovered the napkin sliding from the fat lap; sprang to let the window up or down at tunnels; called for the check and proved the addition; adjusted the wrap which protected the precious maternal diaphragm; gathered up purses, spectacles, pillows; and never, never talked!

What was it, exactly, that Gerda had said as they were parting? Oh, yes—she had perhaps not meant to be unkind, but bracing her swaying bulk against the slender prop of Astrid's arm, she had announced with a sort of purring unction: "With all your success, Cléo Hanni, I can never envy you. You have known neither joy nor sorrow until you have had one of these!" She had saluted the girl's rose-leaf cheek with a resounding kiss even as Cléo abandoned them in their second-class carriage.

But the memory rankled and joined forces with another memory: A quite recent emotion disturbingly experienced in Vienna, a strange instinct to mother little Kitzi, the one-time soubrette, and even Karl von Doppenheim, her mad and preposterous lover.

As dusk drew a veil of purple smoke before the window little lights twinkled from towns and isolated peasant farms. Homes! Firesides! Boys chopping wood for the evening meal, girls stirring soup and cutting loaves of bread on scrubbed deal tables, mother in the armchair, a grandchild on her knee. . . . Oh, horrors, what a thought! Not that, of course! . . . But these simple people had one another—that was the point; their lives were complete, while here was Cléo Hanni, great and famous, but alone. How pitifully alone!

At the frontier she had to unlock her own trunks, express her own unflattering opinion of the *douaniers* in a language which was never easy for her. How she longed for Charlie, for Miss Dymple, her latest secretary, for at least a maid—although they're all helpless idiots! But of course no one cared for her; she had no one of her own! With acute pain she watched the gentle Astrid cope with the officials while Gerda wandered freely off to buy buns in the station.

"I should not suffer this way," Cléo told herself. "I, too, should have someone who belongs to me. It is not so much to ask."

She confided this in tragic accents to her friend, the Duchesse de Fraillmont, the following afternoon at the Mercédès Hotel. The Duchesse had been Amy Grober, a De Reszke pupil from Milwaukee, but she had abandoned hope of a pasteboard crown in favor of a ducal coronet. She always saw much of Cléo in Paris. She was replete with suggestions now, brim full of new addresses, ideas for costumes, hats, a new *lingère*—and, my dear, the divinest little dressmaker who copies all the big models for a mere song! Her latest town car was at the door, quite at

the disposal of her darling Cléo. She would take her personally, share with her all these priceless treasures! She was surprised and dismayed to find the object of her patronage so listless; usually Cléo's first day in Paris inaugurated a mad whirl of delightful buying. Amy reaped the benefits for months afterward in commission reductions.

Could Cléo have heard of this? But if she had, what matter? It cost her nothing. Amy took out her vanity case and adjusted an eyebrow, then held out her lipstick to Cléo.

"Try this, my dear; it is simply delicious and goes on so smoothly. Only six francs at George's. Isn't it ridiculous? And in all the new shades!"

"I never use it, as you know," said Cléo tartly. "Is make-up still so violent in the best circles, my Amy? Your eyes, for instance, seem so sort of—well, Turkish!"

Amy was charmed. "Do they really, darling? How sweet of you! Of course you are terribly chic with your own complexion and the blackened lashes, but I've thought for quite a long while that a visit to George might—well, change the type a little advantageously."

Cléo shrugged and went to the window to look out upon the sedate little Rue Presbourg. "Ugh, how shallow you all are here in this detestable city!" she said. "There are longings nearer my heart than lipsticks and the latest evening rouge."

She flung herself into her deep chair again and dangled a slipper on her silken toe, even while she sighed impressively.

"Amy, sit down there and you shall hear something," she commanded. "Now, Amy, try to understand, if you can. I am very upset; I have fought against this thing, but now I can no longer deny the truth. I have just discovered that I am a mother!"

"Cléo!" shrieked Amy. "What will you do? It will ruin your figure—your career!"

In spite of herself, Cléo laughed, if a little bitterly. "You have touched the very quick. That is just it—my figure—my career! They have thwarted me of woman's natural joys and sorrows! I may add for your comfort, goosie, that they still continue to do so; I spoke of the soul, not the body."

"*Dieu merci!*" breathed the Duchesse devoutly.

"But," cried Cléo, her eyes bright, her hot hand grasping Amy's beneath the collection of glittering rings and bangles, "is there no way out for me? Must I, who give so much of myself, have nothing—no one who gives to me, who is my own?"

"Well, if there is anyone walking about on two feet who gets more from people by and large than you do, Cléo, I don't want to meet her. But I see what you mean, dear," she added hastily as Cléo drew back offended. "What about your family? Aren't there any sisters—nieces?"

"Don't say family to me. Parasites! Do you think they ever write me a letter except when they want something? I'm just their bank account. No, I want to adopt a child for my very own own!"

Amy, Duchesse de Faillmont, shuddered. "Well, *chérie*," she said, "one of the most charming things about you is the element of surprise. I suppose that if I can get you equipped with all the latest Parisian accessories, I ought also to find you a simple little trifle like a child. Have you any preference—male or female?"

"Thank you, darling, but I'll have no more selfish menfolks around me. I want to be taken care of!"

"That's an odd requirement when ordering babies!"

"Who said babies? But not too old, either, Amy. After all, she will be considered the Hanni's daughter."

"But what she really wants, of course," remarked the Duchesse to the Duc that night, "is a combination secretary and maid that she doesn't have to pay."

The Duc was at present supporting three offspring of a former marriage.

"Ah, that is where she deceives herself," he said mildly. "But if you feel this way concerning la Hanni, why do you, too, continue to serve her?"

"'*Sais pas*," said the Duchesse. "*On s'amuse!*"

Two days later Cléo Hanni was engaged in the matutinal struggle of obtaining for herself an edible French breakfast.

"You know very well that I don't eat greasy *brioches!*" she told the waiter. "And you never bring enough butter. Those flimsy little curls are a perfect cheat. As for the coffee, it's full of boiled scum!" And when the man continued only to shrug, she lost her temper completely.

"*Imbécile!*" she shouted with perfect intonation. What the Hanni lacked in vocabulary she always made up in accent.

"*Madame peut téléphoner la direction*," said the waiter, again raising his shoulders to relieve himself of personal responsibility.

"I certainly will, *avec plaisir!*" she said hotly, and took up the instrument from its bracket. At the same time there was a buzz, a click, a small explosion in her ear. "Stop that!" she protested.

A soft, polite voice in the earpiece asked her pardon. "*On vous demande, madame.*"

"Yes," said Cléo. More buzzing. The voice trailed off. She shook the instrument savagely. She hated French telephones; if they fitted your ear they didn't reach your mouth; if you talked into them you couldn't hear.

"Hello!" she shouted.

"'Allo! Madame 'Anni?"

"*Oui, oui!*"

"Madame?" Click click

"Yes, I tell you it is. *C'est moi!*"

"*Alors, s'il vous plait, ne quittez pas l'appareil!*"

"Don't quit the apparatus!" mimicked Cléo to herself. This insane language! The thing began to click again, and without further ado she threw it to the floor. "*So, jetzt hab' ich genug von dir!*" she exclaimed as insultingly as she could, and turned to her rapidly chilling breakfast.

Suddenly she jumped. From somewhere under the table a tiny, threadlike voice was calling her name: "Cléo! Cléo!" Her eyes wide with fright, she lifted the cloth, but it was that telephone again, ignominiously sprawling under her feet. "Pick me up!" begged the voice, and she did so like one in a trance.

"You bad-tempered thing," scolded the Duchesse de Faillmont on the wire. "I actually heard you breaking the furniture, and just for that you don't deserve my good news. But because you sing so nicely sometimes, you may have it. Dearie, I've got your child!"

"Yes?"

"Well, don't be so calm about it! I've been to a lot of trouble. Just any child wouldn't do for you."

"Naturally," said Cléo.

Continued on Page 78)

In a Calculated Pianissimo He Said, Indicating the Piano and its Music, "We Were All Thinking of You, Madame Hanni"

HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!

By J. B. Snodgrass and Wesley Stout

The Oldest Horseman, Tom Cheek, Who Died in Havana at 104, in January

The ways of a man with a maid be
strange, yet simple and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse,
when selling or racing that same.
—*Certain Maxims of Hafiz.*

FROM Bowie to Bowie is the expanse of Eastern racing. The Prince Georges County, Maryland, track is the gateway and the getaway for the Big Apple. When the bugle sounds Boots and Saddles on the first of April for the opening race of the spring meet, it calls the horses back from the winter tracks and winter quarters. When the bugle blows for the last race on Thanksgiving Day, end of the autumn meet, it is a dirge that disperses them again. In the interval champions have been made and unmade, the Derbies and Futurities have been run, and the other great stakes and cups, and now the little stables are scratching for the price of a horse car to New Orleans, Havana, Miami and Tijuana.

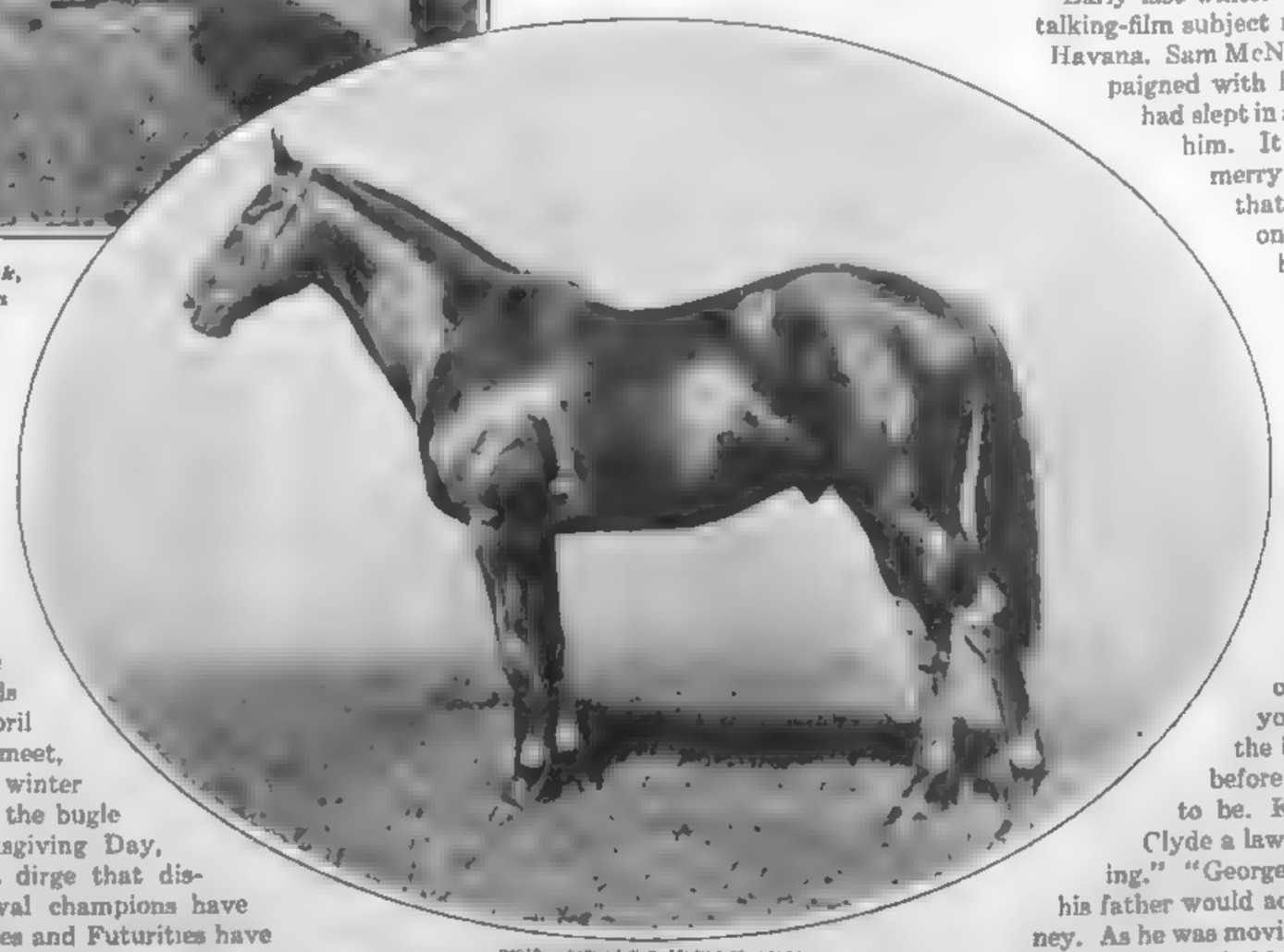
Being the hail and farewell of the season, Bowie is peculiarly a horseman's track. In its earlier days the grand stand was undersized and open, either too hot or too cold; the betting shed was cramped and poorly lighted, but the place had the flavor.

Raising the Car Fare

DASHING from the inclosure to the rail to take in the finish of a close race, a frankfurter leaking mustard in one hand, an ironware cup of coffee in the other, and changing a twenty-dollar bill with his teeth, the professional race follower was in his element. At night knots of men with lanterns and horse blankets cheered the progress of a cock fight until a series of raids cooled their ardor.

The dogs that guard the stables by night chase the fat fall rabbit, flush the quail, retrieve the stick the negro stable boy throws into the pond, and wander afield by day, but on Thanksgiving morning they do not stir from the stable doors. They know that the time has come to crawl into the hay in a horse car. The Thoroughbreds nicker and paw restlessly at the earth. The gypsy horsemen are about to strike their tents.

Up one day and down the next, hard come and easy go, is the life of the small-stable owner. There is a well-known trainer of a large Eastern stable who once owned a string of selling platers. The last day of fall racing found him with $300, and the cost of a horse car and transportation to New Orleans was $700. He sought out a poker game and invested his $300. There came a pot which he opened on a pair of kings. He was raised and reraised, but clung on. Drawing three cards, he found a third king among them. Two of his opponents drew one card each, the third two cards, but the first two missed and the third's three of a kind were less than kings. The owner withdrew with $800 and was New Orleans bound in the morning.



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The Official Photograph of Man o' War, Taken by a Specialist Brought From England

When all else fails, a stranded horseman passes the hat, and his kind being charitable, the hat usually fills. Not long ago a trainer who had been ruled off the turf in Maryland died penniless, and a subscription was taken up to bury him. That arranged, it was discovered that his aged mother was living in dire poverty in Missouri, and a second subscription was raised. When it reached Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, trainer for the Belair Stud, he inquired:

"Is he dead?"

"Sure, he's dead," was the reply.

"You're certain about it?"

"Say, would I be asking for money to bury him if he wasn't?" the nettled circulator demanded.

"I don't know," said Fitzsimmons. "The last man I chipped in to bury claimed one of my horses out of a race the next week." But he put his name down for $20.

It has been done, and a further cause for skepticism is the longevity of horsemen. Tom Cheek, of Fauquier County, Virginia, sir, was supposed to be nearly 104 years old when he died in Havana on January twenty-eighth. He was a jockey well before the Mexican War and had trained and owned horses for eighty years. This day he accompanied his favorite, Basha, from the barn to the paddock, saw to the tightening of the girths, gave Jockey O'Malley his riding instructions, then bet most of his cash on the horse. Basha was an also-ran and Pop Cheek complained soon after the race of a pain in his chest. Doctors had warned him that it was his heart, and James F. Milton, assistant manager of the Havana-American Jockey Club, had pleaded with him to go to a hospital, but the centenarian returned to his stable and went about his routine. They found him dead about dusk in Basha's stall.

The Only One Who Got His Wish

BASHA, which with two young fillies made up his stable, succeeded Red, a ten-year-old chestnut that fell dead on the Havana track while working out in 1926. When Red was four, and Pop's only horse, the two of them showed up at Aurora, and on Red's first start the chestnut won and paid seventy-two dollars. As the durable Red's successor, Basha won about $6000 in purses for Pop in the first year of their partnership, 1927, winning seven times, running second twice and third five times. Last season Basha turned in four wins and managed to be in the money repeatedly.

Early last winter Pop was made the center of a short talking-film subject recorded on the clubhouse terrace at Havana. Sam McNeil, Oklahoma turfman, who had campaigned with him for years, says that Cheek never had slept in a hotel in his life; a converted stall did him. It was the habit of the hands to make merry over his reputed age and to suggest that he had been Paul Revere's stable boy on that occasion in '75 remembered by hardly a man now alive, but the ancient was not unduly set up about his years; he admitted that it might have been '35 instead of '25 that saw him foaled. Jack Phillips, the veteran owner and trainer who died early this year, had known California in the 50's. He came from the leaky-roof circuit by way of New Orleans, eventually invaded the East and owned, first and last, some good horses, the best probably Guy. Two of his sons, Clyde and George, are trainers. Another, Kelly, was a good jockey in his youth. Phillips' favorite story was on the boys. At an early age he called them before him and asked them what they wished to be. Kelly said he would be an engineer, Clyde a lawyer, and George's answer was "Nothing." "George is the only one that got his wish," his father would add. Kelly once rode for W. C. Whitney. As he was moving away from the paddock for his first race in New York, his father, accustomed to the informality of Western tracks, stopped him and gave him final riding instructions. Only Mr. Whitney or his trainer was entitled to do this and the father was haled before the stewards for an infraction of the rules.

Phillips had traveled in the Southwest with as peculiar a character as ever followed the horses, a perambulating banker or roving horse pawnbroker known as Texas Smith. In a region where banks were few, Smith carried thousands of dollars on his person and lent it on liens and bills of sale at high interest rates to horsemen in distress.

Jack had been in many a tight place and his courage was of the border brand. As a competent judge, he held that the most fearless man he ever knew was a horseman and former frontier sheriff in Texas, George Washington Scott. Scott's best horse was Martin W. Littleton, named for the New York lawyer and former Texan, who had been his friend. He was racing at Umbrella Bill McGuigan's ramshackle Essex Park course at Hot Springs, Arkansas, when it was the only plant operating in the Southwest. John Condon, of Chicago; Dan Stuart, of Montana, and Louis Cella, of

St. Louis, built a new track, Oaklawn, at Hot Springs, and Essex Park closed its gates shortly.

Whereupon Umbrella Bill turned anti-racing crusader and a series of raids on Oaklawn by a tough crew of mountain deputies followed. Scott found this annoying and had a printer strike off a few posters which he stuck up at strategic points. They read simply that there would be no more raids on Oaklawn, by order of George Washington Scott, and there were none. A pitched battle was anticipated for days, but Umbrella Bill took a look at the sky and folded up.

The death of Phillips and Cheek probably leaves Father Bill Daley as the Nestor of the stables. He has been an active owner, trainer and track character for sixty years and few men ever developed more good jockeys. In the days of the Brighton Beach course Father Bill used to train his horses on the beach, and on Sundays the curious would gather. One Sabbath morning he was tubbing a colt with a leg affliction in hot water, and a woman, seeing the steam rising and the horse wincing, protested at his seeming cruelty.

"Lady, I don't do nothing to a horse that I wouldn't do to myself," Daley said gently.

"Here's ten dollars that says you won't put your leg in that hot water," spoke up a sporting spectator.

Father Bill straightened up, fished ten dollars out of a pocket, put it up with a stakeholder and thrust his leg into the tub like a Spartan. It was his wooden leg

Breaking the Law of Probabilities

WILLIAM P. BURCH was the dean of trainers until his death two years ago. His one-time associate, C. P. Pettingill, later a New York track official, died more recently. They raced together in South Carolina soon after the Civil War, and when they moved from one track to another they loaded stoves, dishes, tack and feed in a wagon and put their Thoroughbreds between the shafts. The Burch horses won the entire card at Charleston on one occasion.

Virginia—Pa—Brady, a lean, lanky Virginian, lives on in memory with old horsemen. He employed negro jockeys exclusively, and one, Joshua Jones, was among the best. Brady owned Blitzen, "the iron horse," which once held the record for number of races won. It is told of the old trainer that his jockeys once complained that they were not getting enough to eat; eggs in particular. Apparently shocked, Brady summoned his cook before the boys.

"Give them all the eggs they want!" Brady roared, but he held up one finger for the cook to see.

Many if not most of the great trainers of today once were jockeys; James Rowe, Sr., S. C. Hildreth, George Odom, Max Hirsch and James Fitzsimmons included. There are a dozen others, and recent additions have been Earl Sande, Johnny Callahan, A. Schuttinger and Johnny Loftus. It is a custom to hold early morning races at Pimlico, open only to stable ponies ridden by trainers who once were jockeys, with a silver cup for the winner and breakfast at the clubhouse for all. Not the least entertaining aspect of the contest is the clamorous claim of foul lodged by every rider except the winner.

The sentiment binding the negro and the Thoroughbred is lasting and genuine; they understand one another and there is no branch of horsemanship in which members of the race have not excelled. In other days the leading jockeys nearly all were colored, and why they have ceased to be is puzzling; apparently it is a matter of fashion. The blacks have not relinquished any other duties around horses and there is no instance on record of one having been bribed into disloyalty to a charge.

It is a short memory that doesn't recall Monk Overton, Isaac Murphy and James Lee, the latter the first to ride an entire card of six winners. Murphy won three Kentucky Derbys and rode Salvator to his sensational victory over Tenny, Snapper Garrison up, possibly the greatest of hair-breadth finishes. He fairly lifted Salvator to win by the width of a hand. Monk Overton rode six winners at Chicago in one day in 1891, but there were seven races on the card. Lee's world record was made at Louisville in 1907 and was duplicated in 1916 at Reno, Nevada, by Herman Phillips, a white boy.

It was said of Lee that, after he had won five in a row, it was felt by the crowd that the odds against his taking the sixth were, under the law of probabilities, at least 1000 to 1, but his own people never doubted. One seven-footer with a voice of equivalent displacement stood at the turn of the Churchill Downs home stretch as chief cheer leader and called the race. In the early running the colored boy was nowhere, but he gradually improved his position. As they swung into the stretch the giant negro bellowed:

"Heah comes Lee! Jes' as I tole you-all! Stan' back, folks! Come on, Lee! Now he's in front! Those others is ridin' like mounted policemen!" This concluded the greatest field day the colored folk ever had; they had bet Lee's mounts right through the card, and those who had parlayed—that is, bet the winnings of one race on the next race—did not work again for years.

George Fordham and Fred Archer, English jockeys, have ridden six winners in one day, but in each instance there were seven races on the program. C. Turner rode six out of seven at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1912, and Earl Sande did the same at Havre de Grace on September 17, 1919. Eleven jockeys have won entire programs, but each was of five contests only.

Reigh Count, 1928 Champion, Winning the Miller Stakes at Saratoga in a Lope

Exterminator—"Old Slim"—Greatest of Geldings, With Albert Johnson Up

A One-Man Thoroughbred

WILL PERKINS, a negro who died in Kentucky in April, 1927, was the leading money winner of America one year, and it was said of him, as of Sam Hildreth, that no horse ever improved after leaving his hands. Perkins trained a very fine filly named Happy Thoughts. Her disposition and manners were excellent and she would follow him around like a dog and eat from his hands. She was sold at a large price to capable horsemen who treated her unexceptionably, but she became obstinate, plunged and reared at the barrier and lost several races by her change of temperament.

Will Walker, a negro, trains for John E. Madden, foremost of breeders, and it was Walker who foiled the attempt to burn the champion Reigh Count, Anita Peabody and Nettie Stone to death at Saratoga last August. The three costly horses are owned by Mrs. John D. Hertz, wife of the head of the Yellow Taxicab Company. The first two were in the Hertz stable; Nettie Stone had just been sold by Mr. Madden to Mrs. Hertz for $25,000, and was being held for delivery, over Sunday, in the Madden barn. The two barns were at right angles, an alley between. Oil was poured around both, but dogs gave the alarm before it could be fired.

Mr. Madden breeds the horses he races, and races his horses to sell, and he handles them with the most circumspect gentleness. He employs fifty negroes on his Hamburg Place in the blue grass, and will not permit them even to raise their voices in anger to a horse. To strike one would be a public scandal. This is a rule in all well-regulated

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IN THE LAND OF GUILE

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"Of Course You'll Win," Norah Said. "But Promise Me You'll Get Yourself a Manager. If You Must be a Fighter You Must Have Somebody to Look Out for You"

YOUNG Mr. Wellington left the Subway at Forty-second Street and walked north on Madison Avenue against a mean wind. It was midwinter, and colder than a midwinter day usually is in New York, and the sharp and tricky wind that came down the street and swirled around the corners of buildings made him lean his head against it to keep his hat on, and thrust his bare hands deeper in the pockets of his jacket.

He was wearing a dark blue double-breasted suit and a dark blue tie with a fleck of red in it, and the soft collar of his white shirt was immaculate. He had washed that shirt himself, and it was clean.

He paused at the first men's furnishings shop and studied the display of overcoats in the window. He was acutely aware of having no overcoat. He did not mind the cold. He was used to being cold in the wintertime. But he felt that a proper young man walking up Madison Avenue on the first of February to meet a girl should have an overcoat. His hat wasn't so good either. It never had been a first-rate hat. It was two sizes too large and its previous owner had probably worn it a great deal in the rain and then sat on it. It looked as if he had.

Young Mr. Wellington saw that the cheapest overcoat in the window was marked thirty-five dollars, reduced from sixty. He calculated rapidly. He had fifty dollars in his pocket. This was Monday. If he spent thirty-five dollars for an overcoat he would have fifteen dollars left. He would get no more money until late Saturday night, and the place where he would get the money was more than a hundred miles away—say five dollars for railway fare. Could he live on ten dollars until Saturday night?

He often had lived on far less. But he had Barney to think of now. He had to see that Barney ate. And he was bound to take Norah to tea at one of the great hotels in the neighborhood. He had no idea what it would cost to go to a place like that for tea. But he guessed that it could be done for five dollars.

He walked on up Madison Avenue. He knew Norah so well that it didn't matter if he hadn't an overcoat. He stopped after a block and gazed at another window full of overcoats. They looked expensive. Their prices weren't marked. He was suspicious of places that did not put the price mark on goods in the window. You might go into a place like that and find the overcoat you wanted and be told that it was eighty or ninety dollars.

He walked rapidly on. But his eyes were drawn to windows full of overcoats. He couldn't help pausing and looking at the displays. He stopped at a jeweler's window, too, to see what time it was. He still had ten minutes and he was only a block or two from the Ritz. He could stop anywhere and wait for Norah to come along. He walked more slowly until he came to the most elegant shop he had yet seen, and then he stopped. The overcoats were luscious. He stood gazing at them and occasionally knocking one foot against the other to warm it. He stood gazing until a girl came down the street and touched him on the arm and he whirled around.

"You look like a million dollars, Norah," he said happily. "You're—well, you're lovely."

She was lovely. She radiated warmth and vitality and good humor.

"I'm on the crest of the wave," she said. "Do you realize I've actually got a song of my own in this show? I've got to do something to celebrate." She slipped her arm through his and looked up at him and smiled. "You won't mind if I say something, will you?" she continued.

"Of course not," he said.

"Where," she asked, and her eyebrows puckered with disapproval—"where did you get that hat?"

The boy took off his hat and examined it ruefully.

"Saturday night," he said, "I was down in Pennsylvania—among the coal miners—and somebody took my hat and left this."

"Did he take your overcoat too?"

"Yes. But he didn't leave me his overcoat."

"And so," Norah said, "we're looking for a hat and an overcoat, aren't we? You will let me help pick them out, won't you?" She pulled him toward the doorway of the elegant shop with the window full of luscious overcoats.

He pulled back sharply and shook his head. "I'm in no hurry," he said. "I'd rather look around."

Norah turned and looked at him gravely. "Honey," she said, "are you broke?"

"Certainly not."

"How much money have you got?" He hesitated. "Come clean," she said. "You know you've got to come clean to me."

"I've got fifty dollars in my pocket," he said stubbornly, "and Saturday night I'm fighting for a thousand dollars—one whole grand."

The boy was looking forward to Saturday night.

"Oh," Norah cried, "then you can have anything you want!" She turned and rushed into the shop and he followed her.

The distinguished gentleman inside the door, whose duty it was to impress prospective customers with the elegant and exclusive character of the shop, took one look at Norah and bowed low and said, "Yes, madam." He ignored the fact that she was accompanied by a young man who wore what, if he had permitted himself to observe it, he would have been compelled to regard as a most unfortunate travesty of a hat. He led the way to the elevator as if Norah were the wife of an international polo player, and pushed the button and told the operator the floor.

Norah giggled in the elevator. "I got away with it at the Ritz too," she said in the boy's ear. She pressed a roll of bills into his hand. And when he protested she whispered hotly, "Don't forget that I'd never have got a job in this show if it hadn't been for you."

He liked the overcoats even better when he tried them on than he had when he had gazed at them in the window. He liked them so much that he finally got up the courage to ask the price.

The salesman said casually, "A hundred and thirty-five dollars."

He glanced at Norah in dismay. She nodded and smiled. The salesman went off to the racks to find another overcoat.

"You see, honey," Norah said, "in our business we've simply got to put up a front."

"In our business!" he said. "I'm not an actor."

"You make them yell and I make them laugh," she said. "What is the difference? Don't you see that you're in show business just as much as I am?"

The boy laughed. It was true, when you came to think of it, and he was delighted with Norah for having thought of it.

"You've got to look as if you were doing well," she continued. "We all have to. It's part of our job."

"I don't have to look as if I were doing well on your money."

Norah waved her hand. "I did it on your money. And after Saturday night you can pay me back."

The salesman returned then, interrupting their conversation. The boy made up his mind. It was true he could pay her back within a week. He couldn't refuse her. He took the dark blue camel's hair overcoat they both liked best.

"Now," Norah said, "where are hats?"

Hats were downstairs. He hated to go down there wearing his secondhand hat. He shrank from letting the salesman in a place like this see that hat. The salesman would probably look at it to get the size.

"You mustn't mind," Norah whispered in the elevator. "You must take it as a joke."

He grinned and nodded. He didn't mind after all; not when he was with Norah.

He found a hat harder to buy than an overcoat. He didn't like himself in any of the hats he saw. Finally Norah picked up a derby hat and set it on his head.

"I couldn't wear that," he said. He had a Ninth Avenue boy's contempt for derby hats.

"But you can!" Norah cried. "Go look at yourself in the mirror. You look like a nice college boy."

He looked at himself. It wasn't bad. He took it.

Norah made him buy half a dozen sheer handkerchiefs, and half a dozen ties, and gloves, and woolen socks, and a blue muffler with a dull red pattern in it. Then they went to tea at a place where there was a dance orchestra, and talked as only two people who are fond of each other and have not seen each other for several weeks can talk.

She had been in half a dozen cities trying out the musical comedy in which she was playing, before coming into New York, and he had fought and won six fights.

"I should think you'd make a lot of money when you always win," Norah said.

"I will," he told her. "But just now I'm having a hard time getting fights. I'm too good for the other preliminary boys. They dodge me. And so far I haven't been able to get any promoter to give me a chance at anything better than a preliminary bout."

"You need a manager," Norah said. "You've got to have a manager."

"Of course I'm fighting in the final Saturday night. But that doesn't count. It's a poor show. It isn't any better than fighting the preliminary in a good show."

"You need somebody to sell you," Norah said.

"I've got Barney," the boy said. He grinned at the thought of Barney. "Saturday night, down in the mining country, I was fighting a local favorite. And some of the crowd couldn't stand my winning. I suppose they lost their shirts betting against me. Afterward eight or ten of them hung around while I was dressing. They were pretty nasty and I was pretty sore about my hat and overcoat. It was hard not to take a crack at one or two of them. When we got on the street they followed us. The crowd got bigger and nastier. You could see that they were getting up their courage to jump us and give us a beating and take our money away from us. I had the money I'd been paid in my pocket. It was only a hundred dollars, but we needed it. I told Barney that we'd better turn around and bluff them out before they really got going. Barney said, 'All right, chief.' He calls me that a good deal of the time now. At first he called me 'kid.' But now I'm 'chief.' We stopped under a street lamp and turned around. The crowd wasn't but a few yards behind us. I said, 'All right, come on and take a licking.' And then I saw that they had clubs and brickbats. They came right on. I thought we were in for it. The odds were just too big. But I didn't know Barney. He reached under his coat and pulled out a big automatic pistol. He didn't say a word. He just held the pistol out and aimed it. The effect was marvelous. They stopped right there. And after a moment they went off. They just melted away in the dark.

"We walked on down the street and I said to Barney, 'Do you always carry a gun?' He said, 'I don't like being ganged. I've been ganged when I was in the Navy, and I don't like it.'"

"You might have been arrested," Norah said.

"We might have been, but we weren't," the boy said.

He insisted on giving back as much of her money as he had left, and thirty-five dollars besides, saving fifteen dollars to last until Saturday night. He walked over to the theater with her, his arm through hers, and stood at the stage door with her.

"How do you feel?" she asked. He knew she meant to ask how he felt about spending the money.

"I feel grand," he said.

"You look grand. I know it was the thing to do."

"I haven't any doubt of winning Saturday night," he said. "It's a return bout with a fellow named Zucharsky. I knocked him out the first time in the fourth round."

"Of course you'll win," Norah said. "But promise me you'll get yourself a manager. If you must be a fighter you must have somebody to look out for you."

"I want a manager, Norah. But it's going to take time. Most managers are cheap little crooks. I don't want that sort. I want a first-rate man—somebody like Jimmy Birmingham or Jake Levy."

"Why not go to one of these men and ask him to take you on?"

The boy shook his head. "I couldn't. I'm not good enough yet. A man like Jake Levy wouldn't be interested. He doesn't take you on unless he thinks you've got a chance to be champion."

"I Thought I Recognized You," the Fat Man Said

"You'll be a champion some day," Norah said. "You have the air."

"I haven't got the punch," the boy said. "I'm fast and I'm clever. But I can't hit. I've got to learn to hit."

"You think Jake Levy is the best manager?"

"I never saw him. But from what I hear, he is one of the two or three best, perhaps the best."

"You should have him," Norah said.

"But don't you understand, Norah? Jake Levy is as big a man in the fight game as—he's as big—well, he's as big as Ziegfeld is in the theater."

She patted his cheek. "What of it?" she asked.

He was a little worried, walking home to the rooms over the Coffee Pot lunch room in Ninth Avenue that he called home. He was afraid Barney would think he was a fool to have spent a hundred and ninety-seven dollars on new clothes. It was Barney who had taught him to wash out a shirt in a bucket, sailor fashion, and dry it over the radiator. But Barney's only criticism was that his new overcoat was too quiet.

II

THEY went up to Massachusetts Friday afternoon and took a room at the best hotel, so the boy could have a good night's sleep and a day of rest before he fought. In the past they had avoided such an extravagance. But now

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He Could Hear Men Yelling a Mile Away. Away Off Somewhere They Were Yelling and Screaming

Gentlemen of the Wilderness

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ONE of the Christmas cards I received this year had been considerably delayed. It had been mailed from an engineers' camp, far in Northern Manitoba, to travel, perhaps by dog team, to the end of steel and from there undergo a precarious journey by work train to the beginning of dependable mail routes. It was, in fact, more than a Christmas card; it was the greatest wish that one man could give another, and at the same time an exposition of the loneliness, the yearnings, the feeling of servitude which sometimes takes its place in the hearts of men who are cracking open the Far North. It said:

Old Pal, here's hoping that you will have as merry a Christmas this year as I expect to have in civilization next year.

Railroads in the North Prepare for Winter and Offer No Alibi for Delays

When Christmastime comes again, a man with a strange light in his eyes will "go out." That amounts almost to a ceremony in the North Country, that mysterious, longed-for thing of "going out." Friends talk of it for weeks in advance, with something of mixed awe and envy in their tones. There are farewells, as though this person were traveling far from civilization instead of into it. Often there are going-away parties in a lamp-lit tent where men of the North gather about a precious bottle of Hudson Bay rum, and drink toasts from tin cups, while the radio carries to them the music of that far-away land to which a friend is venturing. No one in the North ever says that someone has gone to Winnipeg or to Toronto or back to the States. It is sufficient that he has "gone out."

Going Out, But Not to Stay

NEXT year my friend will go out. There will be a strange eagerness about him, and an appearance of almost naïve excitement, in spite of the fact that he is a man who has seen much of the world. He will go out to cities, to comforts, and to the things he has thought about and longed for and dreamed of during the gales of many a winter in the Hudson Bay district, of summers at the edge of the Barren Lands, with the stunted forests smudging the sky with their apparently incessant fires, with the ballast trains roaring past, and the muskeg yielding grudgingly mile by mile as a new railroad drives onward toward the fringe of the Arctic and a new route across the sea. Next year he will go out. But I understand the North and its men well enough to know one thing conclusively: He won't stay.

Strangely enough, the reason that he won't stay is the same one that now is causing him to think of going out—the completion of a job. When next year rolls around, the long-projected line of the Hudson Bay Railroad will have reached its terminus at Fort Churchill. A dream will have become a reality after some of the greatest problems of railroading, and a new road, much of it laid upon the blue, never-melting ice that many persons believe to be a remainder of the old glaciers which ground down portions of the North Country from a range of mountains comparative in height to the Rockies, will have been completed. Pullmans will go where now there is only ragged track, weaving and uneven, as it is laid through the winter, upon a mere corduroy placed over the frozen muskeg, which, in turn, acts as an insulator for the permanent frost, extending often for unknown depths beneath. The ballasting will have been done, train after train thundering forth from the gravel pits with the first break of spring, that a covering may be thrown upon the muskeg before it truly thaws, thus holding the winter's roadbed of frost in permanent bondage to form the foundation of a railroad. All this will have been done and the Hudson Bay Railroad—a matter of contention in Canada for years—will be ready to prove itself a failure or the greatest piece of vision in recent history.

New Towns in the North

THAT is only one of the things that will have happened by next Christmastime. New cities will be rounding into the maturity which a year or two of existence seems to bring about these days in the North Country. There will be Cranberry Portage, for instance, which was nothing a year ago, but which will be an important junction point of two railroads by next year. There will be Flin Flon, still in the log-cabin stage, but a city surrounding tremendous mining and smelting activities by the time snows come again. There will be the town at the Sherritt Gordon mine, where dog teams still go, and where tractors as yet work their way over the snow and ice of frozen lakes in the necessity of transporting tremendous masses of supplies even before the railroad—which is now building through the winter—can get there. While far beyond these two offshoots of the Hudson Bay line another city will have arisen, upon the rocky, forbidding coast of Hudson Bay at a place called Fort Churchill, where Canada hopes to create one of the great seaports of the world. Now it is a frontier post—five men were lost last autumn in an attempt to make their way out of it to civilization, only the discovery of a frontiersman's trap line saving them from death. Only the airplanes go in there now, shooting down out of the sky to a skidding halt upon their squatty skis; they and the chugging tractors, pounding along ceaselessly over the ice as they transfer the paraphernalia of an abandoned port to the one which may some day be an important city.

A Tractor Train in the Bush of Northern Quebec. At Left—The Pioneer Track Layer at Work

They are determined things, these winter tractors with which the North Country takes advantage of the snows. Their front wheels have disappeared, to give way to sled runners. Their propelling power is rear caterpillars. They are husky; each has a hundred horse power and low gearing; the tractor itself can carry ten tons, while behind it are dragged some four sleds, each loaded with ten tons additional. At the end of the train is a caboose fitted with dining room and bunks, to carry the cook, the extra crews and sometimes the dogs which must, in emergency, be used to spy out a trail, wiped out by the fierceness of a sub-Arctic winter. Night and day, never halting, the heavy tractor trains plunge onward over the bumpy ice, like

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GOING ON THE STAGE, SIR?

Walter Hampden as He Appeared in "Hamlet"

Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family"

Leslie Howard in "Escape," a Galsworthy Play

By A. E. Thomas

ANYONE who is in the habit of reading stock-market reports with any degree of regularity will occasionally see a reference to some security which is described as being "out of line." By this is meant that the real values of this security have been overlooked by investors to such an extent that it has been neglected by the market and hence is selling below its actual value.

For a long time it has seemed to me that the profession of the actor, as a career for the young men of America, has been selling "out of line." It has been neglected by the young men who might be expected to take an interest in it if they were fully aware of its attractions.

Particularly is this the case with our young men of breeding, taste and cultivation—in a word, background. With few exceptions our well-bred young men do not go on the stage. Whether or not they regard the job of an actor as unmasculine or unworthy the serious consideration of a real he man, with red blood in his veins, I do not know. Yet there is to be observed in most of them an attitude of condescension toward the profession of acting, a disinclination to take it seriously as a vocation.

Yet, there is much to be said for the actor's calling. To a young man who possesses good health, a reasonable amount of good looks, an excellent education and the ability to wear evening clothes calmly and enter a drawing-room as if he did not expect to be chased out by the butler, the stage has much to offer.

Very Few and Far Between

LET no one imagine that it is an easy life. Properly followed, it is one of the most arduous of vocations. Rehearsals are trying beyond words, demanding a degree of intensive concentration which often strains the nerves and the temper to the point of fracture. Disappointments are frequent. Plays which promise well in manuscript do not please the public when produced. A few weeks and the play closes, the actor must look for another part and the whole process begins anew. Yet, when the play succeeds and the actor is suited to his part, he has before him many weeks of agreeably exciting and sure employment, which requires perhaps four hours of his time, four days a week, eight hours on Wednesday and Saturday.

Many actors are out of work long months at a time, it is true, but seldom the kind of actors we are talking about. There is no scarcity of the actors who are often out of work. They are usually men of no breeding, cultivation or background. Many of them are employed in roughneck melodramas, mystery plays, crime plays, plays of the underworld nowadays so near the upperworld. There are swarms of these chaps. Any manager can lean out of his office window and see a hundred of them at any hour of the day. Let him beckon and there will be a stampede to his door. They draw small salaries, are idle most of the time, and their lives seem scarcely worth living.

But if this manager tries to cast a play requiring the representation of polite society or even moderately gentle folk, his troubles begin—especially when it comes to finding the young men. Try and find them! They simply cannot be had. I suppose I do not exaggerate the truth when I say that there are not in the whole country more than a dozen young American actors competent to play leading parts in plays of this sort. Also, nearly all of these are committed to managers who have placed them under long-term contracts for self-protection. This is what lies behind the line so often seen on theater programs:

CHARLES BEZINE by William Carthew
[BY ARRANGEMENT WITH SO-AND-SO]

If you want young Mr. Carthew you must arrange with Manager So-and-So. If young Mr. Carthew happens not to be tied up by Manager So-and-So or Such-and-Such, you must arrange with young Mr. Carthew himself, and there are so exceeding few of him that the arrangement will have to be very much more to his liking than to yours.

Reference is not being made here to stars. The actors referred to at present are merely good-looking young men from twenty-two to thirty-five or thereabouts, the management of whose hands while in view of an audience does not visibly distress them, who never shoot their cuffs, and who are able with some consistency to avoid saying, "impossable."

O. P. Heggie and Mrs. Whiffen in "Trelawney of the Wells"

Any such young man is able to command a weekly salary of anywhere from $500 to $1000, and he is practically never without employment. A number of them who are tied up by various managers have submitted to this arrangement on the basis of a guaranty of from thirty to forty weeks a year at the salaries just mentioned.

With a Few Good Notices

NOW, $750 a week for thirty weeks is $22,500. One would like to compare this sum with the income of the average young man of the same age and education who enters business or professional life. Obviously, the comparison would be tremendously in favor of the actor.

These salaries are not paid the first time these young men set foot on the stage. Far from it. But the very first time the young man gets a really good part and plays it well enough to be noticed favorably by three or four dramatic reviewers, he can ask double salary for his next appearance and get it.

There need be nothing extraordinary about his acting. He need show no signs of vast superiority to Edwin Booth or Sir Charles Wyndham. If he is attractive enough so that the women in his audience can see him make love to the heroine without positive pain, and can maneuver about the stage without smashing the bric-a-brac or falling over the furniture, it is sufficient. His future is assured.

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WARNING HILL

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

XI

THE tide had risen over that small sandy beach so that the skiff was afloat; not that it made any difference to Tommy in the bitterness which had fallen on his spirit. As Tommy passed that tumble-down shack by the beach he was startled by someone calling. He had forgotten Marianne, but there she was, slender and eager in her ruffled dress.

"Why didn't you hurry?" said Marianne, with her lips curved slightly downward. "Aren't you going to sail me across the harbor the way you said?"

All Tommy's hatred veered like a weathercock and centered on Marianne. He splashed into the water, shoes and all, and snatched up the anchor.

"Come on, then, if you like. Climb aboard if you're not afraid of getting wet!"

"Wait!" called Marianne. "How can I get out there? Wait till I take off my shoes!"

"I won't wait!" She must have caught a hint of his anger, for she gave a startled cry. "Climb in or stay out! What do I care about your shoes?"

The water was nearly at his knees when he scrambled over the skiff's side and snatched at the tiller and the sheet. Marianne was angry too; so angry that she waded out and climbed beside him. Her dress was wet; she had bruised her leg and she was crying. How was Tommy to know that never, never had anyone spoken so to Marianne before?

"You nasty boy!" How hard and shrill her voice was! Marianne had her own fits of temper. "Only a"—he thought hard for a word and found it—"a mucker would treat a girl like that!"

A gust of wind caught the sail. The skiff heeled over on her beam. With a shriek Marianne clutched Tommy's shoulder.

"Say that again," said Tommy, "and I'll tip us both over, and then see how you like it!" And for the first time in Marianne's career she did not answer back. Not that she was afraid. She was so angry that there seemed nothing at all to say. She was so angry that her lips set tight like Tommy's, and her thin little fingers closed tight on the side of the skiff. Gladly would she have let him tip them over if she had thought that Tommy would drown.

"I hate you—hate you," whispered Marianne.

Without her telling, Tommy Michael knew she hated him, and the knowledge that he was strong enough to make someone hate filled him with a most unholy joy.

"What do I care?" He gave the sheet a jerk. "I hate you too. I hate your garden and your house and everything in it, and your father, if you want to know."

They were tacking up Welcome River before she spoke again. "I hate you—hate you!" repeated Marianne.

Perhaps because he hated himself by then, Tommy did not answer, and what was worse, he felt like crying right before a girl.

"What's that?" said Marianne. "There's someone shouting at you from the shore."

Tommy looked forward. Mal Street was standing up to his knees in the water. Until that moment he had forgotten about Mal.

"Come ashore, you yellow-bellied thief!" Mal's shout rang very clear across the water. "Yeh! Come ashore! I'll teach you to steal my boat!"

Marianne's eyes flashed. She looked at Tommy in a way that no one else had looked.

"Ugh!" said Marianne. "I might have known you stole the boat. I'm glad I can see him beat you for it too!"

Tommy did not answer, but Marianne's voice was enough. It struck him like a whip. He put up the helm and drove straight for the shore. Almost before the skiff grounded in the mud, Tommy and Mal Street were rolling in that doubtful element, clawing, scratching, biting, without regard for chivalry and rules. Tommy Michael was no longer afraid. Dimly he could hear Marianne's shriek and the barking of the water spaniels, but only dimly, for he was filled with a new magic, the magic which knows no pain. He did not know that Mal had pulled out a handful of his hair. He only knew that Mal was under him and that he was striking Mal Street's face. He could feel the thud every time he drove his fist.

"I Was Advising Her Not to Associate Out of Her Class, Grafton, Dear. . . . Cleonie, a Glass of Water, Please"

"Oh!" shrieked Marianne. She had forgotten half her anger in the glory of an unknown sight. "Get up! Do get up and hit him!"

And Mal did his best with all the knowledge of a boy who has risked his body in a hundred frays. And there was a sight for you, the story of which, one recalls, shook all Michael's Harbor. Marianne Jellett from Warning Hill, in a dress which was made in Paris, was standing in the mud of the Street dooryard with shining eyes and restless, parted lips. Surely it was a thing to remember, a revolt against all propriety and law.

Something pulled Tommy Michael up, and Tommy, willing still, struck out blindly, until all at once he perceived he was no longer struggling with Mal, but with a man. Mr. Street had a hold on Tommy's shirt. When the shirt began to tear, quickly he threw another arm around him.

"Easy, Tom," said Mr. Street. "Easy with them hands!" It was like coming to the surface of deep water to hear him. Mr. Street was never upset by such affairs. "I wouldn't have pulled you off, but I guess Mal's had enough."

There was no doubt; for once, at least, Mal had had enough. A cloud was rolling from Tommy's consciousness. He could see the sun again and the litter of the dooryard. Mal was getting to his knees and was rubbing a fist across his mouth, and the way Mal looked was most astounding. Mal was staring at Tommy as though he saw a ghost.

"Did I lick him?" Tommy was very hoarse.

"Yes," said Mr. Street gently. "You licked him, Tom. I didn't think it was in you, but you're like your father—a dead-game sport, and there's something in sports."

Thus, in his languid way, Mr. Street unburdened himself of his knowledge of the world, and though it came largely from gutters and back alleys and a logging camp or two, and from the forecastle of a tramp steamer, it had the same justice as Mr. Jellett's statement that eight dollars is a lot of money. Mal did not say a single word, but he must have known, as Tommy knew, that something strange had happened that afternoon—that Tommy Michael was not the boy who had sailed across the harbor an hour or two before. As Tommy Michael sometimes said, it seemed that he had stepped into a land he had always feared and hated, and had stood in it alone and entirely unafraid. For once there was no need of thinking or of calling on phantom crews. For once he had his footing on the hard ground of fact, although he may have forgotten that thinking made him so.

"Hey?" said Mr. Street. "What's that you're saying, Tom?"

"My father," Tommy spoke distinctly—"my father said I'd do it some day."

It only went to show that Alfred Michael had died in the nick of time. Yet for Tommy he would be a splendid figure always, in a checked suit, with slightly swinging cane and a bushy brown mustache.

"Say, now," gasped Mr. Street. His attention was no longer centered on Tommy. "May you strike me down!"

Jim Street was staring at Marianne, much as Tommy had first stared. His hand dropped limply from Tommy's shoulder. "Where'd she come from?"

Tommy had forgotten Marianne. Now that he saw her again, he was no longer angry. She should not be there, he suddenly knew, and he took a step toward her. Marianne was staring as wide eyed as he had looked at the garden on Warning Hill.

"She came over in the boat," he said. "Come on, Marianne."

"All right," said Marianne, and gazed at Tommy with wide, admiring eyes.

"Over in the boat!" echoed Mr. Street stupidly. "May you strike me down if she ain't Jellett's girl!"

Tommy was about to speak again, when he was interrupted by the tooting of a horn and the barking of the spaniels. If a fiery chariot had descended from the sky it would hardly have been stranger than the sight which met his eyes. An automobile, all red paint and brass, with a man in uniform at its wheel, was in Mr. Street's yard, between the woodpile and the barn. The ducks were scuttling from it, and a hen was squawking. The automobile was panting and shaking, as such machines once did in the early days of motors, like a dog after a furious race. A man was descending from it—a plump little man, who gave one of the dogs a kick.

"Marianne!" he shouted. "Marianne!"

It was Mr. Grafton Jellett, but Mr. Jellett's face was no longer tranquil. He came toward them, panting and red, somewhat like the automobile itself.

"Marianne," he said, "get into that car!"

And then he walked straight toward Tommy Michael. "You dirty little liar," he said.

Tommy's knees grew weak. His mouth was very dry. He was glad that Mr. Street spoke before he could. Mr. Street straightened his shoulders and pulled at the neck of his shirt. The actual sight of Mr. Jellett in his dooryard had quelled him temporarily, but Jim Street had a wild streak, as all the neighbors said. The neighbors heard his answer, too, from open windows, and from the edge of the road, which perhaps was why the news spread so fast over Michael's Harbor.

"Now that don't go!" said Mr. Street. "Tommy ain't a liar. I've known him since he was that high."

Mr. Jellett looked at him blankly; his eyes were stony blue.

"That's enough, Street," he said. "I asked him where my daughter was, and he said he didn't know."

Mr. Street grinned and thrust his hands in his pockets. "Did you think he was elopin' with her?" he inquired.

Then Mr. Jellett no longer seemed angry. It was surprising how quickly Mr. Jellett could grow calm.

"That will do," said Mr. Jellett evenly. "Now listen to me carefully. You've had it coming for some time—and anyone in the road outside there, come in and listen. I've heard what you've been saying in town about me, Street, understand? I know what you think I'm doing to the Michaels. It's what everyone thinks about people who are rich, isn't it? Simply because I've offered several times to buy a piece of land from an old woman and a widow, you make it into melodrama. That's rot. There's too much popular rot. I'm living here peacefully. I'm paying taxes as heavy as anyone can assess, and I won't be disturbed, and I won't have a piece of property next mine that's a nuisance. You make anything out of that you want to."

"You needn't blame Tom," said Mr. Street. "He don't know anything about it. They've seen to that."

"Very well, I've told you." Mr. Jellett might have been speaking about the weather. "I'm tired of all this nonsense, and I can take measures to have it stopped."

Mr. Street may have been an undesirable character, but for once he expressed a sentiment which was growing very prevalent. He pulled a hand from his pocket and doubled up a heavy fist.

"Hell!" said Mr. Street. "I ain't afraid of you. I know what you used to be—a checker in a coal mine, by jings! Hell! You rich fellers want to own the earth! What harm does it do you to have a poor woman's property next yours? It gets in your craw when someone else has what you want—that's what. I know your kind. You're the sort that gets so set you'll kill. You'll grind down widows and orphans! You'll "

Mr. Jellett tapped Mr. Street's arm with a plump forefinger.

"Don't you forget one thing," he said; "I know toughs, Street, and I have enough on you, if I want to use it, to have you put out of town, just like that. I don't have to pull you apart to see the way you work, Street. Now don't make any more speeches, because I know exactly how you feel. Ho-hum.... I'm sorry I made a scene. Where's young Master Michael? Oh, there you are. Don't come on my place again if you know what's good for you. It's much better to keep where you belong."

Tommy Michael found his voice. Mr. Jellett should have noticed then that Tommy was not afraid as Mal Street might have been.

"You wouldn't say that," said Tommy, "if I was as big as you!"

Mr. Jellett did not bother to answer. Instead he climbed slowly into the automobile. The engine spluttered and the gears began to grind. Mr. Street's face was scarlet and his eyes were bright as coals.

"Get out of my yard," roared Mr. Street. "You don't own that!"

Already the automobile was moving from the yard in a haze of rich blue smoke, when Mal Street gave a loud derisive shout. Mal seemed entirely recovered, and he obeyed his smoldering instincts, as he would always, without a second thought. He snatched up a piece of marsh mud and sent it hurtling on its way. It struck Mr. Jellett's hat and knocked it to the road, but the automobile did not stop.

"Good boy, Mal," said Mr. Street.

And Tommy understood why Mr. Street, ever after that, hated Mr. Jellett worse than he had before.

He Told Her as Best He Could of That Path Lined With Bushes Cut Like Animals, and of the Room With Silver on the Sideboard That Might Have Been Gold

XII

AT THE poker tables on Warning Hill of a Saturday night, it used to be a marvelous thing to see the faces beneath the swinging lamps, when the cigar smoke grew thick and steady fingers flicked out chips across the soft green cloth. Young Wilmer, as you might expect, could not conceal a thing in that great game of ours, which was so much like the life we led. His hand would begin to shake very early in the session. His eyes and his cheeks would glow. Neither could Willie Judkins hide the signal flags, though he secretly prided himself that his face was an iron mask. On the other hand, Mr. Simeon Danforth could sit for six hours, weary and urbane, gently sipping from the tall glass by his side; and as for Grafton Jellett, a veil would descend upon him which never broke or shivered. To see him leaning back in his chair, with the lower buttons of his dinner vest undone and his thick little neck sunk deep into his high collar, staring vacantly at those beautiful mustaches which still adorned a poker table in the early 1900's, you would have said he was very stupid, and though that stupidity of Grafton Jellett's was a great deal too good to be true, and though everyone of Warning Hill knew better, in one way, after all, you might not have been so wholly wrong.

He Could Not Keep His Eyes Off Her, Although He Was Refusing. That Was the Way With Men Already

It was a very stupid thing that Grafton Jellett did when he clamped the screws down tight upon the Michael house, as he did after that fateful day by Welcome River. There must have been a blind side to him or he would have seen the way it looked, but that was the trouble with Warning Hill. So many of them did not see and did not even try. There was a serene indifference in kindly folk miraculously removed from all the pulsing heat and fear which lurks behind the simple act of living. They did not mean to be unkind, for, after all, how could they be, when they could not understand? Grafton Jellett himself did not think of the unkindness of it. He had lost that power long ago of projecting himself into other people's minds because he did not need it in taking his own straight course.

He did not hate Tommy, nor old Sarah, nor Estelle Michael. It was worse than that, because he did not think of them at all. It was that urbane, impersonal disregard that made it nearly right to think anything of Grafton Jellett that one chose. And thoughts were free. What were thoughts to Grafton Jellett, who did not give a damn?

(Continued on Page 93)

STEAMING UP

By Samuel M. Vauclain

As Told to Earl Chapin May

LOCOMOTIVES — which furnish the motive power for our second-largest industry — are the results of inventive genius, loyal labor and business management. The third part of this combination is particularly important, because locomotive building is in many ways unique.

Sharp fluctuation of demand, impossibility of manufacturing in advance of orders, impracticability of mass production, necessity for employing specialists, high cost of each completed item and varying conditions under which it is sold and used, call for unusual adjustability, flexibility, ingenuity and resourcefulness in executives. Hence, the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of which I am president, has had to develop its own methods of management.

Mr. Vauclain Speaking at the Dedication Exercises at Eddystone, June 28, 1928

Though I've seen grass growing six inches high between the buildings of our producing plant, I've never worried for a moment. Neither have my executive associates. We've met every situation that has arisen, but we haven't done it by worrying or by committee meetings.

Though I've been too busy to learn much about other industrial enterprises, I'm inclined to believe, from suggestions made to me, that many a big business has degenerated into a debating society. Such a calamity can't occur in our Works. It is guarded against too carefully.

During the ninety-five years our business has been functioning we have stressed the importance of the individual; so much so that no employe past sixty is discharged, and thirty-eight is the average age of our employes. But whether he is young or old, each is responsible for his share in building locomotives. And he is not convoyed by a committee.

We try to conserve our personnel, to protect it from injury during working hours, but if any of our men are thus injured, we often give them better jobs than before they met with accidents. We always keep them on the pay roll, without committee management.

Promotions From the Ranks

THIS plan of caring for our injured workmen permits each one to retain his self-respect and maintains the morale of our organization. It's much better than the pound-of-flesh method advocated by a state government which believes an employer should pay for an employe's lost arm or leg, much as a customer pays for a steak or a soup bone in a butcher shop. At that, you'll find few cripples at the Works. Not many are crippled, anyway, and we get splendid outside jobs for some of them.

When Horace G. Burt was president of the Union Pacific Railroad System he asked me to recommend someone as his superintendent of motive power.

"I have the very man for you," I reported, and told him about one of our employes. Then I told the employe about it.

A few weeks after that the employe came to me and said, "I wonder if Mr. Burt has decided on his superintendent of motive power. He wrote that he would talk it over with me, but I've heard nothing more from him about it."

I at once telegraphed to Mr. Burt, reminding him of my recommendation. He wired he would see me presently. When he arrived I went right to the point.

"What about the man I recommended?" I demanded. "Do you want him?"

Mr. Burt's reply was, briefly: "That man has a wooden leg!"

"Yes," I admitted. Then I added: "But he hasn't a wooden head."

"I hadn't thought of that," replied the Union Pacific president. "He may be the very man I want. I'm going to see him and engage him."

My man thus got a splendid job, and he held it because he had brains and ability. I lost him, but gained the satisfaction of seeing him placed in a better position than I could then give him in our own organization. I wish I might have kept him with us, for 98 per cent of our executives have come up from the ranks.

In the old days when I was a minor executive one of my office boys made himself particularly useful. He showed brains as well as energy. Today he is vice president in charge of purchases. Our vice president in charge of manufacture began working as a boy in our blacksmith shop. One day in walking through the Works I saw a laborer straightening iron. He did it much faster than his companion workers Today he is vice president in charge of operations and hasn't a peer as a Works manager. Our vice president in charge of finance was an office clerk in one of our shops. That gives you an idea of the origin of our more responsible executives.

These men who do so much to make the plant successful have very little first-hand knowledge of management committees. Whenever we hear of a concern which depends for results on production committees, planning committees, buying committees and other committees devised by an almost superhuman ingenuity, we begin to wonder when that concern will be dealing with a creditors' committee, when some bank will take on responsibilities sidestepped by individuals.

Closing the Doors of 500 North Broad Street, June, 1928

Each Man to His Own Troubles

WE DO have weekly cabinet meetings. But when our department heads thus meet, each one makes a simple statement showing how far he has gone and where he stands with the work for which he is responsible. If he thinks he is being held up by some other department, he says so bluntly. Then we talk it over. That generally irons out the difficulty.

Such a cabinet meeting does not make plans. Each department head does his own planning. But we compare notes on what has been accomplished, so each head knows how his program relates to the others'. The big machine thus functions smoothly. I've attended hundreds of these meetings, but have never heard any department manager suggest how some other department should be managed.

Our sales manager would never think of saying to other executives, "I can't sell the goods, because they are faulty." If he knows his own name he also knows that we've been making good locomotives for years. He might justly complain of delayed delivery or if we did not make a particular type of engine he had sold. But rather than complain of the character of our merchandise, he'd resign and hunt another job. He knows that each head is both able and responsible, and doesn't need the help of a committee.

We get men into responsible positions by developing individuals. We have a way of sifting them. A young fellow once came to me with elaborate plans showing how work should be done in another department. He was a budding efficiency expert. I said, "My boy, look to your own efficiency and don't ask too much advice about it. When I see a boss or foreman or any lesser individual running around asking for this, that and the other thing, or depending for help on too many people, I'm inclined to get rid of him."

Each man must stand on his own feet. Each has a duty to perform. If there's any blame placed, it must be on his shoulders. Buck-passing is not allowed in

our Works, nor can any man stand around and lose time in deciding something. Each man's job is his own affair; he needn't be concerned about the other fellow. It's up to the foreman to find weak spots. If the foreman is weak we fire him or show him the way to efficiency.

After I had straightened out the tender shop on Seventeenth Street, the Works management switched me to the erecting shop, where the completed locomotives are put together. Work was not finished on time. Locomotives were not shipped on schedule. Customers were complaining about nonfilled contracts. The erecting shop was balled up terribly. I was told to go in there and get things moving.

"What's this engine doing here?" I demanded when I spotted a finished locomotive.

"We're waiting to send it out," someone answered.

"Put a man on it and send it out now," I ordered. "What's this one waiting for?" I continued.

"It's waiting for some lagging," was the reply.

"Go and get it now," I insisted.

Thus I kept on going until the blockade was lifted and the erecting shop worked smoothly. The result of that rampage was my appointment as superintendent of construction. At thirty—three years after going on the pay roll—I was made general superintendent.

A Hindrance Becomes a Help

IN THE years that followed I patented an apparatus which turned bolts on ordinary lathes without centering them. It cost only a few hundred dollars to install this process and saved thousands of dollars annually. I also patented a four-cylinder compound locomotive which had considerable popularity. Several other inventions followed. So did many revolutionary changes in shop arrangement and equipment. But we were cramped for space. We needed land for a new six-story building, bought it and asked the residents on that property to move. More than 100 tenants were affected. Led by a good old Irish lady, a group of them announced their intention of remaining where they were indefinitely.

We had to have that new building in full operation in a short time, but many months would elapse before we could move those tenants by court action. We didn't want to oust that way, anyway; it would make enemies.

Though I've never avoided a necessary battle, I've often depended on diplomacy I'd sold the Works management on that six-story building, so the management gave me the job of moving the immovables. I called on the militant little lady.

I've often said that most people like leadership. This little lady was a leader.

She sat on her shaded doorstep in an alley when I approached her, in my old straw hat, old shirt, with sleeves rolled up on a workman's arms.

Though she glared, I sat down in the sun right opposite her before she remarked spitefully, "What's ailing ye?"

"Oh," I answered easily, "there isn't a thing the matter with me. The matter, madam, is all with you."

She bristled at this and replied, "What de ye mean by that remark?"

"You know what I mean," I answered laughingly.

She hesitated, then replied, "Well, will ye come over here and have yir say while sittin' in the shade wid me?"

I joined her on her shaded step. "My friend," I began soothingly, "I've been hearing all sorts of stories about you, and I don't believe a one of them."

She bristled again, then, with her chin in air and folded arms, snapped "Ye'd better believe them."

"But I won't," I assured her. "They aren't true. I know you're not that kind of woman at all. But it's a shame you sit here and do nothing, when you, with your personality, could persuade your neighbors to move to other and much better houses." I waited a moment for this to register; then tactfully suggested: "Supposing you gave them a little money to help them hire wagons to move along? You'd be doing a great work, I'm telling you."

"But," she objected, "where would I get the money from?"

I answered by handing her a roll of bills

She accepted the bills rather doubtfully. "Would ye trust me with all this money?" she finally asked.

"I'd trust you with all I have," I promptly told the little lady. "But please get busy and move these people."

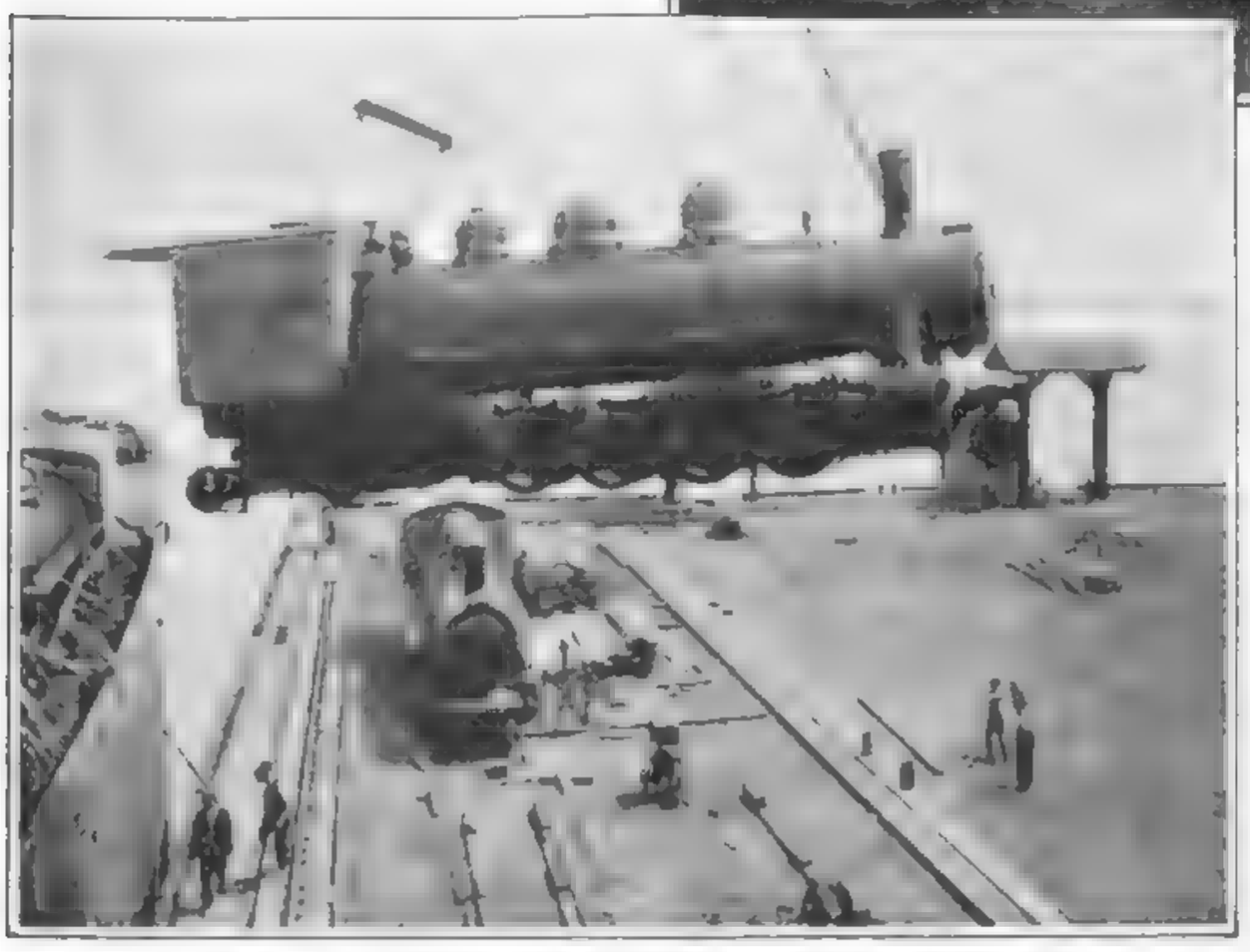
She became the busiest woman in Philadelphia, bossing her neighbors around like old shoes and promptly moving the whole colony at half the expense I'd anticipated.

When she had importantly completed the exodus she reported, "They're all out but me."

"You need not hurry. Go when you are ready," I told her.

"I'm laving the morrow," replied my emigration manager. "'Tis glad I am to have sarved you."

Mr. Vauclain Looking Over the Lease for the New Philadelphia Offices. At Left, Inspecting Locomotives on a Cuban Sugar Plantation



Loading a Complete Locomotive Aboard a Steamer at Eddystone

I paid her liberally and thankfully. The new shops were opened and we filled our contracts. I was more than ever pledged to diplomacy. Yet I neglected diplomacy shortly after this moving incident.

Just prior to getting my first job with the Baldwin people I'd inspected the building of some engines at the Rogers Locomotive Works for the Pennsylvania Railroad System. The Rogers job was satisfactory and I'd forgotten about it when an elderly gentleman came to me at Baldwin's and said he'd been delegated to offer me the general managership at Rogers' at a salary two-and-a-half times what I was then getting.

That offer tempted me. I was working twenty hours a day. There was no intimation that the Works would increase my salary. My wife and children needed many things which my limited income could not supply for them. The elderly gentleman pressed me strongly. He pointed out my opportunity to establish myself in financial security.

But I was thirty-four at the time, with the strength and activity of a tiger and the endurance of a camel. I'd started out to make good at Baldwin's and meant to fight it out there to the end. Hence, I declined the offer.

A New Contraption

MY FRIEND left much offended. I hated to see him go that way, since I knew he had my best interests at heart. But I turned to my work and told no one of the conversation. Pretty soon I forgot about it. But I was to meet that man years from then under very different circumstances.

One of the things which made me forget this good friend temporarily was a ride I had with Blue-Line Dick. He was an engineer with character, an old-timer on the Baltimore & Ohio who'd been brought in from an outlying division when that road began running passenger trains on its Baltimore and Philadelphia Division.

Dick ran my first compound locomotive, and, though it rode as rough as a cow pony, he never complained about that engine. Because of his well-known ability to arrive on time, he was a division favorite. I'd ridden many times with Dick and never felt nervous with him at the throttle, although he was a wonder at fast running.

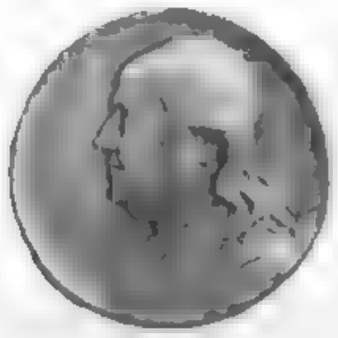
We had made a new type, high-wheeled, high-speed engine for the B. & O. A good many railroaders were afraid of it; thought it would tip over on the curves. The trial trip was set for New Year's Day, 1891. The engineer assigned to it got into the cab and out again; said he wouldn't risk his neck on such a two-storied contraption. I'm not quoting him exactly. His words were stronger than I've used.

Just as the situation looked dubious, Blue-Line Dick climbed aboard. "This is my locomotive," he declared.

The master mechanic answered, "All right, Dick. Take it. You can have it. And I hope it turns over and kills

(Continued on Page 206)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 6, 1929

New Fashions for Investors

THE past three or four years have wrought two far-reaching changes in our national investment habits. One is the phenomenal growth of the investment trust of sundry types. The other is the growing popularity of common stocks rather than bonds as media for long-term investments.

Both new departures have been tried out on a gigantic scale with gratifying results, but neither has been subjected to the test of a long declining market. Given three or four years of rising quotations, interrupted only by temporary and comparatively unimportant setbacks, every investment trust which could boast the smallest degree of administrative talent was bound to prosper; and every investor who had put his funds into a well-diversified list of common stocks, backed by substantial equities, was bound to make a better showing than if he had put the same amount into bonds of an equally high type.

Much can be said in favor of the theories upon which these investment procedures are based. The first embodies two of the basic principles of successful investment: diversification of holdings among a broad list of substantial and varied undertakings, and skilled selection of the issues to be bought. The shift from bonds to common stocks is dictated by considerations that cannot be ignored. For one thing, it is an attempt to protect the investor from shrinkages of income measured by purchasing power rather than in dollars. It contemplates, also, a plan whereby the investor is likely to receive direct and substantial benefit from our inevitable increase of population, from our rising standard of living, from the increase of real-estate values and from sundry other slow accretions which the passage of time commonly brings to sound and well-managed enterprises.

So generally have these theories been accepted and acted upon that they have exercised a depressing effect upon the bond and investment business which is too great to be ignored. Many long-established houses which have hitherto dealt almost exclusively in high-grade bonds are now, in self-defense, offering the stocks of insurance companies, banks, trust companies and other financial institutions, and are setting up large investment trusts under their own management in a resolute effort to give their clients what they want. This state of affairs has caused marked recessions in bond prices; and canny investors who have managed to preserve a sense of proportion and have kept in mind the soundness of secured obligations, even though they are fully aware of the advantages of owning certain types of common stock, are snapping up bargains in gilt-edged bonds which they will never be likely to regret. Nothing can convince them that they will come to grief buying high-grade, tax-free municipal bonds which afford yields more liberal than many of the more popular industrial stocks.

It seems reasonable to suppose that both the new fashions for investors have come to stay, but it is very much to be doubted if their more extreme manifestations will endure or if their relative importance in the realm of finance will continue to grow in the near future as it has in the near past. Some of the new investment trusts will undoubtedly thrive and prosper and yield satisfactory returns to their stockholders. Others are headed for the rocks and are doomed to bring nothing but disappointment, loss and perhaps valuable experience to their owners. The same thing is true not only of common stocks but of many ill-secured bonds bought in hope and ignorance. Buying by label alone is a dangerous business, but the failing is so common that it keeps the bootlegging industry on its feet and gives daily proof of the sad truism that things are not what they seem.

Time and experience will evaluate the new fashions and will indicate how they may be best pursued, and how far. In the meantime the average small investor will probably find the going better in the middle of the road than upon either shoulder.

The Acid Test

FOLLOWING the panic of 1907 a number of Middle Western states adopted bank-deposit guaranty. No one could question the lofty motive involved. The safety of bank deposits and the instillation of confidence in banks were and are highly desirable social as well as economic ends. But those who adopted this scheme, always against protest, were mistaking formula for natural caution, personal competence and integrity. It has taken about twenty years to prove what many people insisted upon at the time—that there is no substitute for capable and honest management in banking.

A recent compilation shows that bank-deposit, mutual-guaranty systems, originally operative in eight states, have broken down in all but two. Nebraska has been laboring especially hard for years with its particular problems. Claims of depositors in insolvent banks amounted at last accounts to $10,000,000, with no funds with which to meet them. There were two possibilities: The state could meet the moral obligation involved by a special tax levy or the strong solvent banks could pay into the fund a special assessment. The politicians were afraid to make such an addition to existing tax burdens and the solvent banks were extremely reluctant to dig so deeply into their profits.

Bank-deposit guaranty might once have been defended in theory on the ground that it was a form of mutual insurance. Each bank in the system paid a small annual sum into a fund which was expected to accumulate into a reserve against losses. The scheme worked well in good times, when failures were merely sporadic and occasional. But the premiums were not large enough to build up reserves against a general deflation or bad times in land or commodities or anything else upon which banks lend heavily. This could have been accomplished only by the banks' paying very heavy annual assessments, which they were and are unwilling to do, for it would amount, on the part of a strong, well-managed bank, to the creation of two surpluses instead of one, with one of them outside the control of the bank.

It is charged that deposit guaranty puts a premium upon careless banking and serves notice upon depositors that they need not be discriminating. Whether the detailed facts bear out this assertion we cannot say, although results of the experiment point in that direction. There is always an encouragingly large number of careful, level-headed bankers and discriminating depositors, even in sections which suffer for a time from socialistic experiments. But we are sure that the general principle of making the efficient and honest pay for the failures of the inefficient and dishonest is fundamentally deceptive. Men without competence or character are not under obligation to organize banks, and we do not see why those who have the qualifications for banking should be compelled to come to their support. As for the depositors, it would be cheaper in the long run to educate them in the difference between a good and a bad bank than to meet the losses of the latter class.

One other feature of the guaranty of bank deposits deserves brief attention. Always there has been the moral if not legal implication that the state stood behind the system. This seems to us a vicious principle—this use of a vague and shadowy inference that somehow the Government will make everything good. Financial systems other than deposit guaranty have gone on the rocks even when under the patronage of government. It is a delightful and entirely mischievous idea, this attempt to impart outside strength where there is inherent weakness, by somehow tying up a system with the Government. Apparently one of the simplest facts known to man is the easiest to forget—namely, that government cannot help anybody or anything except by levying taxes, and taxes are what all people hate the most to pay.

Federal Reserve Tactics

THE mightiest engine of civilization is commercial credit. In the richest country in the world this engine takes on its greatest proportions. Control of this great prime mover and responsibility for its smooth operation are vested in the Federal Reserve Board and in its subsidiary regional boards. Their power is tremendous and their responsibilities are colossal. They occupy the unhappy position of him who is damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.

The recent tactics of the Federal Reserve, in its endeavors to check the excesses of stock speculation and to keep within moderate bounds the rates for funds required by business and industry, have come in for violent criticism and for just as spirited defense. The very nature of the Federal Reserve's function in controlling and directing the flow of credit is bound to give rise to these sharp differences of opinion. What it endeavors to do is to see that credit is employed in the most useful channels, to see that none runs dry while another overflows.

Vast as our credit is, it is not limitless; and if the interests of all are to be most wisely served and if the nation's business is to be carried on in normal fashion, without grave disturbance occasioned by excessive interest rates imposed where they cause the greatest hardship, the control of our resources must be intrusted to exceedingly cautious and farseeing men who will function as nearly perfectly as they can in the light of present conditions and past experience.

Few will care to deny that, for the most part, the powers of the Federal Reserve have been used wisely and with full realization of their vital effect upon the health and fortunes of American business. When the functioning of this agency has come in for criticism it has commonly been because its foresight was not quite so good as its hindsight; but this is a weakness of which the controllers of our credit have no monopoly. Sometimes, when speculation has speeded up into the runaway stage, they have been a little too slow to apply the brakes and later have tardily put them on rather too sharply for the comfort of passengers; but, unfortunately, we know of no credit governor which will work automatically and with mechanical precision without being subject to the fallibility of human judgment.

Speculators who have been making money hand over fist on the rising tide of a bull market naturally have small tolerance for any governmental interference with that delightful occupation; but they should not forget that it is one of the inevitable hazards of speculation, and a hazard which cannot be abolished if the workaday, essential business of the country is to be carried on with normality and with reasonable security.

BUSINESS WAS BUSINESS

By Chet Shafer

MR. ABNER H. MOORE was weary. He shoved his bulgy cane-bottomed chair back from the litter on his roll-top desk, arose and uncramped his fingers. With a whistling sigh he shuffled over to a combination mirror and hatrack, the frame of which was unsparingly decorated with deep-carved sprays of pussy-willow buds. From the little outside ticket pocket of his coat he drew a bit of folded paper. Returning to his desk, he spread it out—it was a clipping from a magazine—and read:

SHOE SHINE
COMBINATION
DAUBER AND BRUSH
WITH
BOX OF POLISH
OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING
OR AT HOME
DOES NOT SMUT OR BLACK THE SKIRTS

"Thunderation Nuckemole!" exclaimed Mr. Moore in exasperation. "She's forever and eternally getting some newfangled notion!"

With this customary ineffectual protest against his wife's ambitions, he pulled out a drawer. From it he took a sheet of the business stationery of Steimer & Moore, makers of buggy whips, and the firm that had won for Westville far-flung fame in the name, The Whip City. It bore an impressive etching of the firm's factory buildings stretching, seemingly without limits, into the cloudy distance. Chimneys smoked in volume sufficient to spell out the firm's name. Round-stacked locomotives pulled trains along, puffing diligently. Drays were loading and unloading at the platforms. From a stanhope a gentleman in a high hat and sideburns was alighting to enter the six-sided brick office, a conception of Mr. Steimer. It was a scene of unusual activity. Done by an artist with imagination and a fine spirit of abandon, that letterhead, if somewhat exaggerated, was one to arrest a customer's attention. It could not fail to convey a lasting impression of the colossal magnitude of Steimer & Moore's plant and the fact that business was rushing, and not by the door either.

It was a warmish afternoon of a June day in the early 90's and a soft breeze blew much dust through the pink mosquito netting of the open windows. And it had been a busy day for Mr. Moore. The morning train had been late and he had waited more than a half hour for the inefficient Democratic postmaster to distribute the mail. There were many orders. With a fine pen and copying ink he had worked continuously at his correspondence. It was exacting work, too, despite the fact that he had but lately installed a handy inkwell, a goose-necked glass container which tipped forward in the frame of an iron rack, with specially scalloped ends for penholders when not in use. It was small wonder that he was irritable. Yet, true martyr that he was after thirty years of married life that had left him bald but comfortable, he ordered a trial box of the polish with a flourish of initials. Placing the letter on a pile, he called the office boy, Richard Tolman, and handed him the accumulation.

"Be sure to copy these well," he commanded.

Richard was the bright little engineer of the letter press—a Little Giant. He carried the stack to a table near the huge-wheeled iron device where the copy books were—complete records of business. Between the yellow tissue leaves he placed the letters, together with damp smelly rags obtained from a square zinc-lined receptacle with a heavy lid that prevented needless evaporation of water. He set to his task with a vim, for he was eager to scale the ladder of success as pictured in a paper received at Sunday school, where he was a member of the Boys of Promise class.

Mr. Moore redded up his desk. He dried his pen between the heart-shaped flannel leaves of a wiper, the gift of a daughter who wore Patti bangs. Taking his detachable barrel cuffs from a hook of the hatrack, he untelescoped them and fastened them to his shirt sleeves with a toothed spring clip. He put on his hat and coat and braced himself to pull down the sinuous top of his desk. He set his jaws and tugged. For some unknown and miraculous reason it didn't stick halfway down the grooved right of way. This was the brightest spot of his day. He smiled and went away.

As soon as he had gone, Mr. James Bunn, the thin, stooped, eleven-dollars-a-week bookkeeper, slapped shut the massive leather-bound ledgers on his high, slanting,

(Continued on Page 201)

"WHY, TABBY!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Initiation

ALTHOUGH I am no votary
Of Moose or Elks or Rotary,
Belonging to no coterie
Or sacred fellowship,
A club of some variety
Has done an impropriety,
For one of their society
Has given me the grippe.

—Norman R. Jaffray.

Bound to Win

"REMEMBER your cultural upbringing," pleaded Dan's doting mother. "Remember how we have read to you since babyhood, taken you to museums and concerts, and traveled you all over the globe. Remember that there has never been a Babbitt in the Beedles family in its long and illustrious history. Remember our hope and pride in you. Good luck to you at Springmouth!"

"I will remember," promised Dan.

"Remember the reputation of the Sturgiss School," advised Principal Jenny. "Remember the glorious record of her sons who have gone to college. Remember your own brilliant record as the leading scholar of your class. Drink deep of Homer and Sophocles and Milton and Shakspere! Make good!"

"I will," said Dan.

"Remember me," she breathed. "Remember that I want to marry a man of intelligence, finesse, culture, breeding, and not a mere physical superman. Remember, education, erudition and edification, dearest."

"I will," he whispered, and their lips met in a long, lingering kiss.

Oh, stop!

And this is the prelude to how Dan Beedles entered Springmouth, with the words of those dearest to him ringing in his ears—and made the boxing team. —PARKE CUMMINGS.

Portrait of a Man About to Go for His First Horseback Ride

Baby Wagons

ALONG the street they roll their precious freight
Of infants, male or female, even twins;
On crowded walks they veer or congregate,
With no respect for anybody's shins,
Propelled or chaperoned by lady dragons.
There are no traffic rules for baby wagons!

They thunder down upon you five abreast
Like chariots or Juggernauts of terror,
Converging north and south and east and west.
And should they overwhelm you, that's your error,
And there is naught to do and less to say,
For baby wagons have the right of way.

Cheer me with apples, comfort me with flagons;
There are no traffic rules for baby wagons!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Two Mathematicians' Sons Get Together

"HEY, Skinny, let's get an ice-cream soda. How much coin have you got?"

"If half of my nickels plus one-third of my dimes were added to seven-tenths of my pennies, I would have eighteen cents less than twice what I now have."

"Hooray! Even if sodas with a double ice cream cost 16⅔ per cent more than they do, we would still have enough for two apiece, with enough change to buy three rubber balls, if a dollar and forty-eight cents would buy fourteen of them!"

"You said it! Coming roller-skating?"

"Yeah, only mother said that the time I spend on my music lesson must be in the same ratio to the time I spend skating as the distance a man can walk at nine miles in two hours for three hours is to the distance a man can walk at eight miles in three hours for two hours."

(Continued on Page 124)

"Are You Sure You Put Junior to Bed, Alberta?"

Hard-Boiled Marine: "Mr. Hoover Sent Me to Help You Fix Your Garden, Miss!"

TOMATO SOUP

Nature's way of tempting you to perfect health!

WHY HAS Nature clothed the tomato in such a brilliant hue? Why has she given to it such a piquant and delicious flavor? It is her way of challenging the eye and the appetite to one of her most healthful foods. She has made the tomato irresistible because it is so beneficial.

■ ■ ■

Science has shown us that tomatoes are extraordinarily rich in foods that contribute to buoyant health. Minerals that build bone and tissue. "Health Givers" (Vitamins) that promote growth and bodily resistance. The wholesome, invigorating foods that paint your lips and cheeks *from the inside!*

And millions of people agree that the most delicious way to enjoy tomatoes is in Campbell's Tomato Soup. Its flavor is a delight your appetite never forgets. Now that its healthfulness is so well-known, women are serving it even more frequently than ever. In countless homes its use has doubled or trebled. For today as never before, people demand food that is delicious and beneficial *both*.

Red-ripe, luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. Strained to a smooth puree through solid nickel colanders with mesh as fine as pin-points. Enriched with choice creamery butter and seasoned to a taste by Campbell's French chefs. Every spoonful of Campbell's Tomato Soup gives its glow of sunny goodness.

Often you'll like to serve it as a Cream of Tomato Soup. You simply add an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating but do not boil. Then it's all ready for your table. So easy and convenient. 12 cents a can.

■ ■ ■

Vary your menus by ordering any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

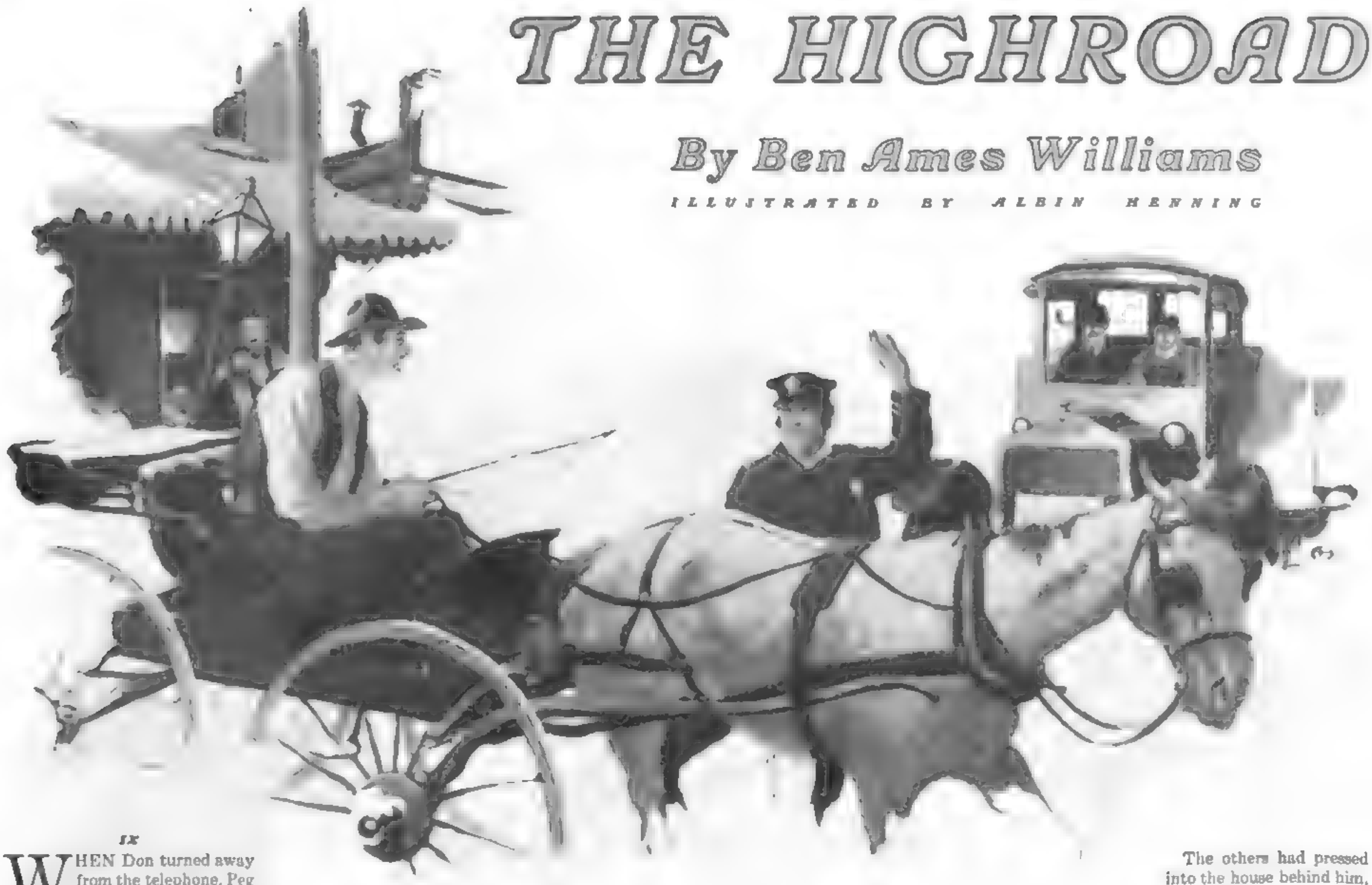
Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE HIGHROAD

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING



Old Joe Cackled With a Laugh Like a Sob. "Yore Pa, He'd Always Stop Traffic for Me, Don"

IX

WHEN Don turned away from the telephone, Peg was at his elbow, her hands clasped about his arm; and while he stood for a moment stiff and motionless she held him, shook at him, whispered fiercely: "Don! Don! What's happened? What's the matter, Don?"

Her father looked up at Don over his spectacles, still stooping to tie his shoes in preparation for the walk to the village. Mrs. Barry twisted her hands in her apron and chattered excitedly, and Don could see her lips move, but he could not hear her words. His ears were ringing so.

Peg shook him by the arm, whispering: "Don. Don."

He nodded at last as though acceding to their demands for information.

"Pa's killed," he said in a frozen, aching voice. "A truck hit him. I got to go."

And he moved then toward the door.

Peg stayed beside him, holding him fast. He knew she was there, and the knowledge was sweet to him, and bitter too. Behind them, in the open door, Mrs. Barry chattered shrilly. Don went down toward where his motorcycle stood upon its rest, and Mr. Barry scuttled past him, hurried away toward the village. But Peg stayed by Don, patting his arm, whispering.

"Dear Don," she whispered. "Dear Don. Dear Don."

"It was that big van," he told her. "I'd ought to stopped them." He was sick with bitter sorrow and remorse, naked in his pain.

She did not understand, only held his arm; and he suddenly wished her to know that which she must know; to know and understand.

"It was rum runners!" he cried desperately. "A man's been after me to let them by. He fooled me into taking money—a hundred dollars. I never meant to take it, meant to make him take it back. I see the truck go by, and I knowed it was whisky on it and I let it go. It's hit pa!" He added, so that all might be clear: "It's killed pa."

She stood gravely there beside him and he waited so that she might damn him with a word. He saw her eyes, and she gave them to him freely, and she held still by his arm.

"It's all right, Don," she whispered. "You go to him, Don. It's all right, Don dear"

He knew her wrong; knew it was not all right; yet men have always found reassurance in their womenkind, even when the womenfolk are wrong. Women's wrongs are so apt to prove somehow rights in the end. He threw his leg across the motorcycle and kicked the pedal. Her kiss burned on his cheek when he swept away; her hand was high to bid him on his course.

And Don went swiftly, and there was something furious in his going. The square, when he came to it, was empty. The white concrete pillar of the silent policeman gleamed beneath the arc light there. He swung punctiliously around it to the right and so came racing home; and he began already to forget what he had done, to plan that which now he meant to do.

When he came to the house there were neighbors gathered there; and Don, even before he alighted, saw Joe Gillaspie's sway-backed buggy and Joe's ancient white horse standing in the yard beside the kitchen door. Mrs. Wake was on the porch with a lamp in her hand, the flame fluttering in the wind, and old Joe had a lantern from the barn, and there were others clustering around. At Don's coming they drew back to yield him passage, and he propped his motorcycle on its rest and crossed the yard. The old constable was still in Joe's buggy as though he slept there, his great bulk filling it.

"We got him into the buggy," Joe explained in excited tones. "Three-four of us h'isted him in and I led the old horse up here. It's going to be a business to fetch him in the house, Don."

"His bed's ready," Mrs. Wake sobbed, dabbing her eyes with her apron. "All turned down and ready, Don." And she wailed, and the sound was like wind moaning about the shutters on a winter night.

Lucas Tomson had been a big man; in his long-tailed blue coat that hung below his knees he used to stand like a colossus at the crossroad in the square. But Don was no weakling, and Don stepped now between the wheels of the buggy and took up his father in his arms. If the muscles of his back were like to crack under the strain, he gave no sign, but lifted the old man stoutly and bore his father there across his breast as a lesser man might have borne a child.

He carried him toward the house, and Mrs. Wake went skittering to open before him the nearest door. Don climbed the three steps to the level of the veranda; he passed into the kitchen and through the familiar dining room into the small chamber that was his father's, and he laid the old constable there along upon the bed.

The others had pressed into the house behind him, a knot and cluster of them; but Luke's room was small and they could not enter here, and only Mrs. Wake came beneath Don's arm as he stood in the doorway with a hand against the jamb on either side. She came in and she began to minister to the old man, cleansing his bruised brow, hovering above him with little whimpering endearments, choked and wringing. And Don from the doorway watched her for a moment, and he looked down upon his father steadily; and then with a certain finality upon him, as though this chapter were concluded, he drew back and closed the door that shut these two, Mrs. Wake and his father, from all other view.

The others gave way before him. Joe Gillaspie was foremost, who had brought his father home; and Peg's father was there, and Will Freeland, and half a dozen others. But they drew back before him, for Don moved toward them somehow ponderously. It was as though he did not see them; and Will Freeland said afterward:

"It wouldn't have surprised me if he'd walked right over us, the way he was looking about that time."

Don was in fact immured in his own thoughts, not wholly conscious of these neighbor folk about him. The big young man was always slow of thought and slow of speech. A nimble wit or a ready tongue could always cozen and confuse him. Yet as he was slow to move, so was he also hard to turn when once well in motion. And there was movement in him now.

His eye fell on Joe Gillaspie and did fix there; and old Joe, who had till this moment been mumbling and clamoring unheard, by Don's direct glance was abruptly brought to silence. He stood sheepishly as though himself at fault; and Don considered him, and at last the young man asked in a tone still and almost kindly:

"Joe, you see it?" Joe tried to speak, but something in Don's eyes held his dry tongue still. Don nodded as though satisfied, and he looked about upon the others there. "The rest of you see it?" he asked.

They answered all at once, this and that. From the chorus emerged the fact that no one of them had seen that which passed; though each was regretful, each was willing to believe that he had seen, if he were required to do so. Don shook his head upon them.

"I'll talk to Joe," he said. "I'm obliged to all of you, but I'll talk to Joe." And he added: "You can set if

(Continued on Page 36)

A tempting dish of Libby Pickles—Dill, Sweet Sliced Dill, and Home Made Style

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Pickles, Condiments, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

PARTIAL LIST OF PICKLES AND CONDIMENTS

MUSTARD CHILI SAUCE CATCHUP SWEET RELISH STUFFED OLIVES QUEEN OLIVES
RIPE OLIVES DILL PICKLES SWEET PICKLES SWEET MIXED PICKLES
SWEET MUSTARD PICKLES HOME-MADE STYLE PICKLES SWEET SLICED DILL PICKLES

Full of novel recipes! A brand-new kind of file case bound in kitchen blue. Each recipe on a card that fits into indexed folders. 72 unusual, yet simple dishes for every course. To get case and recipes, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-28, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada. Write us for *FREE* recipe leaflet, "Tempting Ways to Serve Pickles and Condiments."

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 34)

you're a mind." For they had come kindly "Joe and me, we'll walk outside."

So big Don, whose father Luke was, and old Joe, whose friend Luke was, walked outside. The sway-backed white horse was waiting patiently enough, and Don bade Joe get in, himself climbed to the seat by the old man's side

"Drive down towards the square," he directed. "I want to see the way of it. You see it, did you, Joe?"

Joe swallowed, and he jerked the reins and turned the horse.

"I was right there, coming in along this street," he replied. "I see the whole of it. It was like as if ——'

Don interrupted him. "Anybody else?" he asked "Anybody else see or hear anything, or what?

"There wan't a soul," Joe assured him. "It was raining a mite—just a spit of it—and what folks was around was in the post office up the road. There wan't anybody in sight at all, only I come along from my house after supper to pick up some trade and kind of visit with Luke. I used to allus like to stay with him nights when he was down there. He never would go home long as there was anyone around."

"What happened?" Don asked; and before Joe could reply he added another question: "A truck, was it? Like a moving van. Coming from up north."

"Same one that stopped here three-four days ago," Joe assured him—"the one that backed into me, and yore pa called 'em for it. The same men driving too."

"You said so to anybody?" Don interrupted.

"Guess I have," Joe confessed. "Guess likely." He wore a sheepish countenance. "Didn't you want I should, Don?"

"How did it come?" Don countered. "They see pa, did they?"

"They'd have to," Joe assured him. "He'd got back by the corner of the bank block, out of the rain, kind of. But he see me coming along, and then he see the truck coming down the road, so he come out to stop it and let me by. Like he always did." Old Joe cackled with a laugh like a sob. "Yore pa, he'd always stop traffic for me, Don.'

"That's right, too," Don agreed. "Yes, he would."

"He come out to, there tonight," Joe continued. "I could have give the old horse the bud and got across all right, before ever the truck got there; but yore pa always liked to have him some traffic to handle, so I 'lowed to give him the fun of it. So I held up. And he stepped out there and stood there with his hand up and his white glove on. Always did wear white gloves at night, so's they'd be sure to see Him right under the light the way he was, they couldn't help but see him anyways, but he had that white glove on. I could see the truck barging down the road, maybe a block away when I first see it."

Saw it plain, did you?" Don asked

"Plainer'n I c'n see you now," Joe assured him. They were come close to the square, and Joe pointed with his whip

"I was right along about where we are now," he declared. "And he come in sight, or the truck did, past Will Freeland's house up yonder.'

Don saw ahead of them figures here and there where village folk examined the traces along the muddy street which bore mute testimony to the tragedy agone

He said quietly, "Don't talk so loud, Joe.'

Joe stared at him. "Why not?" he challenged. "I guess everybody knows by now."

"You go on and tell me," Don insisted You don't have to tell everybody around."

And Joe Gillaspie, after an indignant silence, submitted. There was that still strength in Don which did compel him. He pulled up his horse.

"Well, anyways," he said, "I was about here when I first see the truck. And I looked for it to slow down. I guess yore pa did too. He never went to move. He just kept standing there with his hand up that way, and it come along. It come past the light on the corner, and I could kind of see the men on the seat. I don't 'low they saw me. I was in the shadow of the trees here, and there wan't anybody else in sight at all. Likely they didn't see me, nor anybody but him, or they'd have stopped, sure."

"They never stopped?" Don suggested.

"They never even went to stop," Joe assured him. "I guess the one that wan't driving wanted to. I see him kind of grab at the wheel and yell, and I yelled myself, I'm telling you. Maybe the driver 'lowed yore pa would get out of the way. But he didn't, and they never even slowed; and they hit him, Don. That's all there was. Just the bump, like, and a thump, kind of; and the next thing their tail light was cutting out of sight down the road, and me a-setting here and yore pa not moving any, over yonder by the gutter where they'd knocked him."

Don nodded and Joe looked at him; and the young man sat still for a moment, surveying the scene, his body bowed forward, his chin in his hands

He asked at last inattentively, "Anybody hear you yell, Joe?"

'Didn't look like anybody knowed anything about it," Joe assured him. "Not till I couldn't get yore pa into the buggy and I went and got them to help me lift him in, and the Doc had a look at him and all." He added, beginning to come back to normal shrewdness of wit: "Don, you'd ought to get on the telephone and send the word down along. They'd get 'em down below, sure as fire." Don did not immediately reply, and the old man added eagerly: "I'd have done it before now, but I was took up with getting yore pa home, and then Mrs. Wake telephoned to you and I knowed you was coming, and it was yore part to do that. Let's us go over to the post office and telephone, Don."

Don sat still, making no movement to dissent or to agree; and old Joe wheeled his buggy across the road and brought it to a stop before the post office, half a block away.

'Don'" he said, prompting the young man. And when Don stayed motionless, Joe said in some impatience: "You, Don, you're bound to feel bad, but if you want to catch 'em you'll have to stir some. 'Fore they can get past below and take some side road."

Till Don at last aroused himself—aroused himself and shook his head. "No use, Joe," he said.

"Might be," Joe persisted stoutly.

Continued on Page 178)

Don Stood Isolated and Alone. He Felt This, Sensed it Ruefully, Yet With Some Faint Contentment Too

Fast drivers give oil its hardest test

Oil which lasts longest at high speed lubricates best at any speed

You will find that the New Mobiloil lasts longer at high speeds. This explains why Mobiloil keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

MODERN roads . . . higher speed-limits . . . modern engines . . . have made fast drivers of us all. And probably you've noticed that oil consumes most rapidly when the pace is swift.

Our assurance that the New Mobiloil will stand up better and last longer under high speed is really a conservative reflection of the speed-test records made in thousands of miles of running at the Atlantic City Speedway. And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed, lubricates best at any speed.

We believe that, with draining and refilling at the regular intervals, and with reasonable care of your car, the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your new engine for at least 30,000 miles. Actually, our tests have shown that Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

The New Mobiloil can save *your* good engine from growing old before its time. It can bring new pleasures to your miles of spring and summer driving, and *new economies* in oil consumption and engine repairs. Mobiloil is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

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Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine Summer	1929 Engine Winter	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter	1926 Engine Summer	1926 Engine Winter
Auburn, 6-66							A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB		BB		BB			
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB		BB		BB	
Chandler Special Six			A		A			
" other models	A	A	A		A		A	
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc						
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc				
" Model T					E	F	E	F
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models							A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.				
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc						
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
Stearns Knight, 6-80	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc				
" other models	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Ar.	A	Arc
Velie, 8-cyl	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc				
" 6-cyl	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc

the New

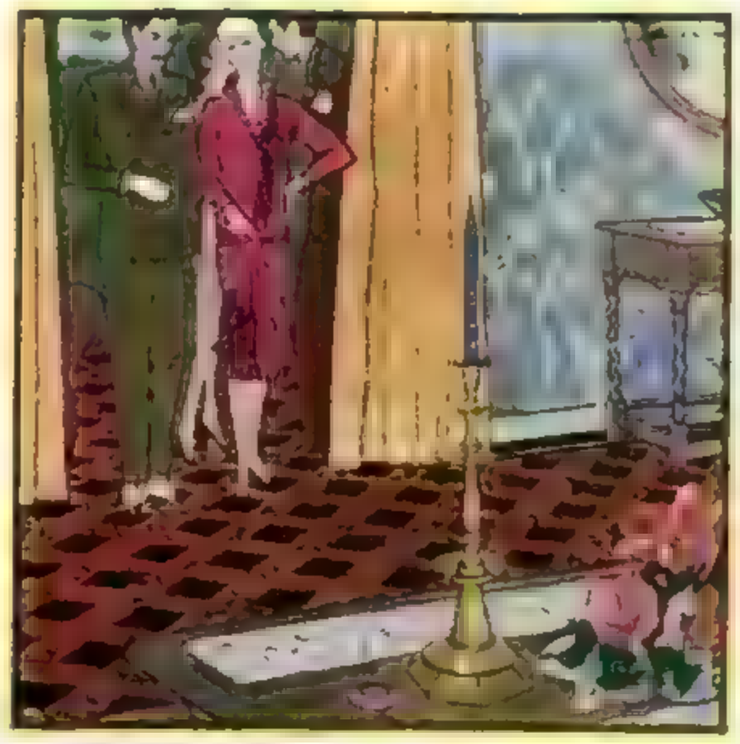
Mobiloil

It's decidedly smart ... this stylish, new flooring

SOME women seem to have a sixth sense when it comes to style and good taste. As soon as something new appears in the shops, they at once recognize its possibilities. It's these fashion-wise women who are responsible for the increasing vogue of a remarkable new flooring—*Sealex Linoleums!*

They realize the untold decorative possibilities offered by the many lovely designs and colorings. Here you get but a glimpse of the variety! The *Karnean* designs faithfully reproduce the delicate veinings and subtle tones of rare marble, while the new *Embossed* designs have a charm all their own.

But never for a moment do clever women forget the practical side! And here again *Sealex Linoleums* win enthusiastic approval. For these modern floorings are stain-proof and spot-proof ... the easiest things imaginable to keep clean. The *Sealex Process* (by which only *Sealex Linoleums* are made) tightly seals the tiny pores of the material. Dirt and spilled things can be whisked away with a few strokes of a damp mop.



The distinctive Karnean marbled design shown above is "Mexicana" Sealex Linoleum No. 3112

Such carefree floors will not overburden your purse. They can be quickly laid—even over old floors—often in a single day. Cemented down over felt, they are ready for years of service ... always quiet and comfortable underfoot.

For every flooring requirement—home or business—there is a type of *Sealex Linoleum*. Consult your dealer!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. Gen'l Office KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

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FREE—Sensible suggestions for smartness in the home! A helpful handbook on home decoration. "Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them" by the well-known authority Winnifred Fales. It contains many practical ideas for modernizing and beautifying the various rooms in the house. A scientific Color Scheme Selector comes with the book. Just drop a line to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for a free copy—or, if you prefer, use this coupon. (*Please print name and address clearly.*)

Name _____

Address _____

SAM KNOWED A GENIUS

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

Just When the Boys Was a-Trying to Figure Out a Scheme to Arrest Him, Derned if He Didn't Announce Himself as a Candidate for County Commissioner

"I knowed a genius once and when I meet one I can spot him," he announced with finality. "Didn't we have a genius for years and years right here in the county seat when Bud Farley was sheriff and I was his deputy? A sure-enough genius ain't nothing like that Edison feller at all. He's got to be full o' pizen. That's what makes a genius. Short o' that he's just smart. Fellers like you," he added, addressing me, "are always a-writing pieces about something you don't know any too much about. If you want to write a real piece that's got some point to it, I'll tell you about this here genius that I knowed my own self. Do you want to write it?" I did. "All right, then," said the colonel, "just you listen while I tell you the facts; then you'll know what a sure-enough genius is, and what a upset kind of a life he leads. No wonder geniuses is scarce. It's the Lord's mercy. One county couldn't stand more'n one at a time; and they got to have years to rest up even after that one."

OUTSIDE a cold rain, mixed now and then with a splatter of sleet, pounded the extensive brown pasture lands of Col. Sam Hardy's ranch. Such days are rare in Southwest Texas, so the colonel was making the most of this occasion. A few guests had been assembled, venison was roasting over the coals in the open fireplace, and a barrel of pecans stood conveniently near. Christmas would be happening along within a few weeks, but Christmas might turn out to be a warm day, so it was better to celebrate as the weather rather than the calendar dictated.

Curtains were drawn and the blazing four-foot logs provided light as well as warmth. The colonel's fireplace was of generous proportions, about twelve feet wide and six feet deep; to the rear logs blazed merrily, forward there was a wide expanse of glowing charcoal and hot ashes, now in use for culinary purposes.

On these occasions the colonel always looked after the cooking himself. In this art he believed that no woman was his equal. All men believe that, but most of them are ludicrously mistaken. While keeping a watchful eye on the haunch of venison, the coffee, cornbread and sweet potatoes, the colonel talked and shelled pecans; in the latter operation using his pocketknife with such skill that it was impossible for him to eat the nut meat as fast as it poured out of the shells. He knew exactly where to notch a little V-shaped indentation at one end of the nut; then he would press down with his heavy pocketknife, and presto, the shell divided neatly, with the meat exposed in two unbroken halves. It seemed no more difficult than opening eggs—that is, until I tried to do it.

Meanwhile the talk was of Thomas A. Edison, and oddly enough, it became heatedly controversial. Colonel Hardy's kindly blue-gray eyes assumed the sharp expression they wore when his finger was on the trigger. Mr. Edison, he willingly admitted, was a very great man, but no genius. And on this point he stood firm. He had once seen Mr. Edison, and on that occasion Mr. Edison had laughed, and not only that, Mr. Edison had made a joke. Also it was clear that people liked Mr. Edison; moreover Mr. Edison seemed to like people. So far as Colonel Hardy was concerned that settled the matter as to whether or not he was a genius. He was not—couldn't be

II

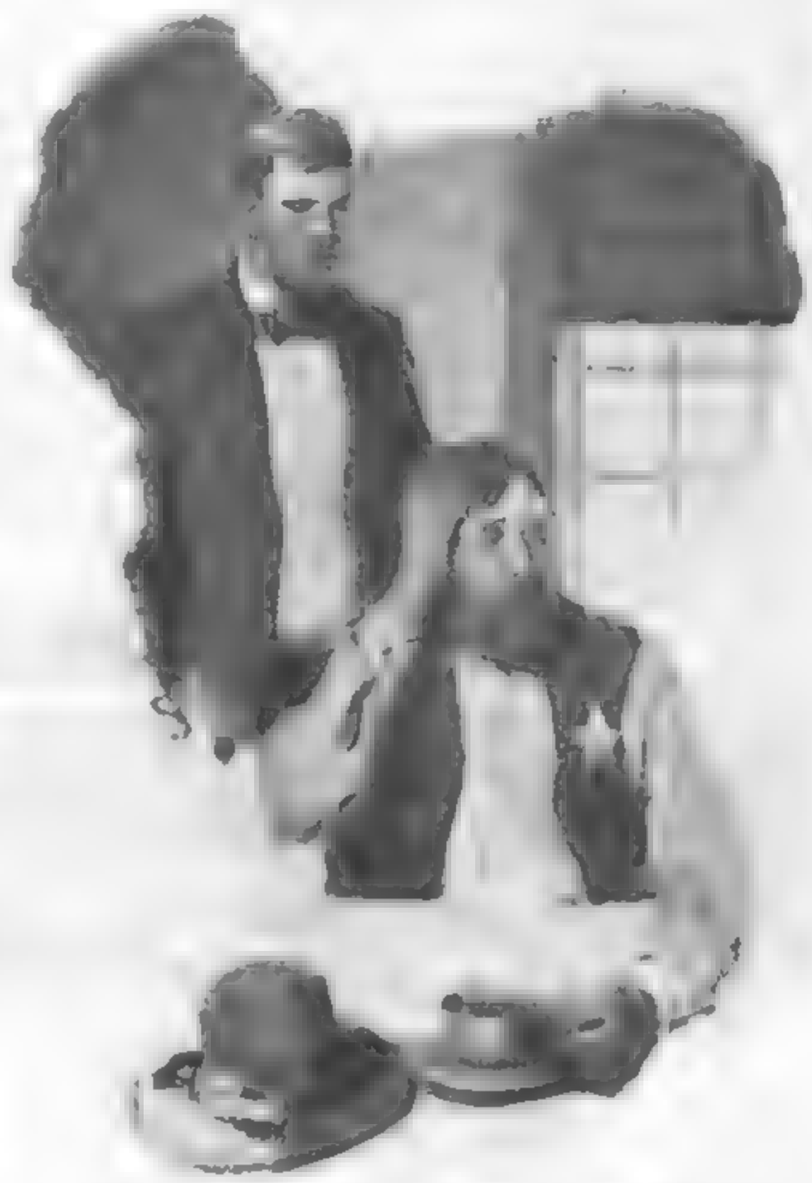
THIS here genius was named Brewster, and he didn't come out here because he wanted to get intimate with cattle; he was sent out by his uncle to look after the bank. Interest in them days was whatever you could take away from a feller that needed money, so Brewster's Yankee uncle had bought shares in some of our little one-room cow-country banks and was doubling his money every full moon. It looked to him like a good career for his nephew, and the situation between them being what it was, nephew didn't have no choice but to come. He was a great big raw-boned feller, with red hair all over the backs of his hands and on his arms, and more on his chest than on top of his head. It was kind of thin on his head. He wasn't what you would call a lady-killer; fact is, I never seen him pay no attention to no woman. I would of judged him to be about thirty-four, but he wasn't more'n twenty-eight. He didn't care much for his uncle; fact is he didn't waste a heap of love and affection on any of his relations. Geniuses is often that way. What he was mainly interested in was making some new kind of a copper that would transfer electricity with less leakage, but his uncle had a mortgage on his time on account of having paid for his education, so Brewster's main purpose in coming out was to pay off the mortgage and get independent.

I don't know what kind of a education he had; he tried to tell me, but it didn't make sense. I thought he must of been to college when I seen the books he unloaded; and he could write good too. Spelling was a cinch for him. He could put down sentences just lickety-split, making 'em up out of his own head. I was working over to the courthouse in them days and every now and then I'd run into some Latin, and I always wanted to know what it meant, so I asked this here Brewster about a chunk of it one day and he said right off he didn't know a word of it. He hadn't been to no college at all. What he'd gone to was called a institute. I reckoned, of course, that mebbe his folks had intended for him to be a preacher, but that wasn't it, either. It was a institute somewhere up in Massachusetts, he said, where they didn't teach nothing but technology. And I didn't know what that was then and I don't know now. Anyway there must of been a lot of arithmetic mixed up in it, because this Brewster genius could sure add up figures. A adding machine just wasted his time. If anyone else around the county had of been able to count up figures like Brewster did, folks would of bragged about him and made him compliments, but nobody never got no chance to do nothing like that for Brewster, because he'd make 'em so dern mad they just wouldn't.

I remember the first time I seen him add up a column. The county government had its money in his bank, and when it come time for the quarterly report to the state comptroller the county commissioners started in to do their adding from the ledgers. They had a old machine that always needed greasing and a new ribbon, but it counted right if you could remember to keep a roll of paper on the spool. There was four county commissioners and they used to work it in relays. That dern quarterly report always kept the whole courthouse tore up for never less'n three days, but it was the law, so everybody had to put up with it. Well, they worked day and night, until they was about broke down, and derned if the totals didn t show that they were more'n five thousand dollars in the hole. That was tough for all of us politically—or would of been if it got out—so we put our heads together and figured out a scheme of economy to make up the loss during the next quarter and then we sent for Brewster to come over that night and make us a loan to cover the hole. He come over all right, energetic like he always was, and grabbed the tally sheets and started to count. He pulled out a pencil and slid it up the column faster'n I could read the figures, and all the time he was making a hissing noise through his lips like a teakettle about to boil over.

Then he says: "Your balance is three thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars. You don't need no note. You just can't count—that's all's the matter with you. If

(Continued on Page 43)



Brewster Put About Half a Pound of Coffee Into the Dern Thing, and Turned Out a Brew That Bud Says Stained the China Cups Permanent and Took the Enamel Right Offen His Teeth

This emblem identifies the new 1929 Oldsmobile

OLDS

PRODUCT OF

The 1929 Oldsmobile is Winning even Greater Admiration from Owners - because it is -

DESIGNED TO DO ALL THINGS WELL

It is a relatively simple engineering task to design a car which emphasizes only a few qualities at the sacrifice of others.

It is an engineering achievement, however, to combine all desirable qualities to an outstanding degree in a balanced whole. Yet that is exactly what Oldsmobile engineers have accomplished in the new 1929 Oldsmobile.

How well they have succeeded is evidenced by the tremendous gains Oldsmobile has made in public acceptance—and by the enthusiasm of owners everywhere.

Every phase of performance has been developed to a remarkable degree in this finer Oldsmobile. You have only to drive it to realize what brilliant speed—what mighty power—what thrilling getaway it provides. You have only to try it to know how smooth it is—how quiet—how easy to drive or to park. And when you examine its big 62 horsepower high-compression engine you will find many indications of its progressive engineering—such as pressure-lubricated piston pins, a feature formerly characteristic of high-priced cars.

In appearance, this finer Oldsmobile is as beautiful and as smart as any car on automobile row. Its grace of line—its perfection of detail—its harmony of color—all pay tribute to the designing genius of Fisher artist engineers.

The interiors are luxuriously appointed and richly upholstered—and they are roomy and comfortable as well. The seats are soft and deep-cushioned. Restful riding ease is assured by four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers. And the new Fisher adjustable front seat, combined with Oldsmobile's adjustable steering wheel, makes the driving position a matter of individual preference.

And as the months and miles roll by, Oldsmobile delivers not only the advantages of this balanced design—but adds to them the satisfaction of dependability, economy of operation, and long life.

Visit your nearest dealer. Take a drive in the new 1929 Oldsmobile. Enjoy the results of full development of all the qualities that contribute to motoring pleasure. Check its new lower prices. Then judge its value for yourself.

NEW LOWER PRICE
TWO DOOR SEDAN
$875
f. o. b. Factory, Lansing, Mich.
Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

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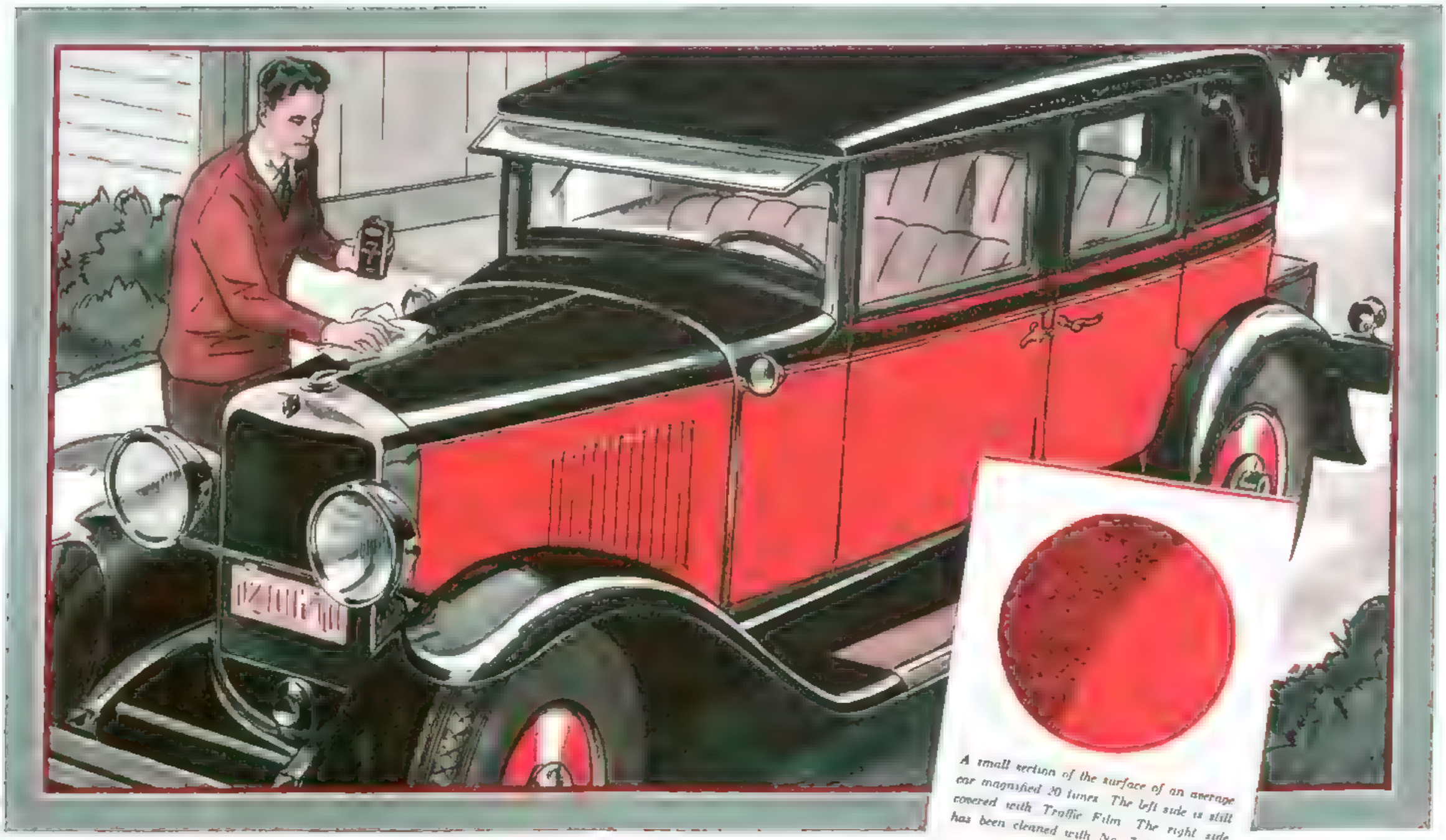
GENERAL MOTORS



A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

Rid your car of TRAFFIC FILM that hides its gleaming beauty

THAT dull, dirty coating which accumulates on the finish of your car is Traffic Film. It is made up of minute particles of oily, sticky dirt which are constantly settling on your car—in the city streets, on the country roads, and even in your own garage.

These particles collect dust, and are baked together by the sun and the heat into a hard, dull film which soap and water cannot remove. Traffic Film dulls the color of the finish—hides its lustre—and makes the whole car look old and shabby.

How to Remove Traffic Film

You can easily remove Traffic Film, and bring back the original color and lustre of your car, with No. 7 Duco Polish. Use it regularly and your car will retain its beauty season after season.

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco. It quickly penetrates and softens Traffic Film—"puts the skids under" the dirt particles and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing. It leaves a dry, glossy surface which sheds dust and keeps your car spick and span.

Revive the Color—Restore the Lustre

Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish and use a little every week or two. If you have the car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish. It will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it bright and gleaming season after season.

No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acids or harmful abrasives. It is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers, many of whom put sample cans in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your tool kit.

Three Other du Pont Products To Make Your Car More Beautiful

No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH will waterproof the top and restore its original lustre. It is an excellent dressing for spare tires and tire covers.

No. 7 NICKEL POLISH will clean and brighten the radiator and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for use in the home.

No. 7 TOUCH-UP BLACK is made for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders. It produces a new, durable finish with beautiful lustre.

Send for This Sample Beauty Kit

Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost) and we'll send you the following

1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 DUCO POLISH (enough for one polishing)
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 NICKEL POLISH (enough for the radiator)
1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH (enough for a spare tire

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
Desk S-1, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost.

Name

Address

City State

Use No. 7 DUCO POLISH ...*made by the makers of* **Duco**

(Continued from Page 39)

you was to get struck with a double quota of the brains you now got, you'd be dern near half-witted." And he went on home. He'd saved our political skins, but he was personally about as popular as smallpox.

There wasn't no choice about doing business with his bank, though, so the boys sent me over next week to sound him out on a scheme they had for building a bridge across Hell Roarin' Creek. We had been a-talking about that bridge for three years then, and we went on a-talking about it for some more years, but finally it comes into this story at the point that you might call the apex, so I'm a-going to mention it now. The boys wanted to know what he thought about raising the money, so that was what I asked him.

"Well," he said, "there ought not to be no difficulty about raising money. The bridge is a sound proposition. The only trouble is that them county commissioners don't understand the fundamental principles of a bridge."

"Well," I says, "what is the fundamental principles of a bridge?"

And he says: "The fundamental principles of a bridge, Sam, is that it should go right across the river or creek, and not lengthwise. I ain't sure," he says, "from what I have observed of them commissioners, that they are clear on this point."

Naturally I had to sing low on that kind of a report to keep down hard feelings, and one way and another it kind of discouraged the bridge. If the county commissioners had of been elected on account of their smartness, his remarks would of been funny, but in them days county commissioners was elected on account of needing the job. There was old Hank Bostick had ten children when his wife went blind and he had to look after the house, and that was his platform; he needed the job worse than anyone else in the county. Then there was Hugh Fenway that had had the barber shop at Sand Springs crossroads for twelve years, until the good road was built into the town of Erath and all his trade left him. Hugh wasn't much of a barber—just shaved the backs of their necks so as they'd be fit for church Sundays—but he was a good feller and nobody didn't want him and his eight children to starve, so they elected him county commissioner.

That was the way we done things in them days. We hadn't organized the county because we thought we had a lot of Daniel Websters and Calhouns laying around loose. What we mainly wanted was to elect our own sheriff and not have to depend on the neighboring counties to catch horse thieves and cattle rustlers for us. Everything else was just a collateral issue, so we elected justices of the peace and things like that according to their hard luck instead of having a poor farm. But Brewster didn't understand how the county was run. He thought these here fellers was our representatives when they was just our charities.

We always had a good sheriff and that was the main thing. Well, that and the public weigher. He had to be a honest man that could keep records. The scales was important on account of our wool and cotton and things like that.

Until I met Brewster I had always thought that good scales, once set up proper, would last a lifetime, but he come over to the scales one day and tested them. Why, dern it all, I hadn't never heard of any such thing. And the way he done it was enough to puzzle anyone, much less a poor public weigher that had been elected on account of having busted his foot in a cattle stampede. It had always been the custom to monkey with the scales a little so as to give the farmer a bonus of about five pounds to the five hundred, five hundred being the standard weight of a bale of cotton. Everybody knowed about this, so no harm wasn't done to the buyers. At the same time it pleased the farmers and showed that the weigher was a friend of theirn.

One day Brewster come over and said: "I'm a-goin' to test them scales."

The boys was nervoused up some on account of him mebbe saying too much about the five-pound bonus if he was to find it, but we figured that could be fixed all over again after he left, so nobody didn't raise no objections. Anyway, we wanted to see what he was a-going to do with all the junk he'd brung along. He had a six-foot pole with a pulley fastened in the top of it and about fifty foot of wire rope and a bundle of scrap iron that he said he had tested and that it weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Well, we didn't never bother about three hundred and fifty pounds; what we would of wanted to know if we'd a-been testing scales was how they stood on seven hundred pounds, that being nearer to a load. Somebody up and said so.

"That's exactly what I'm a-going to do," Brewster says. "I'm a-going to test at seven hundred pounds." He braced the pole with the pulley in it upright on the scales, then he run the wire rope through the pulley, and then he tied up his scrap iron in one end of the wire rope. Next thing he pulled the scrap iron three feet off the floor of the scales and then fastened the other end of the wire rope to the roots of a tree at the edge of the scales. "Now," he says, "that there three hundred and fifty pounds of iron trussed up like this should ought to weigh seven hundred pounds. The iron itself pulls three hundred and fifty from this side and the wire rope that holds it up from the other side pulls three hundred and fifty."

Well, dog-gone! Nobody hadn't never heard of that before! We crowded in to look at the beam and derned if it didn't balance at six hundred and ninety pounds. Ten pounds off! And agin the farmer!

"That's what I thought," Brewster says. "This here numskull of a public weigher has been a-cheating his neighbors out of ten pounds to the seven hundred because he's so ignorant he can't test his scales."

We tried that derned contrapshun of hisn out till sundown before we could get it through our heads how it worked. Seemed to me like three hundred and fifty pounds of scrap iron should ought to weigh three hundred and fifty pounds no matter if you dumped it on the floor of the scales or hung it from a flagpole, but he was right. She weighs double on a pulley. And all the time we was a-testing his tester he hung around making the kind of remarks that finally resulted in him coming to be called Old Vinegar Face

"Now that you have found out all this," I says to him, "what are you a-going to do about it?"

"I already done it," he says.

And derned if he hadn't too. He'd fixed them there scales right in about two jerks of a lamb's tail. We was all much obliged, of course. Still, he could of done it more sociable. That was the trouble with him. He was a genius.

"I'm a-going to run for public weigher," he told me while the arguments was still a-raging. Well, I had to laugh. But he run. He got eight votes. I reckoned that'd cure him from politics, but it didn't. He swore he wouldn't never monkey with the scales again after the way the voters had treated him, but he didn't get away with it.

(Continued on Page 89)

Bud Haskins Come In With His Cotton and Says: "Brewster, Before I Weigh In and Sell, You Come On Over and Test Them Scales"

DATES

By MARGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Others Prefer Being Peppy

THE reason why I am writing this is because this afternoon I was at a Cat Party, and the girls got around to talking on the subject of the opposite sex. I'm only joking when I say "they got around to it," because really it's the only subject that girls ever talk about at Cat Parties. Well, anyhow, we were talking about boys, and finally one of the girls said, "Marge, why don't you write something about dates? We'll all help you." So we got some paper and a pencil, and they started in and told me their ideas. I'm explaining this to you so you won't get the notion that I think I'm Cleopatra or something—though what girl doesn't? Anyway, here's the situation as they figured it out.

By "dates" I do not mean the ones you eat or the sort you struggle to memorize at school, but the kind you have with boys—the masculine company you enjoy or are afflicted with, as the case may be. It is a very important subject, because without dates there wouldn't be any marriages, or shouldn't be. A girl really ought to have at least one date with a fellow before she marries him.

Now, this date business has developed into a very serious affair. You have to buck up against the competition of other girls, educate your family to be a help, not a hindrance, figure out a sure-fire line of attack, and overcome the feeble resistance of the quarry. This last is the most unimportant. Any girl can do it if she puts her mind to it. The idea is to get it into your head that practically every man that comes along is just dying to fall for someone, and it might as well be you. Otherwise you are sunk

For instance. One night I was staying at a girl's house, and she had a couple of other girls in. So she called up a boy she knew and told him to come over and bring three fellows with him. This girl I was staying with had an inferiority complex or something, and when the boys arrived, one of them had cross-eyes. Right away this girl said, in a resigned voice "Oh, I just know I'll get him!" and gave up without a struggle. Now, that wasn't showing the proper spirit at all. She should have gone out there and put up a fight.

There is just one thing that limits the number of dates that a girl can have, and that is the fact that there are only seven days in the week. Of course, in order to have that number of dates, even the most attractive girl may have to fill in occasionally with a flat tire. However, a date is a date, and a girl must keep up appearances or she is branded as unpopular.

And if it once gets around that a girl is unpopular, she might just as well move to another state or enter the old ladies' home.

Now we come to the subject of just who to have dates with. Naturally, it is more interesting to spend an evening with a boy who can talk, even if you don't understand what he is talking about, than it is with a fellow whose conversation consists entirely of the one remark: "And how!" Still, no matter how dumb a boy is, he is never a complete flat tire as long as he is willing to go places and do things. But no girl with any common sense is going to spend her evenings at home with a fellow that says "And how!"

Spending the evening at home with anybody is bound to be difficult unless you have your family under control. Practically every girl has some sort of a family or other, and most of them are tough propositions to handle. The thing to do is to start training them early to keep out of the way. If there is anything lying about the parlor that the family likes to tinker with, throw it out. If mamma plays the piano, move the piano upstairs. If grandpa likes to snooze in the rocking-chair, put the rocking-chair in the dining room. Discourage Aunt Emma about coming down and meeting the boy friends. It is all very well to meet the boy friends, but if Aunt Emma is going to stick around half the night talking about how things were when she was young, then that is something else again. Why, I knew a girl whose life was practically ruined by having a kid brother with a rubber-tired scooter. This kid brother's idea of good fun was to come scooting silently into the parlor every evening at the most unexpected times. What girl could live that sort of thing down? Be firm with your family, be cruel to them if necessary, but keep them in their places.

Another thing. Hold out for something modern in the way of parlor furnishings. No burning love affair ever started in this day and age on one of those ancient horsehair sofas. Antiques may have been O. K. when you had to sit up like a ramrod anyway, on account of a whalebone corset, and whatnots may have been all right when the most athletic thing you did was look at the pictures in the album. But in this day and age they're out, and I don't mean maybe. Demand a davenport that won't give up the ghost if you bounce on it, and throw out the knick-knacks that drop off the mantel when you dance, and you're set.

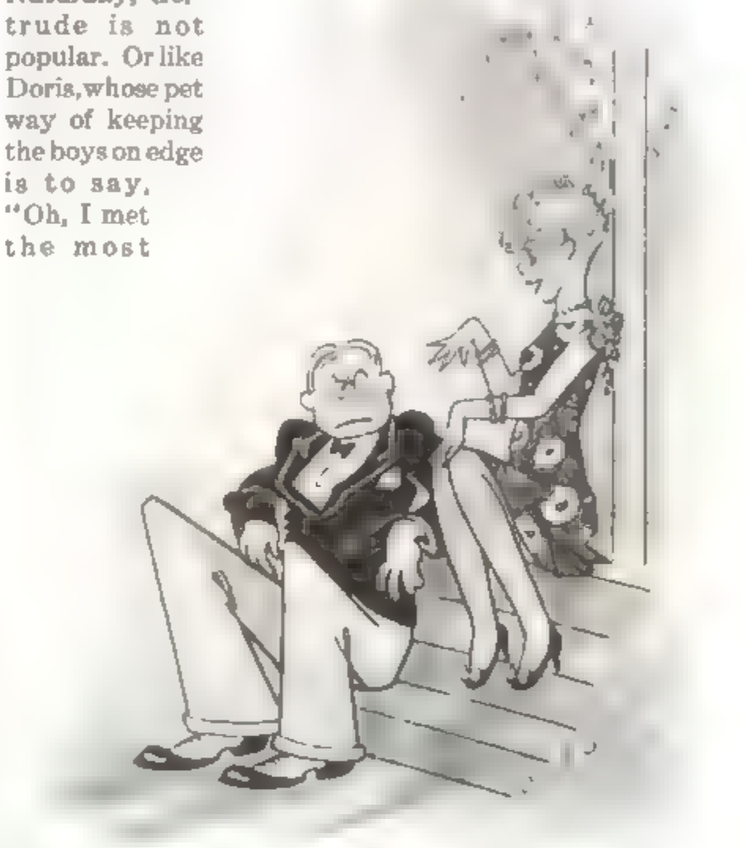
Nice clothes are also an important thing in a girl's life. It isn't necessary to have a very extensive wardrobe, but it should at least be snappy. If you feel that you're losing your grip at the country-club dances, chances are all you need to do is cut six inches off the hem of your evening gown and take in a couple of drastic tucks at the waist. Of course some girls carry it to extremes, but on the other hand, there's no law against showing that you have a waistline, provided you have one.

But to get back to the subject of just who to have dates with. Boys' looks don't mean anything. On some people a mustache is very interesting, while on others it's only funny. Fur coats cover a lot of pills, and many a football hero likes nothing better than to spend the evening reading his newspaper clippings aloud. However, a fellow that wears dizzy, striped shirts, snappy bow ties, red flannels and sleeve garters is under suspicion right away. He may be an awfully nice boy, but he has to prove it to you.

Still, almost anything is better than these boys that insist on being the life of the party. The musical boys who were born with a saxophone in their mouths. And the hoofers who will never be a wow on the stage, but oh, what they do to the rugs! The very worst, though, is the type that brings you a half-pound box of candy and expects you to fall on his neck for sheer joy. And the one that gives you his photograph for Christmas! Don't get me started.

Still and all, when it comes right down to getting married, any fellow who is willing to take a chance on the average girl's cooking must have something of the hero in his make-up. So why worry?

Seeing as there are at least fifty-seven varieties of boys, a girl is naturally somewhat put to it to figure out a line that will attract them all. Some try the clinging vine, others the iceberg effect. Some like to pretend they're bored with life, while others prefer being peppy. But it is really not advisable to have a line like a girl I know, named Gertrude. Her favorite method of greeting the boy friend is to slam him on the back with such force as to loosen all his teeth, meanwhile bellowing "Howsa kid?" Naturally, Gertrude is not popular. Or like Doris, whose pet way of keeping the boys on edge is to say, "Oh, I met the most divine fellow last night! He's tall and dark"—this to a short blond boy. And never on any account be like Ethel, who was out canoeing with a bashful boy friend, and said, "Kiss me or I'll upset the boat!" Of course the listening line always has been and always will be good. You know that old song, "Who is Sylvia? What is she, that all our swains commend her?" Well, I guess the answer to that one must have been that Sylvia was a good listener. However, it may be a good line; but it certainly is hard on a girl. So I say, speak up, and let the men fall where they may.

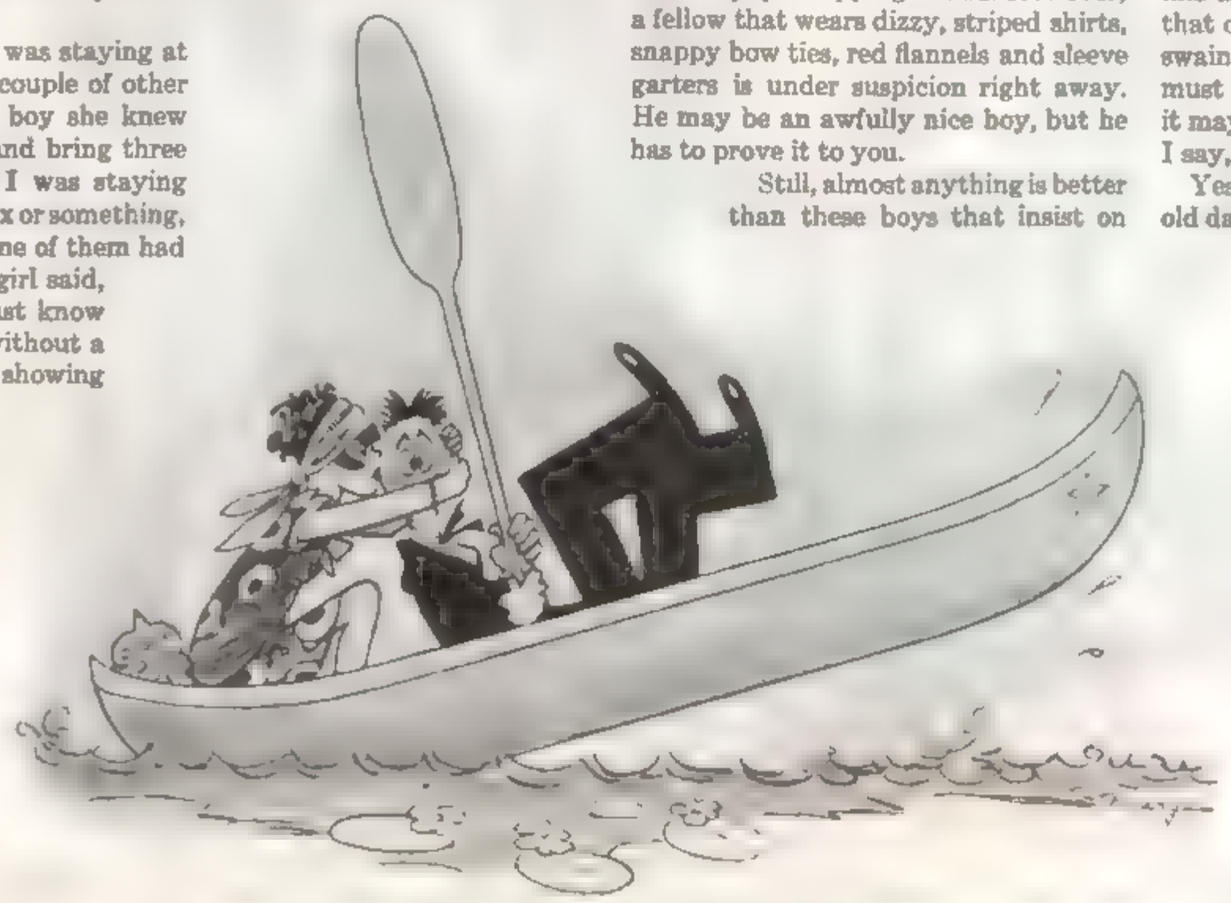


"Oh, I Met the Most Divine Fellow Last Night! He's Tall and Dark"

Yes, sir, it's all very difficult, and so different from the old days. Why, just think, once upon a time all a girl had to do was to present a swain with a sleeve empty, mind you!—from her dress, or a bit of ribbon from her bodice, whereupon said swain, delirious with joy, would bind it upon his helm and rush joyfully forth to splinter lances with one of his fellows in a like wrought-up state, all in honor of his lady! Imagine trying to pull that line now! If chivalry isn't dead, then it certainly is giving a beautiful exhibition of suspended animation.

Well, it's a great life if you don't weaken. And for Pete's sake, don't weaken, girls. Just consider what a comfort it'll be when you're eighty and feeling blue, to get out the old memory book and look over the love letters, dance programs, snapshots, faded roses, and so on, you collected in your day. And think of the proud moment when you show that book to your grandchildren, and they murmur with a new respect in their voices: "Gee, grandma surely knew her stuff!"

Think of that big moment, girls, and go out and get those men now!



"Kiss Me or I'll Upset the Boat!"

THE ONLY TRUE LEADERSHIP IS LEADERSHIP THAT LASTS

A group of master builders . . . proficient in all branches of automobile design . . . inspired by a quarter-century of leadership in fine car manufacture . . . directing a highly skilled organization with almost unlimited resources for continued advancement and leadership. . . . That is Buick.

The steady sweep of progress which has carried America to industrial leadership of the world is nowhere more finely exemplified than in the history of Buick—now standing at the crest of twenty-five years of successful motor car manufacture.

And yet, the glorious past—the enviable present position of the Buick car and the Buick company—may be truthfully described as only the prelude to an even more glorious future.

Not only because Buick aims, Buick ideals and Buick policies are dedicated to progress, but also because the men who shape and guide Buick's manufacturing programs are master builders.

Buick artist craftsmen—Buick designers—the entire Buick personnel—devote their combined talents to the one purpose of keeping Buick products always the standard of comparison.

The Buick engineering department, thoroughly versed in all phases of motor car design, contributes those fine mechanical advancements which have caused Buick to be regarded as the vital source of better automobiles throughout a quarter of a century.

The Buick manufacturing division—Buick testing and inspection—as well as authorized Buick service stations throughout the world—all work to the same high standard of efficiency.

Animating and inspiring this entire organization is the determination that Buick *must* excel—*must* build soundly, strongly and dependably—*must* hold forth the fullest measure of value and satisfaction to purchasers of Buick cars.

The Buick Motor Company is the world's largest builder of quality automobiles . . . because Buick combines the facilities and ability to give maximum value to the market it serves.

More than 2,000,000 Buicks have been produced. More than 1,500,000 of this twenty-five year total are still serving their owners. More than 80% of Buick owners buy Buicks again. And, as a supreme proof of leadership, more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200.

Buick will continue to keep faith with owners of its products. Buick will continue to build Buick motor cars superlatively well. Buick will continue to fulfill its time-honored pledge: "When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them."

Buick leadership is leadership that lasts!

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

RIGHT IS RIGHT

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

NEVER was there a more ideal evening for two hearts throbbing as one than that which Hattie Speer and I passed together on the Friday preceding the Saturday of the San Silvano Old Settlers' Carnival and Auto Gift Festival. No doubt the occasion was rendered more poignant by reason of the fact that we had just become engaged and that, the day before, Hattie had told Wilmer Rapacks, the young lawyer, just where he stood, which was nowhere at all. And a bitter-sweetness was added to the occasion because of my next morning's departure for a thirty-six-hour business trip to Los Angeles.

"Tyndall," Hattie said during a free moment, "does not this perfectly wonderful night make you think of Shakspere?"

"Yes," I said. "What play?"

"The one we studied in high school about the Merchant of Venice, where Romeo and Juliet, or whatever their names were, sit together and look at the sky the way we are doing now."

"Absolutely," was my response; "and if they felt the way I do at this minute, they certainly felt fine. There is nothing like sincere love to make life's burdens easier."

"Yes, Tyndall; and never in my life have I felt, in regards to any other person whatever, the emotion that thrills me in your case. I know positively that nothing can ever come between us."

"Positively nothing," I agreed with a good deal of emphasis.

"Loads of young engaged couples we both know have been so foolish, Tyndall."

"I have often thought the same thing myself, Hattie."

"Look at Ben and Ella. You would have supposed it was a perfect match. But she said he had no right supporting his widowed mother in the style he did, and soon there were two broken hearts that will never be mended."

"That is certainly the way it looks now."

"And take Clarence and Iva. Everything was fine until one night he tried to tell her that if she really wanted to help save for a home, she had no right to wear anything better than near-silk stockings. I have just heard she is going to marry a grape-juice salesman from San Bernardino."

"When people start quarreling about possessions, something is sure to happen, Hattie."

"And I suppose you remember the sad case of Chris and Leona. I never saw a happier pair, till the day her aunt left her a little money and they began to fight about whether to use it furnishing the house or going on a honeymoon trip to Honolulu; and pretty soon there was that item in the Courier entitled, Mad Little Archer God Shoots Astray, and underneath, all about how the engagement was broken and that the wedding presents would be returned."

"It is certainly terrible when people who claim to love each other engage in a dispute about property."

"Tyndall, I cannot imagine either of us stooping so low"

"And especially ——"

"I know exactly what you are going to say, Tyndall, and it is the simple truth. Especially in our case we can't help getting along together, because we are both so fair-minded. Neither of us asks more than our just rights."

"That is the way I have always felt, Hattie. I want my rights, and not an inch more and not an inch less."

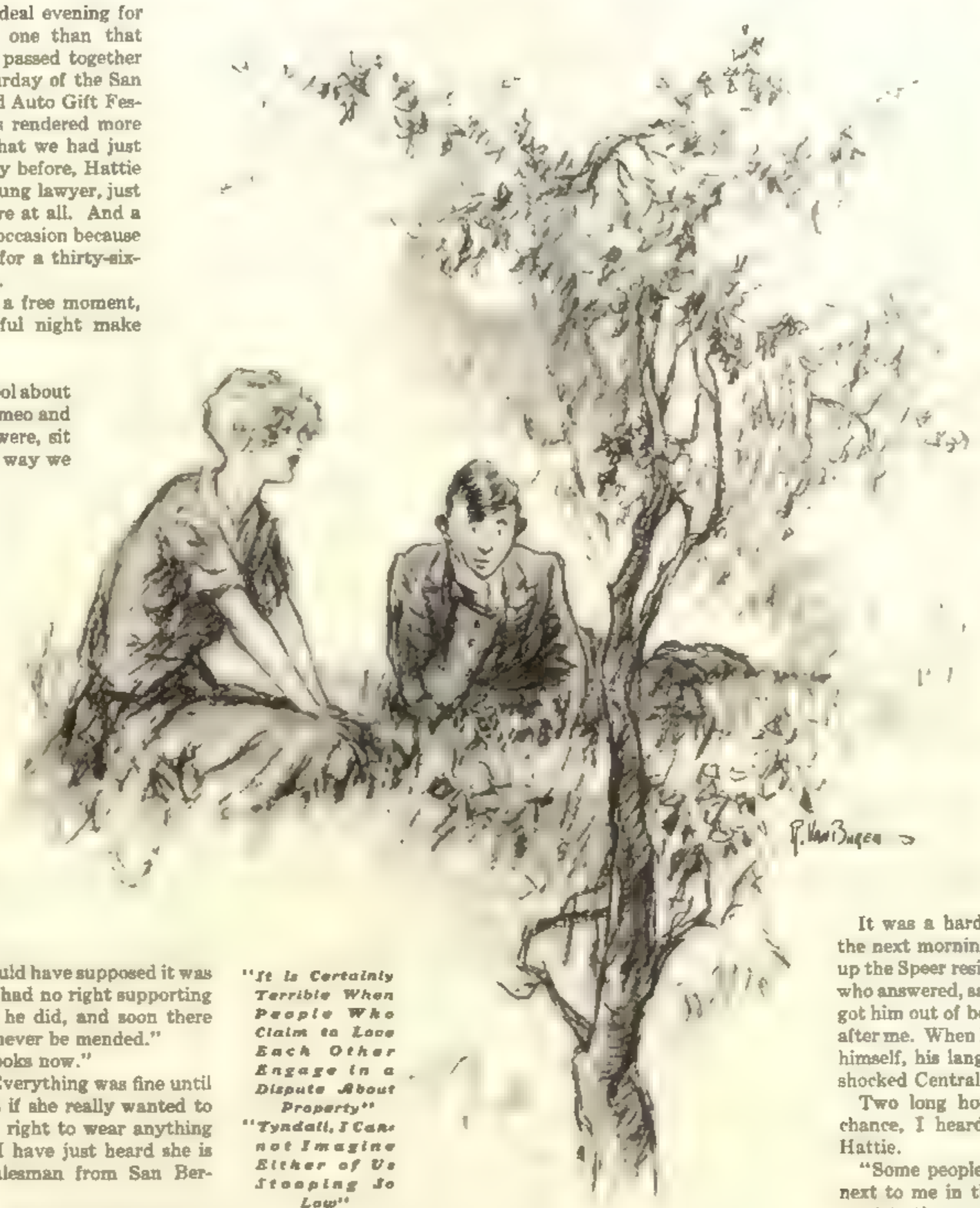
"You are exactly like me, Tyndall. And when all that two people demand is merely their just due, then they can never dispute over anything so vulgar as money or anything that money will buy."

Conversation ended and for some moments we sat in silent rapture, until I remembered something I had intended to say:

"Hattie."

"Yes, Tyndall."

"I suppose you are going to be present at the carnival tomorrow night."



"It Is Certainly Terrible When People Who Claim to Love Each Other Engage in a Dispute About Property"

"Tyndall, I Cannot Imagine Either of Us Stooping So Low"

"I might go with father, though I don't think he has any real intention of being there."

"I'm sorry I won't be here to take you. Here is the ticket which I bought two weeks ago, when the committee came around. The number is 21,306, and if that number should happen to be drawn first tomorrow night, it is good for the Speedway Six, valued at fifteen hundred dollars."

"I will take the ticket and be present if you wish me to, Tyndall."

I remarked with a little laugh, "I have never yet won anything at a lottery, so there is no reason to suppose that this ticket bears the lucky number."

"Maybe I'm a mascot, Tyndall. How can you tell?"

These were the only words that passed between us on the subject of Ticket No. 21,306. I remember every word spoken, because the next morning, all the way from San Silvano to Los Angeles, I did nothing but repeat over and over again our conversation of the night before.

II

MY BUSINESS in the big city was not finished until Sunday noon and I was not able to leave for San Silvano till toward six o'clock. Though I had wired Hattie two affectionate telegrams including my hotel address, and had expected her to reply at least once, there had been no response. As a result, my return home was one long nervous strain, because I could not repress a fear that something had gone wrong.

On the train, under the current date of June thirtieth, I wrote in my pocket diary: "This suspense is breaking my heart. I am afraid something fatal has happened to Hattie. If so, the sooner my own life ends the better."

Arriving at San Silvano, I was not much reassured to hear one of the carnival committee at the station say, "Hello, Tyn. I suppose you heard about the accident that happened to your little girl."

"Do you mean Miss Speer?" I asked in a reproving voice.

"Certainly I mean her. How many little girls have you got?"

I paid no attention to this coarse remark. "What has happened to Miss Speer? What was the accident?"

He began to laugh and slap his right leg. "You will think it was an accident when you hear all about it."

"The suspense is painful to me," I said in as calm a way as possible. "Was the accident serious?"

"That is going to depend," he replied, still laughing and slapping his leg.

As my frantic questions failed to extract another word from him, I rushed into the nearest telephone booth to call up Hattie. A hoarse voice, resembling that of her father, answered to the effect that it was 11:30 at night and kindly to lay off the phone between the hours of ten P.M. and six A.M., or he wouldn't answer for the consequences. Then he hung up with a smash.

It was a hard and wakeful night; and though the next morning at exactly six I once more called up the Speer residence, it was again Hattie's father who answered, saying in a profane way that if I ever got him out of bed again, he would have the police after me. When I explained that he had set the hour himself, his language before he hung up must have shocked Central.

Two long hours passed before, by the merest chance, I heard exactly what had happened to Hattie.

"Some people have all the luck," said the man next to me in the restaurant. "Saturday night I went to the carnival with twenty-five tickets that set me back twelve and a half bucks, and I never even drew a spark plug. And some girl named Speer, with just one ticket, pulled down the Speedway Six."

I thought my heart was going to stop beating. "What was the number of the ticket?" I asked.

"It was in yesterday's Courier. I think I tore out the piece. . . . Yes, here it is—No. 21,306."

For a minute I was afraid I might jump up from the table and start around the room, yelling like a wild Indian doing a joy dance. I could not eat another bite of breakfast; and though it meant being late at the office, I made up my mind to see Hattie at once.

As I walked down the street I rehearsed the little scene that would take place between us.

"Well, Tyndall," she would say, running to meet me and throwing her arms around my neck, "this time you can't say I didn't bring you luck. Look at the fine car you have won. And what a stroke it was to win it now, right after your flivver was stolen."

"It is a fine car, Hattie," I would remark, "and I'll bet a dollar you don't know what I'm going to do with it."

"What do you mean, Tyndall?" she would gasp, a frightened expression stealing over her face. "I hope you don't mean you're going to sell it."

"I'm going to get rid of it in a hurry; but no, I'm not going to sell it."

"Tyndall," she would ejaculate, growing more and more frightened, "what can you mean? It is a fine car and in perfect condition, for I drove it home myself from the carnival. I was in hopes it would give us many a pleasant outing."

(Continued on Page 49)

Off to a fresh start

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THERE'S a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. As the day rolls on, with much still to be done, the little red sign invites you to drop in at a cool and cheerful fountain—to pause and refresh yourself, and be off to a fresh start. ▼ ▼ ▼ Coca-Cola is a blend of many flavors, perfectly combined to give a flavor all its own. ▼ ▼ ▼ It has made friends with all the world—because people know its natural purity and wholesomeness are protected by the highest standards of manufacture.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

TO GET WHERE IT IS

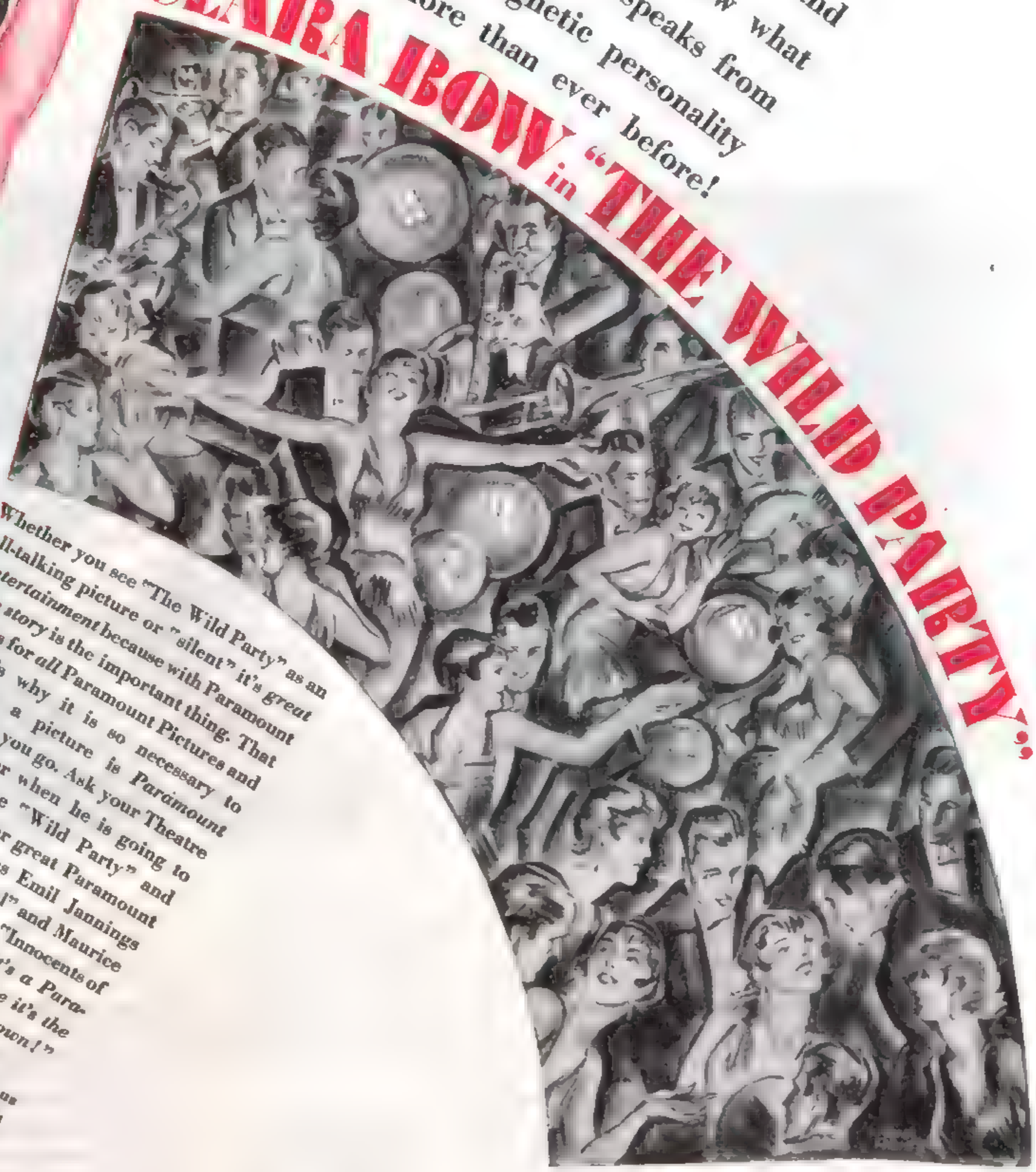
THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

Come to "The Wild Party"

and hear the wonder girl of the screen in an all-talking picture as full of life, youth and vitality as Clara herself. You know what "it" is to see her—now she speaks from the screen and her magnetic personality will thrill you more than ever before!

CLARA BOOW in "THE WILD PARTY"



Whether you see "The Wild Party" as an all-talking picture or "silent" it's great entertainment because with Paramount the story is the important thing. That's why it is so necessary to goes for *all* Paramount Pictures and know a picture is *Paramount* before you go. Ask your Theatre Manager when he is going to show the "Wild Party" and such other great Paramount Pictures as Emil Jannings in "Betrayal" and Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris." "*If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*"

✣ ✣ ✣

Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 46)

"I am sorry, Hattie, but I don't want the car, and so I am going to get rid of it. I am going to give it away."

"Tyndall, have you gone crazy?"

Catching her in my arms, I would say, "No, I am a long ways from it, because the person I am giving the car to is you. Hattie, that car is yours to do with exactly as you please."

Rehearsing this little conversation in my mind, I hurried along Laurel Street to the Speer residence, making the trip without incident. On the way I passed Hattie's father, who gave me a black look, as though I had committed some crime. But as I hoped Mr. Speer would one day be my father-in-law, I merely greeted him with a pleasant smile and acted as though I had forgotten the conversation over the telephone.

A minute later I saw my car, and it was such a beautiful sight in the morning sunshine that it left me breathless. It was a sport roadster painted maroon color, and its graceful lines and shining nickel seemed to promise even greater speed than the seventy-five miles an hour mentioned in the ad. To complete this beautiful picture, there was Hattie herself, rubbing at one of the rear fenders with a piece of chamois.

"Hello, Hattie!" I called.

She looked up and nodded. "Hello, Tyndall," she said with a smile which seemed a bit forced, and making no move whatever in my direction.

Her attitude was so different from what I had expected, that at the edge of the lawn I stopped short, not knowing exactly what to do or say next.

"Well," I said after a moment's reflection, and beginning to cut across the grass toward the car—"well, I certainly had the ticket all right, all right."

"Yes, Tyndall," she agreed with peculiar emphasis, "it was the right ticket all right—the ticket you had."

There was something in the way she said this and the arrangement of the words used that stopped me from rushing forward to give her an affectionate caress.

Hattie bent down and resumed work on the fender. "Didn't I tell you, Tyndall," she said while rubbing at a splash of mud and not paying any more attention to me than if I was a currant bush—"didn't I tell you that I was a mascot? Well, now you know it. The car is in good condition, too, and I'm certainly going to keep it spotless. When necessary, I'll borrow dad's boots and wash it myself, because I don't want any of the gloss taken off with that soap they use at the garages. Plain water is all that is needed."

Every word she uttered added to my uncomfortable feeling. To judge by her attitude, she seemed to think the car was already hers. For this reason, instead of making her an immediate present of the Speedway Six, I felt it would be just as well to let her understand I knew my rights in the matter.

"Well, Hattie," I said, "if you are going to wash that car every time it gets dirty, you'll be kept busy, because I expect to explore a lot of these mountain roads."

She looked at me as though I was somebody she had never seen before.

"What is that?" she said.

I repeated the remark, because I was beginning to feel hurt.

She shook out the chamois and blew the dust away. "Of course, Tyndall, I hope to give you many rides in the car, but I am not going to have it taken over any mountain road whatever, except those in an improved condition, and you can consider that final."

By this time I was conscious of a distinct irritation. I still wanted to give the car to Hattie, but I also wanted her to know it was a gift, in spite of the fact that it was freely and generously given.

"Oh," I said easily, "I guess I can drive my car anywhere I feel like driving it, without asking permission of anybody whatsoever."

"Your car?"

"Certainly, my car. Whose car is it if it isn't mine? Didn't I win it on my own ticket?"

"No, Tyndall, you didn't. Not in the least. You won it on the ticket which was given to me without any strings of any kind attached."

"I never gave you any ticket whatever," I replied with some indignation, "and I defy you to repeat any words I said suggesting that the ticket was a gift. I told you I would not be able to attend the carnival, and would you kindly take my ticket along and see if I won anything."

Hattie dropped the chamois. Her hands were on her hips and her eyes blazed as she said, "I have often heard of Indian givers, but this is the first time I ever had the pleasure of talking to one face to face. Last winter, when I had the grippe, didn't I give you two tickets to the Old People's Home benefit with that elaborate quilt as first prize?"

"There is some difference between a quilt and an automobile," I said dryly. "Moreover, I didn't get the quilt, and if I had got it, I would have turned it over to you within fifteen minutes, and you know it."

"Oh, is that so? Well, it is news to me. When did you develop such a noble disposition? Have you been taking some correspondence course in character building?"

By this time I had become more than a little irritated and, fearing I might lose my temper, decided to end the present interview in as few words as possible.

"Miss Speer," I said, "I am sorry the misunderstanding has arisen. I do not care anything for the automobile in itself, but right is right and I am not going to be imposed upon. I will be glad to compensate you for any expense you may have had in connection with the car and I will now relieve you of all further annoyance in the matter."

Hattie laughed shrilly. "Oh, you still think the car belongs to you, do you? Well, you will be surprised to find out that you cannot crush me like a worm in your path, and that I have rights of my own and I am going to stand up for them. If you think you want this car, try and get it. That's all—just try and get it!"

With these words she picked up the chamois, slipped it into an apron pocket, locked the car and, shaking the keys so I would hear them jingle, ran into the house.

III

THAT noon I consulted Lawyer Burner. The reason I chose him was not only because he was the best-known attorney in San Silvano but also because he had been an old friend of the family.

"Well, Tyndall," he said after he had heard my story, "as a rule, the only persons who profit by court actions are those who are paid to conduct them. Can't we work out some friendly arrangement that will avoid going to law?"

"Mr. Burner," I replied firmly, "things have now gone so far that no friendly arrangement is possible."

"We will be handicapped, Tyndall, by the fact that the other party to the suit is an estimable and charming young lady of the community."

"Right is right, Mr. Burner, and I will fight to the last, rather than be imposed upon."

"Right is generally right, Tyndall, except on those not infrequent occasions when it turns out to be all wrong. But why not try to compromise? Suppose, instead of bringing action, I try to talk things over diplomatically with Miss Speer. I offer my services in this delicate matter without cost or charge."

"No," I said, setting my teeth together, "I want my rights. I do not ask more and I will not accept less. And I am going to have my rights if it takes my last cent."

Mr. Burner looked me all over carefully, then shook his head and lit a fresh cigar.

"Lean back, Tyndall," he said, "and make yourself at home in my little office. It's too bad you haven't a large bank account, because otherwise you would qualify as one of God's gifts to the legal profession."

The first result of my action in replevin was a rebound on my own head. The sheriff seized the car while I had to post collateral for its full value, which made my bank roll look pretty sick. Five days later, when Hattie got the use of the car again, she had to leave a bond herself. Her father guaranteed payment to the bonding company, but, according to reports, only after a scene at home.

Passing the Plus-Service Garage the day after, I came upon Hattie sitting in the Speedway Six and talking to the mechanic while the car blocked the entire sidewalk.

"Good morning, Miss Speer," I remarked, stopping and taking off my hat. "Are you out for a drive in your beautiful new car?" It was not so much what I said; it was the way I said it.

I Wasted About Two Seconds Looking at That Old Man. His Face Had Got as Red as a Bushel of Cranberries, and He Was Doubling Up and Slapping His Right Knee and Letting Out a Series of Monks That Made You Think of Water Coming Up in a Deep Pump

Hattie looked at me, eyes half closed, as though I was some kind of poisonous reptile.

"After your recent actions," she said, "I have nothing to say to you on any subject whatever. It was not enough for you to make me a present of a defective car which stalls at every opportunity and whose repairs are eating up all my savings. No. In addition you have to bring lawsuit after lawsuit in an effort to ruin me."

"Miss Speer," I commented in a cold, impersonal way, "please do not exaggerate."

"I am not exaggerating. And I want you to understand I will never speak another word to you, no matter what the circumstances. If you have anything further to say to me, you can say it to my lawyer, Mr. Rapacks."

For a moment I felt as if I had received a good crack on the nose. I had not dreamed that Hattie would associate herself in any way with Wilmer Rapacks. Probably my face expressed my secret suffering.

But controlling myself with an effort, I replied grimly, "Very well, Miss Speer; it is mutual. I can assure you that never again under any circumstances will I ever speak another word to you."

With this I touched my hat once more, and as I walked around the car tried to put into my movements a jaunty lightheartedness which I was far from feeling.

Though I had known Wilmer Rapacks from childhood's earliest hour I had never liked him much; and two days later, when friends told me of certain remarks he had made, I liked him considerably less.

"Wilmer," I said as I encountered him on the street, "I am merely standing up for my rights, and you know it. And that is why I am pained to hear you have told others that my effort to recover the Speedway Six is an outrage on an orderly and law-abiding community."

Instead of making the least effort to meet me halfway Wilmer snapped, "If you are trying to intimidate me, sir, you are making a sad mistake and will find yourself liable under a multiplicity of statutes. I will say more. If I am forced to prove that you have resorted to legal proceedings not because you wish justice done but merely as the result of a willful and malicious desire to harm, annoy and injure an innocent and unoffending party, as I now believe, and have every reason to credit, you will find yourself, my young friend, in a very disagreeable, costly and unpleasant position."

At this use of the term, "my young friend," by one no older than myself, I felt like slamming Wilmer. But aware of possible complications, I merely put my hands in my pockets and walked on without another word. That night, however, I wrote in my pocket diary, under the date of July tenth:

I wish Wilmer Rapacks and myself were once more high-school boys, and I would make up for a lot of lost time.

As the day for the court hearing approached, everybody in town began taking sides. Some were for me and some were for Hattie. In the San Silvano Auto and Touring Club the discussion reached such a point that a faction split off to organize the San Silvano Auto and Pleasure Club.

The S. S. Coöperative Avocado Growers Association went completely to pieces. The local bootlegging ring had a pistol battle at midnight on the corner of Maine and Fourth as the result of an argument on the subject. Old friends, meeting me on the street, would pass me up as though I was the lowest of the low. On the other hand, perfect strangers would slap me on the back and wish me luck, saying that the women had now reached a point where they would soon be trampling over everybody, unless people like myself stood up for the common rights of humanity.

Three divorce actions started as a result of disputes about the ownership of the Speedway Six. Thirty-eight anonymous letters were sent to the office, asking that I be fired; and a mysterious old gentleman, unknown to me personally, confided in a whisper that if his plans worked out Hattie Speer would never again be given the opportunity to teach primary in San Silvano.

I will not try to give the details of the action in replevin, which was heard, three weeks after the carnival, before the superior court in and for the county of San Silvano, state of California. It aroused more public interest than any trial since the tourist from Chicago killed his two wives in Lost Canyon. Personally I can never forget the way Wilmer Rapacks cross-examined me, casting the worst possible suspicions on every answer I made, and finally telling the jury I was "a cold-blooded, calculating monster who gave with his right hand, only to take back with his left; who asked nothing better than to stand by with a mocking smile on his face while his victim writhed and suffered in unavailing anguish. And this would have happened, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if there had not been a law in this land and farsighted and intelligent citizens like yourselves, ready and willing to rebuke shameless knavery whenever and wherever it shows its skulking head." After this, when the jury came back with a verdict for the defendant, I felt numb rather than surprised.

"I Have Often Heard of Indian Givers, But This Is the First Time I Ever Had the Pleasure of Talking to One Face to Face"

"Well, Tyndall," said Lawyer Burner, "what is the next move? You are slated to pay the costs for this trial, which will set you back more than eighty dollars. You wanted a jury and you had it. Now, if we take this matter up to the district court of appeals we can count on at least two hundred dollars more by way of costs. What are we going to do?"

"Mr. Burner," I said in a firm voice, "I want this case appealed. I am going to have my rights, no matter how long I have to fight for them."

"That is the spirit, Tyndall. *Fiat justitia, ruat* the bank account. I rely on you to support me for the rest of my life in the style to which I have been accustomed. We will keep on appealing this right up through the court of nations."

Though I knew all this was said in a friendly way I did not feel in the mood for kidding, and accordingly began edging out of the court room so as to avoid having to talk to anybody. At the left I noticed a door which seemed to lead to a side entrance. I opened it and found myself in a passageway. It was badly lit, but beyond me and just inside the outer door I could see Hattie facing her attorney, Wilmer Rapacks.

Hattie was removing Wilmer's arm from her waist and saying, "That will do, Wilmer. Please remember you are just my lawyer and nothing more."

Wilmer's voice was high and excited as he answered, "Whadju say? Whadju say?"

"You heard me, Wilmer. There is nothing sentimental between us. This is a purely business affair. And in the future, kindly bear that in mind."

"Oh, purely business, huh?"

"Yes, purely business."

Wilmer shoved his face close to Hattie's.

"All right; if it's so purely business, the same as you say, then dig down into your pocketbook and pay me for my legal services."

"Wilmer, I told you I would begin paying as soon as school started."

Wilmer's voice grated like a rusty hinge as he answered, "Well, that is not soon enough for me, my young friend. I have my rights and I am going to insist upon them. And I want that money now, and I am going to get it now. You will find out you have high-hatted Wilmer Rapacks just once too often."

Saying this, he opened the outer door and dashed down the steps, while Hattie, uttering a faint cry, tottered forward and then swayed uncertainly, as though about to faint on the spot.

IV

FOR ten seconds I stood there petrified because of not knowing what to do next. On the one hand, I had sworn never again under any circumstances whatever to address a spoken word to Hattie Speer. On the other hand, here was Wilmer Rapacks getting ready, unless my guess was wrong, to attach the car. And I knew that if Wilmer and the sheriff ever got their hooks on the Speedway Six it would take more than kind words to make them let go.

Hattie was still standing on the top step, her hands over her eyes, and sobbing quietly, when a sudden inspiration gave me the clew.

Taking out my pocket diary, I turned toward the end of the year, and under the dates of December first and second wrote hastily as follows: "Miss Speer: Kindly excuse me for addressing you as at present, but it is my opinion that Mr. Rapacks is going to attach the Speedway Six in a legal way and, considering our mutual interest, believe you had better hide same in some safe place before he gets the chance."

Having finished, I advanced quietly to her side, and with a discreet cough handed her the diary, opened at the appropriate page.

After a start of surprise she accepted the little book, glanced hastily at the lines, then took the pencil and, under the date of December third, wrote: "That is just what I think too—the brute—the brute—the brute! But I am afraid it is stalled again and will not start. It had begun to act up just before I got here."

My response to this, under the date of December fourth, was: "If you will permit me, Miss Speer, I will assist you."

She did not hesitate. Almost immediately, under the date of December fifth, she replied: "If you will be good enough to do so, I will certainly appreciate it. Oh, how I hate that man!"

Feeling it wiser to make no move in the matter without a perfect understanding beforehand, I stipulated, under the date of December sixth: "It is understood, Miss Speer, that in aiding you I am in no way prejudicing my own claims to the Speedway Six. Please reply unequivocally." Her answer, under the date of December seventh, ran as follows: "Yes, of course, that is all understood, but please hurry—hurry—hurry!"

The car had been parked not more than fifty feet away from the entrance where we were standing. I opened the hood, spun the fan, looked at the breaker points and tested the vacuum tank for possible oil in the fuel system. Everything seemed O. K., so I motioned to Hattie, seated at the wheel, to turn on the ignition.

Instead of acting on my suggestion she signaled for the diary and wrote under the date of December eighth: "That terrible creature has made me too nervous. So please do it yourself, and please, please hurry! He may come back any minute!"

Though I felt it would take at least an hour for Wilmer to get the sheriff's office on the job, I saw no use in wasting time. Since it seemed to be my lot to see the thing through, I decided to put the best face possible on the matter. Seating myself beside her who three weeks before had been the idol of my heart, I put the gear shift into reverse, pulled out the choke and turned on the ignition. Though at first something seemed jammed, a rocking motion which we imparted to the car straightened out this difficulty, and with a roar the engine began to do business.

Backing out from the parking section, I had just turned out and down Washington Street when Wilmer made his appearance, shaking his fist and yelling various miscellaneous remarks. With a grim smile I stepped on the accelerator.

As we scooted over Cabrillo Bridge, Hattie removed the diary from my pocket to write under the date of December ninth: "Wilmer will certainly take after us as soon as he gets the proper papers, and so perhaps we had better get the car away into Arizona, as that will make it harder for him. He is so detestable! Hattie."

I nodded full agreement. In five minutes we had left the city limits behind and were burning up the Cabrillo Highway on our way to the state line.

As we soared up and down the grades I let the car out, my chief sensation being a strange mixture of pain and pleasure—pleasure at the thrill of running the Speedway Six along the highway to Arizona; pain because instead of eloping to that state with my promised bride, as I had many times dreamed of doing, I was merely accompanying one who had now become my bitterest enemy. Perhaps Hattie was experiencing similar sensations, though this did not prevent her from writing under the date of December tenth: "My, that truck driver did look scared. You certainly drive fast. I was never with anybody before that drove as though the automobile was part of him. Hattie."

(Continued on Page 64)

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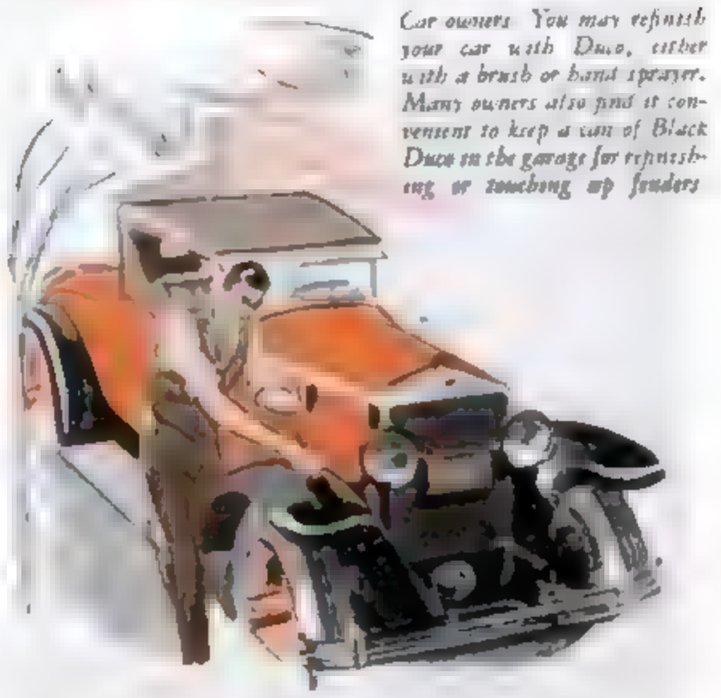

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Sophie, the Ephemeral Queen of Albania—By Princess Marthe Bibesco

ALL my life long I have heard people talk about the vacant throne of Albania and of the people who hoped to occupy it.

The accession of Ahmed Zogu to this throne removes once for all even the shadow of a crown from the brow of a young woman I once knew.

But before relating the history of Sophie of Wied, ephemeral sovereign of Albania, I am going to speak of her two predecessors in the pursuit of this illusive throne, which seemed to flee all who approached it. The proud and savage nature of this beautiful and mountainous country composed of natural fortresses had predestined it to struggles of pride and poverty. Last stronghold of feudalism in Europe, it inevitably attracted the hopes of aspirants to the monarchical power. I had heard, from my earliest childhood, of Prince Albert Ghika as the most vociferous, if not the most serious of the pretenders to the throne of Albania. He belonged to a Rumanian family of Albanian origin and was also related to my own family.

His proclamations, his pretensions, his extravagances and his debts had for years past afforded a subject of conversation to his native town of Jassy, to Bukharest—even to Paris, where he had established his headquarters. The idea that the conquest of the throne of Albania might afford a good subject for an operetta had excited my imagination from the moment when I first listened to my parents recounting and ironically commenting on the adventures of their cousin, "the Pretender."

Queen Carmen Sylva

Retainers for a Retainer

AFTER Albert Ghika, or possibly at the same time, another candidate for the throne appeared in the shape of a French prince, brother to Philippe, Duke of Orléans, the pretender to the throne of France. This was Ferdinand, Duke of Montpensier. Though Albert Ghika had very little money and saw in the throne of Albania the means of procuring some, the Duke of Montpensier was a very rich prince.

In the course of a cruise which he took in the Adriatic, the prince fell in love with the idea—why, I cannot say—of reigning over this country with so exquisite a coast line, and over its proud if inaccessible inhabitants, who wore such lovely clothes.

Princess Marie and Her Fiance, Prince Ferdinand of Rumania, With the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh

The Duke of Montpensier returned to Paris, consulted his friends, notified his bankers, heard through confidential sources of the financial difficulties of his rival, made his calculations and resolved to undertake, the following year, a voyage to Albania as pretender to the throne.

I only once saw the Duke of Montpensier, but this was enough to make me realize his extraordinary resemblance to King Louis XVI. The face of this later Bourbon of the younger branch, whose grandfather, Philippe Egalité, had voted for the execution of the French king during the Revolution, reproduced by a curious phenomenon of heredity the very features of the unfortunate husband of Marie Antoinette.

This fatal resemblance made one foresee by analogy that the Duke of Montpensier would not succeed in his enterprise, because he was that heavy and timid sort of man who would be more likely to lose a crown, if he had one, than to acquire a new one.

Some months later, when the newspapers had been discussing the cruise of the French prince along the Albanian coast, I chanced to meet a journalist who had been on the trip. As the expedition had not been successful, the journalist felt free to speak of what had occurred.

He told me that on the announcement of the yacht's arrival, the most reputable of the Albanians had taken to the hills, while the less scrupulous had come down to the coast to pay an interested visit to the pretender. Each new day brought on board a little group of Albanian notables. The prince shook hands with his partisans, but no sooner had he said "Good morning" to them, than they answered "How much?"

The shady appearance of his future subjects, their strange habit of greeting the proffered hand by the hand stretched out to receive, this allegiance that they brought to him like an Eastern rug in exchange for cash, ended by so disgusting the Duke of Montpensier that he took the return road for Marseilles without asking either for his change or for his receipted bill.

Yet a third candidate for the throne of Albania gave me the opportunity of studying for myself from life the psychology of a person who believed that she was predestined from one moment to another to become queen of Albania, just as imperiously and in a fashion even more unexpected than a chrysalis changes into a butterfly.

A Visit to the Poet Queen

I FIRST met the Princess of Wied, ephemeral sovereign of a country which she had never seen, when I was fifteen years old. She was then Princess Sophie of Schönburg-Waldenburg, of a mediatized princely German family, and she spent a considerable portion of the year with her mother, who was a widow, and her two brothers, on their Rumanian estate at Fantineli, in the mountains of Moldavia, which they had inherited from a Rumanian grandmother.

Sophie was a young woman only a few years older than myself, and when I saw her for the first time, I found her intelligent and sympathetic.

When she came to Posada—the estate of my father-in-law in the Carpathians, near Sinaia, the summer residence of the Rumanian royal family—she was a young, fresh, rather stolid German girl, with a beautiful complexion, a clumsy figure and an excellent appetite. Shortly after this first meeting she became transformed, thanks to the poetry and the music, as well as to the influence of a romantic queen, into a quite different sort of person.

Princess Sophie of Bavaria

After their visit to my parents-in-law, the Princess of Schönburg-Waldenburg and her daughter Sophie accepted an invitation from Queen Carmen Sylva to visit her at her castle of Sinaia, only a short distance from our home.

From this visit to the Poet Queen, a woman of the highest intelligence, an idealist imbued with all the seductions of the mind, young Princess Sophie returned totally subjugated. Never had the domination of one personality over another been more instantaneous and more irresistible.

As soon as they met, the queen had taken the young woman into her affectionate friendship, and she had begged her mother, the Princess of Schönburg-Waldenburg, to leave Sophie with her for a few weeks longer. The visit was extended for more than a month and the young princess was then installed in the castle of Sinaia.

She was an excellent musician and played charmingly on the harp, which delighted the queen, who lived in her home in the Carpathians like a princess of the Italian Renaissance, surrounded by musicians and artists.

A great moral transformation, followed shortly after by a physical one, took place this year in the person of Sophie de Schönburg-Waldenburg. When I saw her a year later,

(Continued on Page 54)

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Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

{ Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free. }

"SHOW BOAT" as a silent drama is one of the most perfect moving-pictures the screen has ever produced. In Universal's movietone version which combines the musical stars and singing hits of Florenz Ziegfeld's stage show, now running in New York, it becomes a great revelation and a production beyond precedent. Mr. Ziegfeld agrees with me that "*Show Boat*" in motion pictures, showing our stars and the stars of his show who sing the songs which have been heard around the globe—showing all the grandeur of the lower Mississippi and the primitive river towns and people, will make a hit beyond anything that has ever been produced. "'Tis a 'combination' devoutly to be wished."

—C.L.

Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut in "Show Boat"

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

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(Continued from Page 52)

she was slight, ethereal, diaphanous, living for poetry and nourished, one would think, on dew. Her figure had become extremely *svelte*, her beautiful color had disappeared, she seemed a reed ready to break, but her eyes shone with a strange brilliancy. She talked only of art, of music, of literature, and uttered the name of Carmen Sylva with an air of adoration.

We soon learned that the great favor shown her had already made her some enemies, which was inevitable and could hardly fail to happen in the case of a foreigner living at the court. At this time, when she was still only a young woman and daughter of a mediatized German princess, she had been by error put at table in front of a Rumanian lady of high standing and much older than herself.

A Rumanian in Germany

This lady, wife of the minister in charge and *doyenne* of the diplomatic body at Vienna, happened to be Princess Catherine Ghika. She was a relative of ours, granddaughter, by her mother, of the reigning Prince Bibesco, and was very insistent that no one should fail to show the respect due to her rank. Being placed at the royal table after Princess Sophie of Schönburg-Waldenburg, she had been exceedingly put out. She came to tell my mother-in-law what had happened and to read to her the letter which she had written to the *grande maîtresse* of the court, in which she pointed out that being the granddaughter of a sovereign who had occupied the same throne and reigned in the same capital as King Charles and Queen Carmen Sylva, she had no intention of yielding up her place to a little mediatized German princess who was not even married.

This trivial but irritating question of precedence had for the first time drawn, in my imagination, a comparison between the name of the pretender to the throne of Albania, Albert Ghika, and that of the Princess Sophie.

To occupy a social position which others contest is perhaps the surest way of coveting yet another such position. Spoiled children often get what they want, and certainly Sophie, at the court of Carmen Sylva, was a spoiled child.

Her engagement to a nephew of the queen, son of her older brother, Prince William of Wied, was talked about this same year. The affection which Carmen Sylva felt for Sophie of Schönburg-Waldenburg had gone on increasing and had assumed the proportions of a mother's love for her child with this childless woman. Soon this marriage, which was to make of these two women aunt and niece, was definitely decided on and officially announced.

Sophie spent all the period of her engagement at the castle of Sinaia. She came to call on us at Posada in the carriage of her future aunt, the queen. It was drawn by four little cream-colored ponies, a present of the King of Sweden, which she drove herself.

Marie, Queen of Rumania

The marriage of Princess Sophie with Prince William of Wied, which was celebrated in Germany, put her once more in the honorable but secondary position of a mere mediatized princess, and, save at the court of Rumania, where she was entitled to a specially privileged position as niece of the queen, her position had not changed for the better.

A journey we made in Germany—my husband and I—took us to Berlin, whence we visited Potsdam, where Prince and Princess William of Wied were in garrison, about two years after their marriage. We lunched with them, and I saw their first child, then only a few months old. I saw the little villa where they lived, exactly like a dozen others, where other young couples of high birth but humble means spent a monotonous existence, condemned, like them, to a soldier's profession and, like them, bound by the sterile discipline of the Prussian monarchy. Princess Sophie was languishing visibly in the aristocratic but provincial setting of a garrison town, uneventful and unromantic.

Everyone who had ever come in contact with Queen Carmen Sylva retained, as it were, a sort of homesickness for a more beautiful and more mysterious existence; and the very *décor* of the country where she lived added a powerful charm, half Eastern and half savage, to what her natural exaltation imagined in order to beautify existence.

Brought up in Rumania for the greater part of her life, impregnated with the sunshine of her adopted country, the Princess of Wied struck me as a stranger in Germany. On the walls of her rooms I recognized everywhere Rumanian pictures, carpets, ikons, embroideries, and even in her dress I observed the influence of Carmen Sylva, when I saw her clad in white material woven by our peasant women. The aunt, even from afar, continued to exert over her niece a magic and almost absolute power.

Just a Homesick Princess

Neither husband, child nor the little humdrum life of the little imperial town at the outskirts of Berlin counted for Sophie, in comparison with the sunny days and

(Continued on Page 56)

Sinaia, the Summer Home of the Rumanian Royal Family

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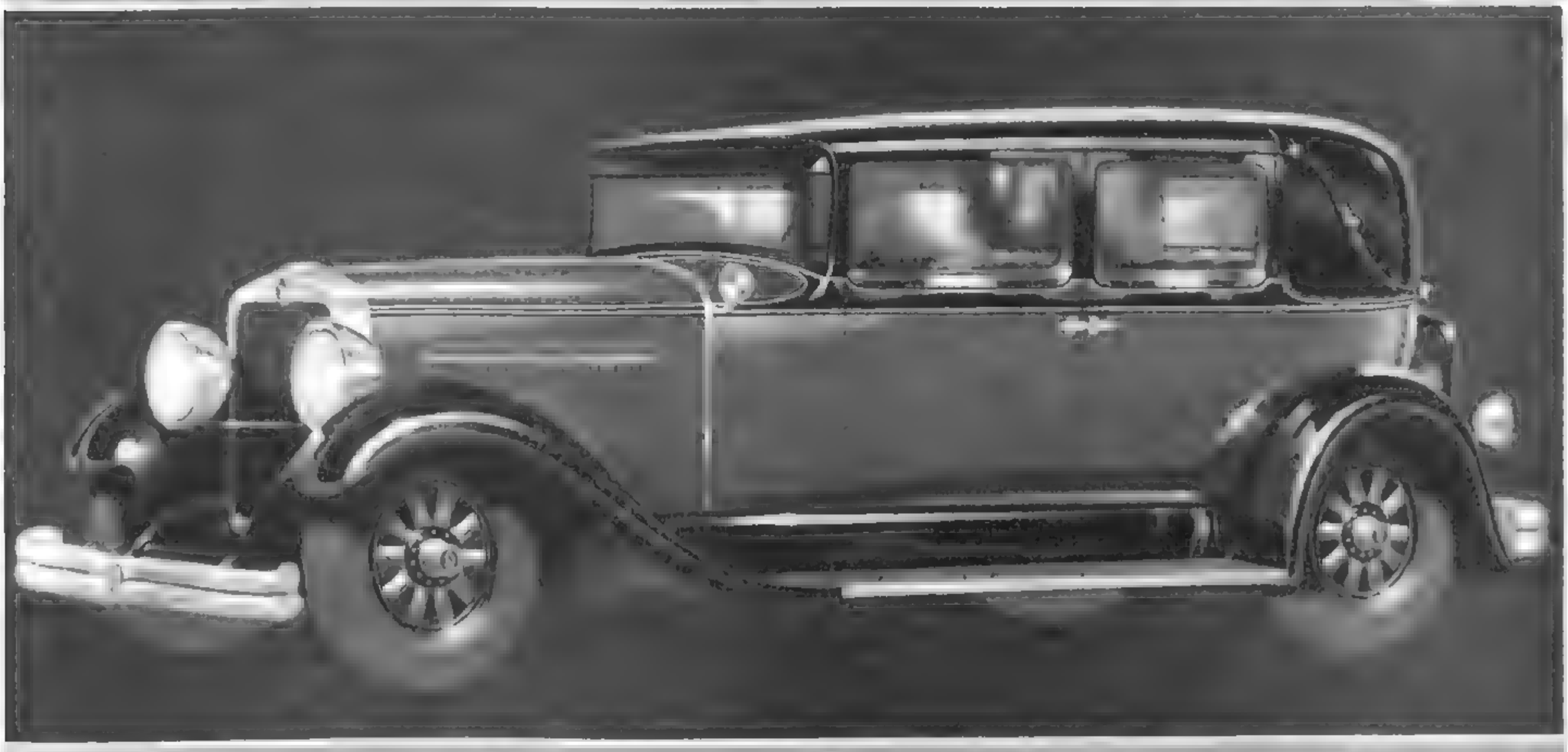

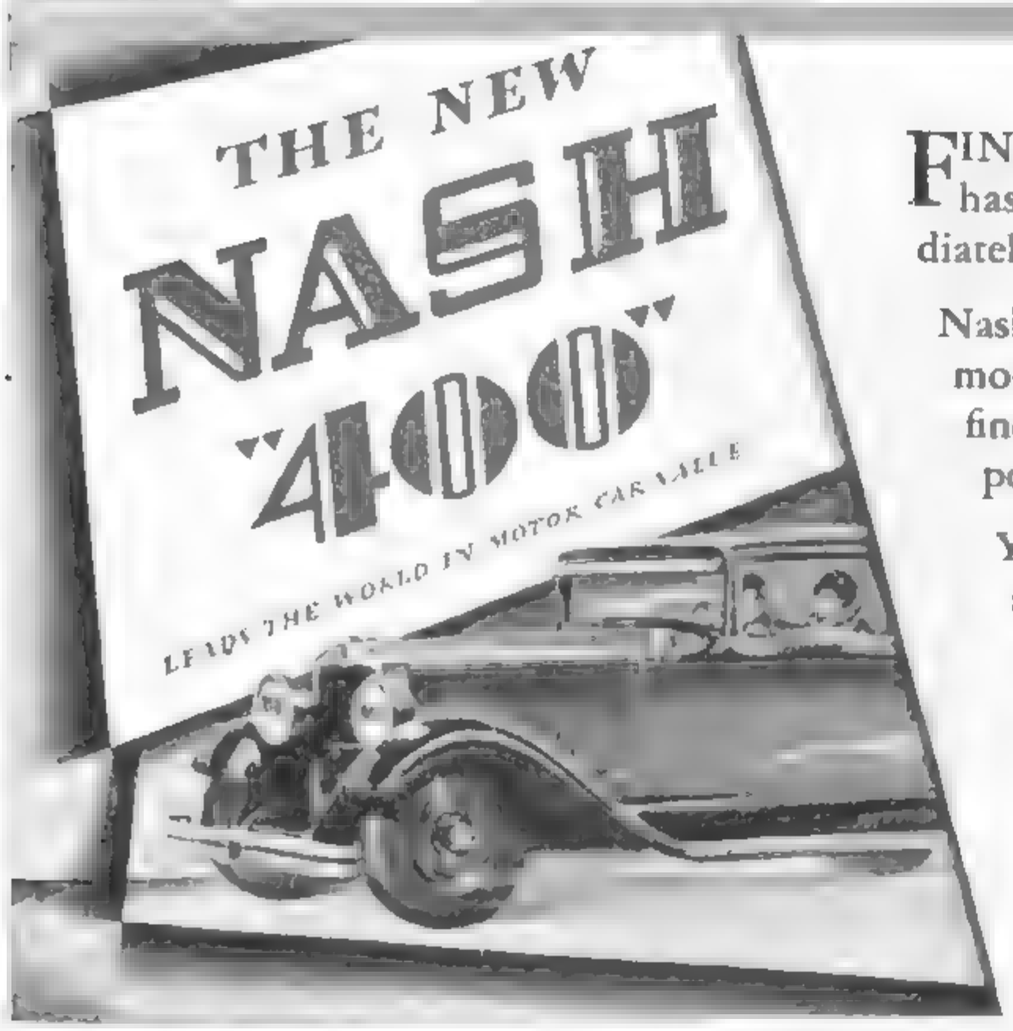

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(Continued from Page 54)

moonlit nights of Sinaia, where the plashing of fountains accompanied the melodious voice of the queen; where all the arts—painting, music, poetry—combined to captivate the heart to the wailing notes of Enesco's violin.

In the little drawing-room at Potsdam, the golden harp alone, with its vibrant chords, revealed the presence of a romantic genius exiled in these regions without mystery and without beauty.

I came away from my visit to Germany with the conviction that Sophie was boring herself and that she bitterly regretted Sinaia.

A year later, we learned at Posada that the political arrangements of Austria, seconded by the secret efforts of Queen Carmen Sylva, had resulted in the nomination of the Prince of Wied as candidate to the still-vacant throne of Albania.

This news seemed to me in the highest degree entertaining. I was young, and European politics were still an innocent amusement for me, a game of chess, as it were, of which it pleased me to fathom the mysteries and to watch with my own eyes the psychological working of the hidden springs. The terrible consequences of the game had not yet been brought home to me.

The autumn of 1913, a few months, only, before the fatal year 1914, was thus marked for me by the unexpected advance of Sophie of Wied toward a throne coveted in turn by Albert Ghika and the Duke of Montpensier.

No one who knew the Prince and Princess of Wied had the smallest doubt that it was she, and she alone, who, under the influence of Carmen Sylva, had claimed this foreign crown. Prince William was a man of simple tastes, a good German officer, who, left to his own devices, would certainly never have dreamed of his promotion to a monarch's throne.

Under the egis of her aunt, Princess Sophie pictured herself as queen of a country of Eastern Europe and she beheld in imagination, in the heart of the mountains of Albania, another Sinaia, other fountains, other embroidered costumes, another court, with its poets, artists and musicians, and among them all, her hand caressing the golden harp, she herself ruling over a picturesque people, just like her dearly loved aunt.

For the Queen's Birthday

This beautiful dream encountered, however, in the chancelleries of Europe certain practical objections. The official candidature of Prince William of Wied was not recognized by all the great powers. Some of them saw in this German prince backed by Austria a direct blow at Italy.

The demon of the great European quarrel—the fight to the death between Slav and German for the conquest of the Mediterranean—took, under a fresh form and across the heart of Sophie, the roundabout road of Albania. A sovereign, protégé of Austria and imposed by Austria, set upon the shores of the Adriatic, was Germanism itself, at the very doors of Italy.

Sophie of Wied, in a state of the most intense emotion and mad with impatience, awaited at the home of her uncle, King Charles, and her aunt, Queen Carmen Sylva, the castle of Sinaia, the difficult adhesion of the powers. She had to wait a long time for it. France, Italy and Russia would not hear of the Prince of Wied. Nor was he at all certain that the Albanians themselves wanted him. Who was going to finance the undertaking? The house of Wied was not well off and Sophie herself had two brothers who had inherited the father's fortune. Were the revenues of the Rumanian property of Fantineli sufficient to run the candidature of Prince William of Wied in Europe and in Albania?

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The Duc de Montpensier, Brother of the Duc d' Orleans

The journalist's story came back to my mind: "The prince said, 'Good morning,' to them, and they answered, 'How much?'"

Of all these difficulties, Sophie, however, dazzled by her dream, did not appear to reck. She had faith. She saw herself a queen. She already talked to us of the natural beauties of her future realm which she had never seen. There were cypress trees at Durazzo and Tirana, which would replace, on her new horizon, the giant pines of Sinaia. Life there would be one unending series of excursions, rides, reviews, songs, adventures, in the midst of a noble people, clad in brilliant costumes.

The idea of reigning went to her head. She was so enchanted with the thought that she welcomed even the difficulties, and if she had to suppress revolution—well, she felt herself ready to suffer for Albania, and to suppress it.

It was while Princess Sophie of Wied was in this frame of mind that we acted together in some *tableaux vivants* at the little court theater of Sinaia, given in honor of the anniversary of Carmen Sylva. I had to appear in a scene taken from a story written by the queen herself. A somber story, in which Princess Sophie took the part of a bad monk of the Middle Ages and I, his unworthy penitent, clad in a long white robe, with flowing locks, confessed to the monk.

Prince William of Wied

During the rehearsals and every day before this fête, I saw Princess Sophie continually, either at our house at Posada or at the castle of Sinaia, where we met in secret with the children of the crown princess—today Queen Marie—to prepare for the famous theatrical representation composed of amateurs only and designed to celebrate the poetical genius of Carmen Sylva. According to the pure German tradition, the fête had to be an *Überraschung*—a surprise—and the queen was not supposed to know the reason for our frequent meetings. It was thus, by seeing Princess Sophie almost daily, that I followed, in the theater itself, the progress of the negotiations undertaken by Austria in favor of the candidature of the Prince of Wied.

At last, on the very day of the performance and just as if the Emperor Francis Joseph had wanted to give this present to the Queen of Rumania for her birthday, the great news arrived: The throne of Albania would be occupied by a German prince.

The dream of Sophie, suggested to her mind by her dearly loved aunt, was that day fulfilled. On the stage of the little theater I made pretense at confessing to a monk whose face was beaming with joy beneath his hood.

Dreams Come True

Albania under German influence; more Austrian ships, more Austrian guns finding beyond Trieste and Pola naval stations on the coast of the Adriatic. That, in fact, was the real outcome of the dreams of the good aunt and of her niece.

The Europe of 1913, still groaning from the first shock of the Balkan war—would she submit to the *fait accompli?* My father, who was the best judge of European politics I ever met, and who, at that time, was a member of the Rumanian Government, was more than doubtful about the success of the venture and considered it ill-timed.

But the enthusiastic determination of Carmen Sylva, her insistence, her eloquent advances to the Austrian and German courts, as well as to Mr. Maiorescu, Rumanian premier at the time, triumphed over every obstacle encountered by the candidature of the Prince of Wied, by this time officially backed by the Triple Alliance and their satellites.

The day was won and dear Sophie was to be a queen. But would she after all be really a queen? To become "Your Majesty" all at once—was not that asking too much of the powers, being rather greedy? After all, said the critics, no one had ever heard of the kingdom, only of the principality of Albania. So enchanted were they, however, with their dream come true, that neither aunt nor niece bothered much about these subtle distinctions.

Princess Sophie came to Posada for the last time on November 17, 1913, a few days before her final departure for Albania. She was accompanied by the Crown Princess of Rumania, later to become Queen Marie, by Prince Karl-Émile of Fürstenberg, the Austro-Hungarian minister at Bukharest, and by his charming wife, the Princess May.

The evening before, Queen Carmen Sylva had asked me to write to the sisters of the French order of Saint Vincent de Paul in Bukharest, with whom Her Majesty knew me to be intimate. The Mother Superior, Sister Pucci, and two of the sisters had for years

(Continued on Page 60)

New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW....

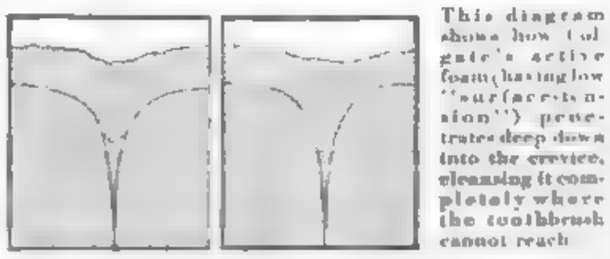
that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?*

"How Colgate's Cleans Where Toothbrush Cannot Reach



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

A remarkable scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct an acid condition of the mouth. These are things only a dentist or physician can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

... *and only 25¢*

The famous 25¢ tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

Try Colgate's *one week* FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1627, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

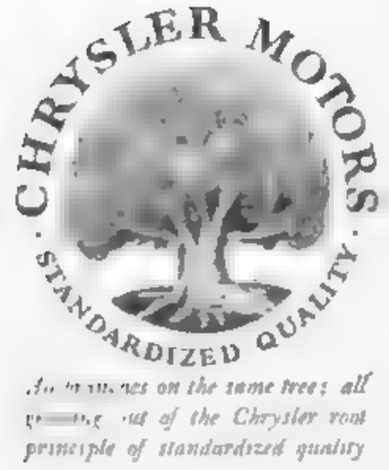
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE



All Chrysler cars are on the same trees; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

Benefitting the buyer in every price class

ONE great idea permeates all activities of Chrysler Motors: to key its tremendous forces to a common policy and to provide better public service.

The unity with which Chrysler Motors is organized—its personal management, its group teamwork in engineering, purchasing and manufacturing—enables Chrysler Motors to make *each* of its products beyond any question the *finest in its field.*

Group engineering assures the applied brain-power of *many* engineers instead of a few. It means a mutual exchange of ideas and discoveries to the obvious advantage of every car in the group.

Group purchasing permits buying of materials for all on an immense scale which can be done far more advantageously than if each unit did its own buying on a smaller scale.

Group manufacturing enables each plant in Chrysler Motors to contribute to and to share in the general increased efficiencies and savings that come through the free inter-change and general application of new methods and practices.

Because it is organized in this way and functions in this way, Chrysler Motors is able to apply a uniform standard of basic quality to an all-inclusive group of cars covering all markets.

Thus, the family that buys a Chrysler Motors product—whether it be a Plymouth, a De Soto Six, a Dodge Brothers Six or Dodge Brothers Senior, a Chrysler "65," "75," or Chrysler Imperial—gets greatest value for every dollar invested.

For the fundamental principle of Chrysler Motors, extending the benefits of Chrysler Standardized Quality to all price fields, assures the buyer that each Chrysler Motors product is the finest he can buy at anywhere near its price.

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCTS INCLUDE:

CHRYSLER "75" . . CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . CHRYSLER "65"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR . . DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX . . PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

FULL SIZE

America's Lowest-Priced Full-Size *Motor Car*

THE full-size of the new Chrysler-built Plymouth is in striking contrast to the small dimensions usually associated with lowest-priced cars. Plymouth is a full-size motor car in every way.

With the introduction of Plymouth, the day definitely passed when a small price automatically implied a small car.

Full-size, however, is only the beginning of Plymouth's superiority. Plymouth's value and popularity are based on a great deal more than size and comfort alone.

Chrysler-designed—Plymouth likewise sponsors all that is new and advanced in style and charm.

Chrysler-engineered—it excels in power, in pick-up, and in sustained high speed, affording big-car steadiness and typical Chrysler smoothness under all conditions.

Know, too, that Plymouth has big-car solidity; big-car dependability; big-car safety and sureness. Beneath its full-size body are a full-sized rugged chassis; full-size axles; full-size springs with compensating, shock-absorbing leaves, and Chrysler full-size weatherproof internal-expanding hydraulic brakes on all four wheels. Best of all, Plymouth's low first cost is followed by *remarkable and consistent economies* in gas, oil, tire mileage and general upkeep.

In Plymouth, Chrysler Motors has gone to limits never before approached in the lowest-priced field, to include the qualities and improvements characteristic of its highest-priced cars. Take ten minutes to study Plymouth; take another ten minutes to try out its performance, its riding qualities.

Then you will realize how impossible it is to surpass—or even match Plymouth value at anywhere near Plymouth's new low prices.

$655

AND UPWARDS

PRODUCT of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship, the Plymouth has been so named because its outstanding [illegible] strength, rugged honesty and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that Pilgrim band who were among the first American colonists.

PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

We'll pay for Your Test

Accept this 7-day trial tube at our expense. Prove these remarkable claims for this unique shaving cream. Mail the coupon

GENTLEMEN:

With a product such as ours the advertising problem is chiefly to get you to make this 7-day test. For results have proved that 86% of men adopt Palmolive Shaving Cream—once they try it.

A seven days' test on your own face beats all the laboratory tests that *we* can make. *That* is where sales are made. And that is how Palmolive Shaving Cream attained leadership in a competitive field in so short a time.

Now, if you will return the coupon below, we will give you new ideas of shaving comfort. For we believe in proving our claims first—*then* asking you to buy.

These 5 Supremacies

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

How it came about

Shaving preparations had not kept pace with shaving needs. We studied long, then asked 1000 men's advice. They told us others' shortcomings. And we set out to fulfill them. 129 formulas, tried and discarded, finally brought success. Five unique features were attained.

Now the test, please

Suited or not, you owe it to yourself to try this remarkable shaving cream. *You* are the judge—it either pleases you or not—you take no risk. So won't you mail the coupon now?

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time, 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time, [illegible] p. m., mountain time, [illegible] p. m. Pacific Coast time, over station WEAF and [illegible] stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3053, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

(Continued from Page 56)

carried on their worthy charities in Albania. Carmen Sylva had thought that no one better than these nuns would be able to describe the country to the princess who was about to reign over it.

They had been all over Albania, on horseback and on foot, going from village to village for years past. They could speak to Princess Sophie of men and things with all the sincerity of their calling and all the conviction derived from personal experience.

A veritable conference took place round the tea table at Posada. While pouring out tea for my guests, I listened to the conversation of the nuns with a purely ethnographical interest.

Warned by my sagacious father, I was rather skeptical as to the outcome of this royal adventure. Nor was it in my character to believe much in the delights of imported monarchies. I had watched the ascension of Sophie to the throne of Albania without forgetting Albert Ghika and the Duke of Montpensier.

The Mother Superior first of all described with considerable charm the beauty of the climate, the pure air of the high mountains which mingled with the salt air of the sea.

Unfortunately, the habitable towns were low down, near the coast, and were less healthy. As to the people, there were both good and bad, as elsewhere. Generally speaking, the Albanians were decent folk, fond of fighting, very proud, very poor, very independent. No one cared to pay taxes. Everyone preferred remaining at home in his fortified village with his sheep. There were lots of clans, frequently at war with one another. Quarrels, often bloody, occurred between village and village, family and family. The sisters advised the future sovereign to be very circumspect and to appear very little in public. The influence of Islam was still all-powerful and the rôle of woman—even were she the wife of one of the chiefs—was restricted. There were no artists, no musicians, no poets in Albania; only the shepherd's pipe on the mountains.

The roads were difficult, and indeed almost inexistent. There was no question of taking a motor car into the mountainous part of the country. At Durazzo and all along the coast were swarms of mosquitoes and in the mountains scarcely any water.

Reality Versus Dreams

Gradually, as Sister Pucci talked, reality slowly took the place of dreams. No, the country had but little resemblance to Sinaia, Eden of the Queen Carmen Sylva; in fact, it had no resemblance to it whatsoever. Princess Sophie would have to be very careful for her children, as malaria raged at Durazzo, at Tirana and all along the coast.

It did not look as if she could fix her residence higher up in the hills, owing to the want of roads and general insecurity in the mountainous regions of Albania. There she would always be exposed to a sudden attack. As these savage highlanders detested any form of government, it did not look as if the Prince and Princess of Wied could inhabit the healthy part of the country; at any rate to begin with, and until their crown had become more stable.

As the sister talked, I felt that a shadow was passing over the face of Princess Sophie.

When Sister Pucci had finished describing Albania and the Albanians, it was time to go, and we went in silence to the library where the visitors' book was kept. The crown princess signed first, then came the turn of Princess Sophie of Wied, and then that of the Austrian minister and of the Princess of Fürstenberg.

While the good-bys were being said and the Princess of Wied was thanking the kind sisters, the crown princess and Princess May Fürstenberg returned to the visitors' book, and while they leaned over the last page I saw them exchange a smile. Courageously, and for the first time, Sophie of Wied had signed just "Sophie," just like a real queen.

A Kingdom Lost

The autumn of 1913 ended in torrential rains. The golden leaves of the beech trees too early covered the valley of Posada. The Powers only agreed to the candidature of Prince William in February, 1914. From the newspapers we learned that the Princess of Wied had arrived safe and sound in her kingdom, and that she ascended the throne on the seventh of March of that same year.

But was it really quite a kingdom? The etiquette specialists, the authorities on precedence, and unkind lady friends spent much time in arguing the question. Prince William of Wied had been recognized as Mbret of Albania, and that only by a section of the powers. A few half-hearted adherences were announced, but not the most important. Russia, Italy and France held back.

We argued about the meaning of the word "Mbret." Did it mean king or merely prince?

Would the Mbretess Sophie be a queen? Would she have the right to the magical words "Her Majesty?" Would one curtsy to her?

I thought of the fresh young German girl whose arrival with her mother at Posada I had witnessed only a few years before. What would become of Sophie of Albania, pushed by her romantic imagination onto this tottering throne?

Happily nothing very tragical occurred after they were driven out of the country on September 3, 1914. Prince William of Wied joined the colors of his country, which he had never much wanted to leave. Princess Sophie and her children had to fly from Durazzo and return to Germany. The golden harp and the old family silver plates remained in Albania, where they became the spoils of the revolutionaries. There were no further losses.

Today, when Ahmed Zogu has been proclaimed King of Albania, only a signature in the visitors' book at Posada, with the far-away date of November 17, 1913, bears witness that in that place, on that day, at that hour, Princess Sophie thought herself a queen.

POWER ORGANIZED

THE building of successful advertising calls for power just as definitely as the building of bridge, or factory, or skyscraper. The more difficult the sales problem, the sterner the competition, the more necessary the application of advertising power—and its proper control. . . . Power of experience and judgment as well as sales-creative power of artist's brush and writer's persuasive pen.

Perhaps some advertising can receive enough power from one man, or from two. But it is our experience that all the talents necessary for the planning and execution of successful advertising are not to be found in one man, however brilliant he may be. No one man can render the best service, keep the best accounts, write the best copy and provide the best art. Human ability is not distributed so lavishly.

For this reason there are departments in N. W. Ayer & Son. We are an *organization* in the modern and complete meaning of the term. Our aim is to become an essential part of our customer's business. Representatives of the various departments of our house, or phases of our service, make a study of the customer's history, product, market, distribution, sales volume and costs, sales organization and policies, past advertising, present advertising and competition.

Thus our power is co-ordinated, each man undertaking the phase of work for which he is a qualified specialist. The result is an organized appreciation of the customer's problems—and an organized service rendered to his business. Upon a program less thorough we would be unwilling to recommend expenditure of our customer's money.

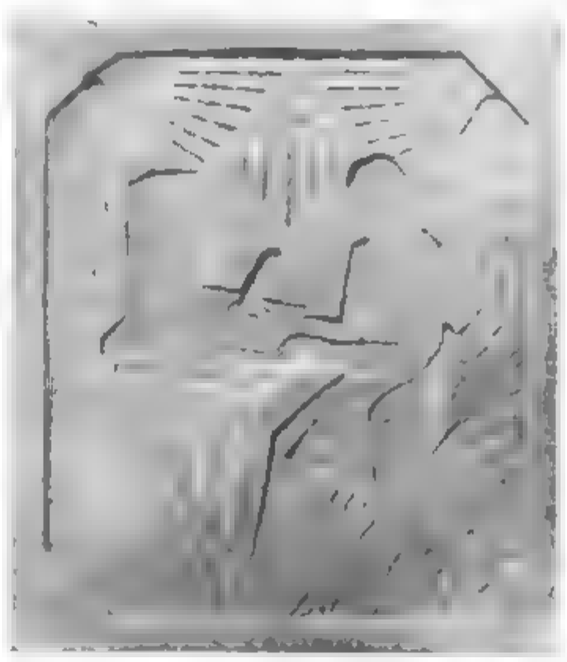
It has been our privilege to couple our power with the power of leaders in America's business during sixty years. The variety of their interests, the breadth of their horizons, we have shared—and often stimulated. And from them we have learned. It is natural that our conception of sales possibilities should be national. Our representatives are in field constantly, visiting virtually every state in the Union, and bringing to our customers, as well as ourselves, the outside viewpoint.

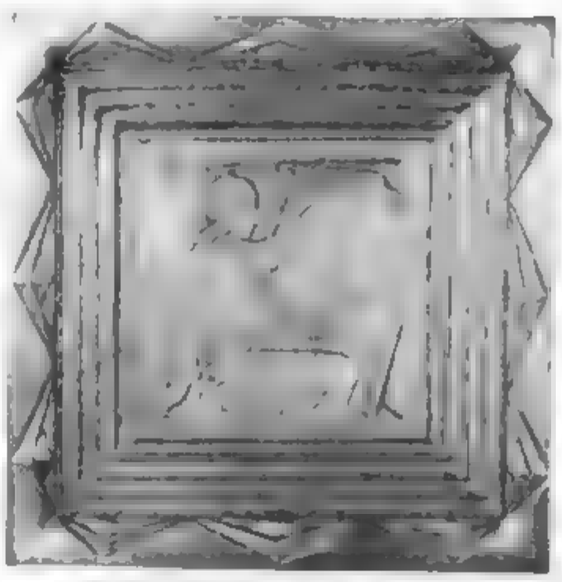
You know your business. We know ours. Each possesses, in its unique way, power. Power joined—for advertising, for sales—is power multiplied.

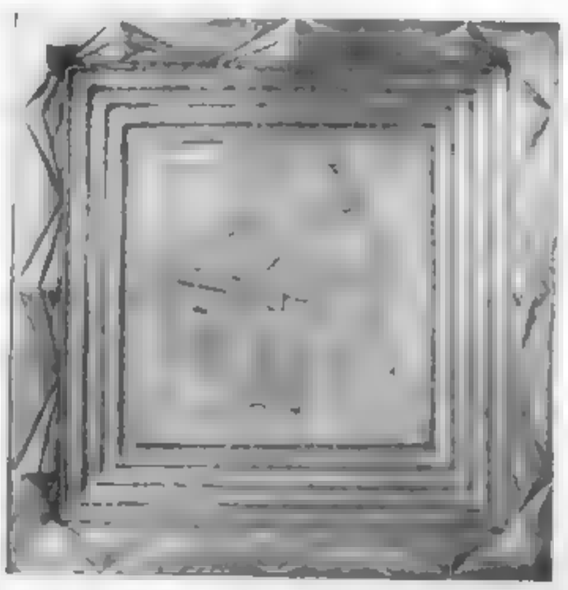
N. W. AYER & SON

WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO







Carved into the structural stonework of our new business home, above doorways, beneath window ledges, and cast into the bronze panels of the entrance doors are figures symbolizing the organized power of N. W. Ayer & Son. The group at the top represents council. The lower illustrations depict the craftsmen of our business—writer, artist, typographer, and keeper of records, whose work expresses the decisions of council.

THE SMARTEST INNOVATION IN FLASHLIGHTS

Snap and it's on

Snap and it's off

Actual Size

BURGESS SNAPLITE FLASHLIGHT

You get BEAUTY, COLOR *and* STYLE *in this* AMAZING *little flashlight!*

This miniature SnapLite is a *caseless flashlight*. Durable, practical, compact, efficient, and exquisitely beautiful. Small enough to nestle unobtrusively in a vest-pocket or a purse. Supplies light in abundance for a surprisingly long time.

Silvery, Sparkling Color Designs: Red, Blue, Green, Brown, Black

A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT 39¢ NOTHING ELSE TO BUY

You will find scores of uses daily for this wonderful flashlight!

BURGESS SNAPLITE NUMBER FOUR Triple-Life Size

A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT 60¢ NOTHING ELSE TO BUY

ANNOUNCING THE NEW BURGESS SNAPLITE NUMBER FOUR

Here is a new, triple-life, flat-pocket size flashlight . . . designed expressly to meet the modern requirements of those who must use a flashlight frequently. Larger size and greater capacity. Ideal for doctors, garage men, mechanics and watchmen; also for general use.

LAMP AND BULB REPLACEABLE IN BOTH SNAPLITES

When the battery or lamp in either of these two SnapLites needs replacing . . . simply detach the snapper-top from the battery and attach the new part. *Simplicity itself!* The Burgess SnapLite is the most outstanding improvement made in flashlight construction in generations. *Nothing to get out of order!* Get one! Enjoy daily the convenience of a flashlight that can be carried with you in the easiest and simplest form.

Burgess SnapLites are sold in these stores:

Drug, Hardware, Electrical, Automotive Department and Others. Go to the nearest one and ask for the Burgess SnapLite that meets your requirements best.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

General Sales Office: Chicago

Mfrs. of Radio, Ignition and Flashlight Batteries

Getting On in the World

Keeping Country Trade in the Country

PROGRESS is sometimes a harsh taskmaster, and one of the oddest ways in which it has exhibited its harshness is in the effect of the hard-surfaced road on the country general store. As the states have spread their network of good roads to their remoter corners, the chorus of protest from general-store proprietors has gained volume. They have not protested against the better transportation afforded but against the effect that transportation has had on their own businesses. Almost without exception the cry has gone up: "Most of our trade now goes to the nearest town!"

When, therefore, one discovers not only an exception to that rule but an actual reversal of it, the methods this exceptional proprietor has used become of widespread interest. Quite by accident I recently stumbled into such a store and discovered that not only had the proprietor increased his business since the opening of the hard-surfaced road but no small part of this increase had come from a city of thirty thousand people seventeen miles away.

About four years ago the State Highway Department of West Virginia completed plans for a concrete road twenty-nine miles long, connecting the cities of Clarksburg and Buckhannon. The new road was to follow the general route of a poor unsurfaced road between these two points. General merchants along the route, knowing the effect other hard roads had had upon general trade, viewed the project with doubtful enthusiasm—all save one. That one was W. D. Criss, of Peel Tree, a town of fifty inhabitants, without even a post office. Mr. Criss believed it was possible to make the new road bring trade rather than take it away.

"Just before the old road was closed for construction work," he told me, "I hauled in material for a new building. I had been twenty-six years at the old stand, and I needed a new building. It seemed to me that this was the time to build it. Some of my friends felt that I was treading on thin ice in building a new store at a cost of about sixteen thousand dollars, but I believed it was a good investment. While the road was closed we built, putting in not only a modern building but gasoline tanks and attractive rest rooms."

Ready for the Party

"I felt that the time had come to put a stop, if possible, to store-box philosophy in the country store, and I let it be known around that there would be no loafing in the new store. We opened for business in March, 1926. The new road was completed shortly afterward, and a formal opening was planned for September, 1926, at a point about a mile from the store. Here, I felt, was the opportunity that I must grasp, as it would knock only once. I took considerable space in two near-by weekly newspapers which were printing special editions for the opening; I ordered ten thousand toy balloons with our name on them; I had ten thousand handbills printed, inviting people to use our rest rooms, but bearing no other advertising; and I adopted the slogan, A Good Store in a Small Town. Something like thirty thousand people attended the road opening, and our store was called to the attention of most of them.

"Of course, I had a good trade before the new road came through, and I had a reputation for quality and square dealing. But people heard of my store that day who had never heard of it before, and new customers began to drop in.

"On various articles of clothing and canned goods I was able to undersell city stores because of my lower overhead. I bought butter, eggs, chickens, green groceries and other produce from local farmers and made it a rule never to sell to any customer any of that produce which I could not fully recommend, particularly the butter and eggs. Unlike the old-fashioned general store, there are no stale goods on our shelves.

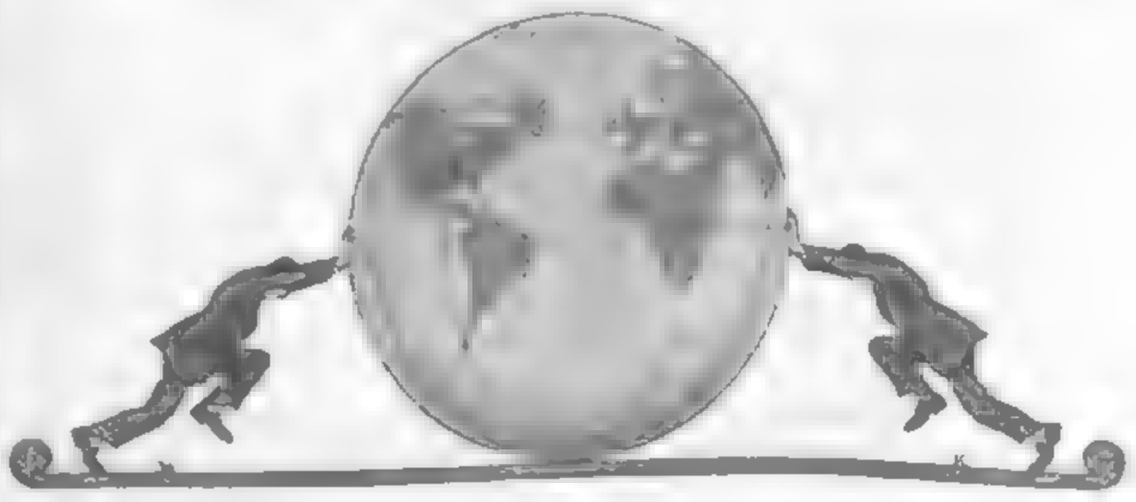
"We dress our own meats, and we have established something of a reputation for extra-fresh pork sausage. I have just bought a thousand bushels of local potatoes, which I am prepared to deliver anywhere within twenty miles at almost wholesale prices. More than that, I make it a point to see that every customer feels that we sincerely appreciate his patronage. We have found that much of our new patronage comes through a good word said for us by satisfied customers."

Cleansed of Besetting Sins

There is the story, briefly told. It sounds rather too easy when it is recounted, but it chronicles the acceptance of an opportunity. Such an acceptance is apparently rare in the history of the country general store. It is nothing more or less, actually, than the application of modern merchandising methods, including judicious advertising, to a type of store which has long been the butt of many jokes. Just why similar instances are so rare is something of a puzzle. Possibly Mr. Criss' experience will help to make them less so.

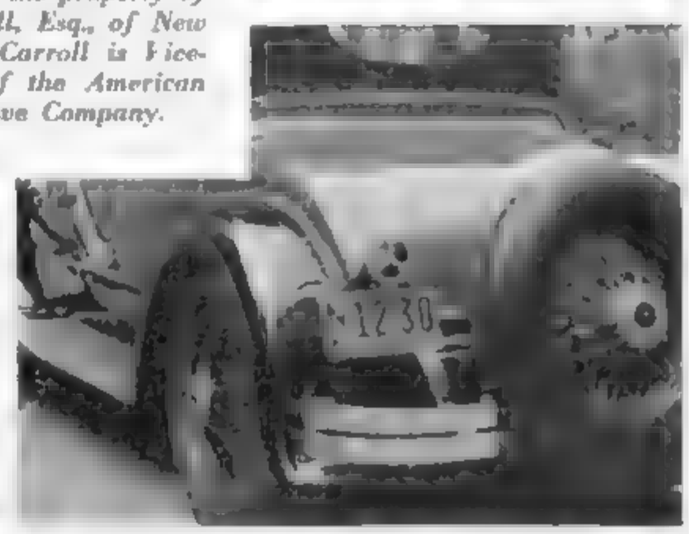
The Criss store offers its customers wearing apparel which is stylish, rather than that which makes them ashamed to wear it to town. The truth of that statement is emphasized when I say that a number of very well-dressed people from near-by cities buy various articles of clothing at Criss'. As Mr. Criss explains, the besetting sins of the average country general store have been a littered floor, a smoke-grimed ceiling and stale, dust-covered goods. These have been scrupulously avoided. More than that, what general merchant advertises distinctively or even at all? The Criss slogan, A Good Store in a Small Town, greets the traveler at intervals along several routes leading to the store and whets his interest to see this good store and buy some of its goods

Incidentally, I cannot resist mention of the rest rooms the Criss store offers the passing public. The average public rest room is not always too clean. The Criss rooms are spotless. They are, in my opinion, one of the best advertisements the store could put before the passer-by. Their spotlessness spells good storekeeping. They were what first called the Criss store to my attention. —MILLARD MILBURN RICE.



A CAR
IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

A Lincoln 4-passenger Victoria coupe, the property of L. S. Carroll, Esq., of New York. Mr. Carroll is Vice-President of the American Locomotive Company.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

If you were to examine the list of prominent Lincoln owners (and they are to be found in every corner of the world) you could not fail to gain a new respect for this very individual motor car.

For that list includes a great many royal personages, high governmental officials, foreign dignitaries and diplomats, well-known figures in business and society . . . names familiar in every corner of the world . . . people of substance and standing, knowing the best, and as a matter of course obtaining it. A most distinguished patronage.

Such people turn naturally to the Lincoln, because it is built for them . . . because it is at once beautiful and dignified . . . because it is smart . . . because it is so admirably made that it will bear them swiftly, silently, smoothly, season after season, wherever they wish to go.

That sort of motor car is not easily or casually made. It calls for a degree of accuracy in manufacture almost beyond the lay imagination. It requires the skill of leading custom coachmakers, eminent engineers. It means designing and craftsmanship of the highest order.

The making of a Lincoln is a triumph of precision engineering. Its manufacture is safeguarded by gages accurate to four-millionths of an inch. More than 100 operating clearances are kept within limits equivalent to 1/15th of a hair's breadth! It is as accurately made as your watch.

That is why the Lincoln lasts so long, why in appearance and performance it seems immune to time. For it is a fundamental point of Lincoln policy to make motor cars so beautiful that they are never outmoded, so finely made they simply won't wear out.

This is the simple truth about the Lincoln. But we would much prefer to have you form your own impressions of it, from personal experience, and under the most difficult conditions. Any Lincoln dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration for you, without the slightest obligation to yourself.

THE LINCOLN

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

Brunswick Electrical Records play on any instrument but sound best of all on the Brunswick Panatrope.

BEN BERNIE

and His Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra

Ben Bernie

Ben Bernie, or "The Young Maestro," as he is often called, was born in New York City and prepared himself at high school and college to be a mining engineer. Early proficiency with the violin led to vaudeville appearances and then to band leader. His Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra has become known everywhere through extended tours and frequent broadcasts. Hear him play "I'll Get By" and "Glad Rag Doll." Brunswick Record No. 4168.

ARNOLD JOHNSON

and His Paramount Hotel Orchestra

Arnold Johnson

Arnold Johnson has become a celebrity through his appearances with George White's "Scandals." His band is without a doubt one of the most popular in New York. A good tune with which to make the acquaintance of Johnson's style of syncopation is "Me And The Man In The Moon." Brunswick Record No. 4125

HAL KEMP

and His Orchestra

Hal Kemp

Hal Kemp and his fellow collegiates ventured to New York from the University of North Carolina and became so popular that they never returned. Kemp is said to be the youngest man in age and experience to make the "bright lights" of Broadway unaided. He and his boys walked into the musical world absolutely on their merit. "Washington and Lee Swing," a fox trot interpretation of the famous college song, gives you Hal Kemp at his best. Brunswick Record No. 4078.

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RIGHT IS RIGHT

(Continued from Page 50)

I nodded again, trying to conceal the fact that I felt pleased at the compliment.

Perhaps thirty miles were behind us and I was planning just what I had better do after crossing the line when, under the date of December eleventh, Hattie wrote as follows: "Do you hear the knocking noise? That is the way it always begins when it is getting ready to stop. What shall we do now? Oh, my goodness! Hattie."

There was a filling station ahead with the significant title, Last Chance Garage. Repairs While You Wait. I was about to brake and stop when the knocking died abruptly away and the Speedway Six jumped ahead as though all the power in the world was exploding in its cylinders.

"That is the idea—keep right on going," wrote Hattie, beginning under the date of December twelfth; "there is plenty of gas, so we need not fear running out of fuel, and now I am sure we are safe. Oh, my goodness, I am writing this under the date of the thirteenth. I do hope it won't bring us any bad luck! Hattie."

But we had hardly left the Last Chance two miles behind when the knock started up again, followed by a sort of wheezing grunt. I do not know how many miles this lasted.

We were barely crawling when we came to a little slope with a railroad crossing at the crest. I kicked the car up to the top, hoping to get a fresh start on the incline beyond. It was a bad guess. The front wheels got over all right, but the back wheels were still on the wrong side of the track when the engine curled up and died. I tried to move the gear shift; it would not budge. The car stood there, straddling the rails.

Whipping the diary from my pocket, I wrote as rapidly as possible under the dates of December fourteenth and fifteenth: "I do not wish to alarm you, Hattie, but unless we get off this track at once, there may be a serious accident. I am afraid you will have to help push, as it may be impossible for me to manage alone. Tyndall."

Under the date of December sixteenth Hattie replied, "I will do my best, Tyndall, but I am afraid it is all my fault, because I wrote under the date of the thirteenth that we were safe. Oh, I do hope you are not superstitious. Hattie."

"In case a fast train comes along this track," I wrote under the date of December seventeenth, "I am superstitious enough to believe it will bring us bad luck, and lots of it. Tyndall."

Hattie smiled faintly, though my own face remained serious.

After a hasty examination of the engine, which revealed nothing whatever as far as I could see, I placed myself behind the car and, aided by Hattie, began to shove. By the end of five minutes I was dripping wet and Hattie had sunk on the running board, exhausted.

It was at this moment, and while in doubt of where to turn next, that I caught sight of an elderly man sitting alongside the road, about a hundred yards away.

Haste being essential, I took the diary and, under the date of December eighteenth, wrote: "I am going to ask that old gentleman yonder either to lend a hand or tell me where I can find the nearest telephone. Tyndall."

Hattie responded under the date of December nineteenth: "Yes, that is the only thing to do, for we must not be here, Tyndall, when Wilmer Rapacks comes up. Hattie."

The old man, who sported long white whiskers, was seated on a stone, chewing a piece of alfalfa.

"Excuse me for bothering you," I remarked after I had got back my breath, "but we seem to be having a little engine trouble and will be grateful if you can help us shove the car off the track."

Slowly removing the alfalfa from his mouth and lifting his right hand to his right ear, he queried in a mild voice, "What was that there you just said, mister?"

I repeated at the top of my lungs.

"When you talk to me, mister," he said when I had finished the second time, "you got to raise your voice. My hearing ain't so good as it was. Lumbago."

"Well," I hollered after I had done it all over again, "what do you say?"

The old man didn't say anything at all; just sat there the same as if he was thinking it over. To get a little action, I pulled out a bill.

"Here's five dollars!" I yelled when I had got my strength back a little. "Five dollars for anybody that'll shove that car off the track or help shove it off the track!" I went on, yelling louder and louder. "If you got lumbago and can't take the job yourself, tell me where to find somebody who can! Where's the nearest telephone?"

The old man looked up. His face seemed to show he was getting really interested. "Mister, did I hear you say you'd give that five-dollar bill to any man who'd help shove your autymobile off the track?"

"That's just what you heard and that's just what I said!"

"I know the fellow that'll do the job for you, mister."

"Where is he? Where? Where?"

"On his way, mister."

"When'll he get here? When? When?"

The old man pulled out a large nickeled watch. "'Bout due now, mister. He's engineer on the Inter-Oceanic Express that'll come skyhootin' through here at 12:43, and between 'em, mister, they can shove your autymobile or any autymobile in California off the track. And I've seen 'em do it."

I wasted about two seconds looking at that old man. His face had got as red as a bushel of cranberries, and he was doubling up and slapping his right knee and letting out a series of honks that made you think of water coming up in a deep pump. Knowing that if I kept on looking at him I would probably do something rash, I turned about and sprinted back to the Speedway Six.

Hattie was inside, tugging at the gear-shift lever and weeping gently.

"If we have failed, it is all your own fault, Tyndall," she had written in the diary under the date of December twentieth, "because what made you act so mean to me? And all about this wretched old car! Hattie."

Replying rapidly under the dates of December twenty-first and twenty-second, I dashed off the following: "It was not in the least my fault. If you had only acted in a friendly way, I would have given you the car freely and voluntarily. Such was my intention when I heard it had been won by Ticket No. 21,306. Tyndall."

Proof that she had never had the slightest suspicion of my intention was the startled look that swept across her face. Her lips were quivering convulsively as, under the date of December twenty-third, she jotted down the lines, "Tell me, Tyndall, is this the absolute truth? I must know! Hattie."

"You bet it is the truth," I answered under the date of December twenty-fourth, "and if you don't stop crying and help me get this car off the track, there will be no car left. A train is coming. Tyndall."

Brushing back her tears, she sprang to the ground, and once more we strained and tugged in an effort to set the Speedway Six in motion. While we were trying, she began to cry again.

"Hattie," I wrote under the date of December twenty-fifth, "this is Christmas. Merry Christmas. Cheer up. Tyndall."

Snatching the diary from my hand and writing a nervous, uneven script, she dashed off the following statement under the dates of December twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth: "Tyndall, it was all my fault. I wanted you to say the car belonged to me, and then I expected to give it to you on the spot. I planned exactly what you would say and what I would say in reply, but when you acted the way you did, everything went wrong. Well, it is all over now, so good-by, Tyndall. It has been entirely my fault, and that is why I am going to get into the automobile and perish with it! Hattie."

Under the date of December twenty-ninth I answered in quick stabs of the pencil: "Hattie, you will do nothing of the kind. Tyndall."

"Tyndall, yes—yes—yes!"

She had got as far as the third yes under the date of December thirtieth when a car came racing along the road from the same direction in which we had come. It halted, and out popped Wilmer Rapacks, followed by a deputy sheriff.

Wilmer raised his right hand and cried "Stop!"

"That is just what we are doing, Wilmer," I said, taking tight hold of Hattie, so as to keep her from getting back into the Speedway Six—"yes, that is just what we are doing."

Throwing away a cigarette, the deputy sheriff pulled a paper from his inside pocket, with the words: "Miss Speer, I guess I'll just have to attach this car of yours."

"Nobody is stopping you," I said as my ears caught a significant rumble in the distance. "Go ahead and attach it. And if you will take my advice, you will attach it to something pretty quick."

"Don't try to get fresh with duly constituted authority!" snapped Wilmer. "I don't exactly know what you're doing here, my young friend, but as you seem to have got the car on the track, you had better get it off in a hurry or you will find yourself held for willful and malicious attempt to injure, damage and destroy the property of others—an offense that is covered by a multiplicity of statutes."

"My young friend," I answered, "if I could have got the car off the track, believe me, I would have done it before this. Now, as long as you have formally attached the car, it looks to me like it is up to you and the sheriff's office to take care of it. And the best thing you can do, in my opinion, is to serve some kind of a writ on the engineer of the Inter-Oceanic Express which will come skyhooting through here at approximately 12:43."

"I'll get it off!" Wilmer yelled. "Come on, Bob!" And he ran up and gave a heave of his shoulders.

The car did not even budge. And though perhaps the two of them working together might have done something, the deputy was having trouble with his cigarette lighter and thus did not really get into action. Wilmer tried once more and then took three hops back to the automobile that had brought him. Probably it was his intention to bump the Speedway Six across the rails and into safety. But it was too late.

The old man with the long white whiskers stood up, waving his hat; at that minute the 12:43 Inter-Oceanic Express shot around the curve.

I never saw anything like it in my life.

That Speedway Six folded up like an umbrella, and if the gear shift stayed locked after the car had turned two somersaults and landed in the ditch, all I can say is it must have been some gear shift.

Wilmer threw up his hands and let out a screech that could be heard for three miles while the deputy sheriff, whose lighter was now working, took a first drag at his cigarette. But both these parties were far from my thoughts as Hattie waved the pocket diary before my eyes.

Under the date of December thirty-first she had written: "Dearest Tyndall, how wonderful! When I finish the last line here it will be New Year's Day! Why not take the first train to Arizona and turn over a new leaf! Hattie."

And we did.

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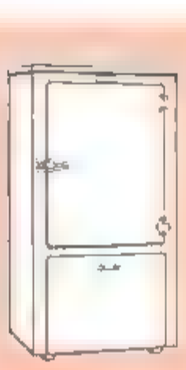
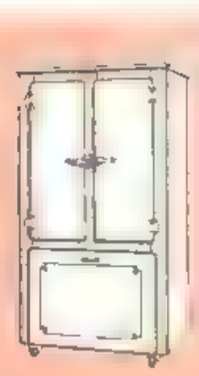
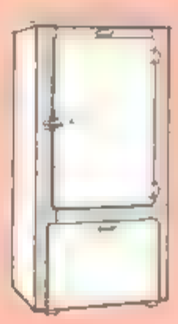


Left: Model D-4. Self-contained cabinet; white Duco finish; porcelain enamel lining, approximately 4 cu. ft. capacity and 8 sq. ft. shelf space. A new Frigidaire at the lowest price in Frigidaire history.

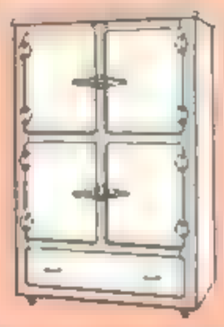


Left. Model AP-9. Self-contained cabinet; Tu-Tone porcelain enamel finish, porcelain enamel lining; approx. 9 cu. ft. capacity and 14 sq. ft. shelf space; 72 ice cubes. Model D-9, white Duco finish.

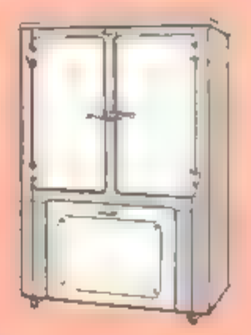
Right: Model AP-5. Self-contained cabinet; Tu-Tone porcelain enamel finish; porcelain enamel lining; approx. 5 cu. ft. capacity and 8 sq. ft. shelf space; 42 ice cubes. Model D-5, white Duco finish.



Right: Model AP-18. The largest cabinet in the line; Tu-Tone porcelain enamel finish; porcelain enamel lining; approximately 18 cu. ft. capacity and 27 sq. ft shelf space; freezes 114 large ice cubes.



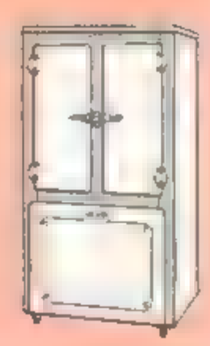
Left. Model AP-6 Self-contained cabinet; Tu-Tone porcelain enamel finish; porcelain enamel lining; approximately 6 cu. ft. capacity and 9 sq. ft. shelf space, 42 ice cubes. Model D-6, white Duco finish.



Left. Model AP-12. Self-contained cabinet; Tu-Tone porcelain enamel finish; porcelain enamel lining; approx. 12 cu ft capacity and 19 sq ft. shelf space, 96 ice cubes. Model D-12, white Duco finish

Right: The Cold Control. A simple device exclusive with Frigidaire, which speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts. Included on all household models.

Right Model AP-7-2. Self-contained cabinet; Tu-Tone porcelain enamel finish; porcelain enamel lining; approx. 7 cu. ft. capacity and 11 sq. ft. shelf space; 54 ice cubes. Model D-7-2, white Duco



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IN THE LAND OF GUILE

(Continued from Page 23)

it seemed justified. He was fighting for a thousand dollars.

The boy was lying on his bed the next morning after breakfast reading a story called Baa, Baa, Black Sheep by a man with the odd name of Rudyard Kipling, when the telephone rang. Barney answered.

He turned to the boy. "It's Zucharsky." He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him to come up," the boy said.

Mr. Zucharsky might have served as a model for the conventional picture of a prize fighter. He had the wide shoulders, the thick neck and the prognathous jaw, but his manner was ingratiating. He pointed to a broad band of crape on his sleeve.

"My wife died," he said.

"I am terribly sorry," the boy said.

"It kind of got my goat," Zucharsky said, "but it would have been all right if I hadn't got drunk."

The boy did not know what to say, so he said nothing. The conversation languished. Mr. Zucharsky evidently had something he wished to say, but he was doubtful how to put it. Barney turned uneasily in his chair. The boy waited politely.

"Listen," Zucharsky said. He twisted his hat in his hand. It was a green velours hat with a band of brighter green. "Listen," he repeated. "I'm not so good. I'm overweight."

"You mean you want to come in overweight?" the boy asked.

"Yeah," Zucharsky said. "Yeah."

The boy turned to Barney. "Why don't we let him come in overweight?" he asked. "That'll save me sweating off a pound."

"I guess so," Barney said. "I guess we can do that, chief."

Mr. Zucharsky rose as if to go, but he did not go. He stood there passing his green hat from one hand to the other. "Listen, Kid," he said, "that ain't all. You see, Kid, this is my home town."

The boy waited, beginning to suspect what was coming.

Mr. Zucharsky took the plunge. "Kid, I know you got it on me. What I want to know is what would you say to carrying me along?"

"What about the customers?" the boy asked.

"Don't get me wrong," Mr. Zucharsky said. "I ain't asking you to pull your punches. You can hit me just as hard and just as often as you did the first time. That ain't the idea. All I want is that you don't keep on hittin' me in the same place every time. That's what got me the first time. You kept turnin' me around with that left of yours and hittin' me with your right over the heart. That's what slowed me up." Here Mr. Zucharsky made a gesture toward his left side. "Gettin' hit all the time in the same spot. I didn't notice the first one. It didn't hurt me at all. Or the second. Or the third. But by the time you hit me eleven, twelve times right on that same spot, it kind of slowed me up. Now what I want to know is couldn't you mix 'em up and hit some other spot. That way I could last the whole ten rounds. And the home town wouldn't be so disappointed. What I mean is why don't you be satisfied to win on points, instead of knocking me out? 'Course I know you got it on me, so why couldn't you carry me along like I said?"

The boy considered Mr. Zucharsky's proposal. He knew that Zucharsky was tough, but that he had neither the speed nor the boxing skill ever to be first-rate. The fact that Zucharsky knew he was a palooka made him all the more pathetic. The boy had heard of fighters who invited an opponent to carry them along merely in order to catch them napping, but he felt that Mr. Zucharsky lacked the guile to conceive such a plan, as well as the skill to carry it out. He felt sorry for the man who had lost his wife and got drunk and failed to make the weight, and who now faced the prospect of being humiliated before his fellow townsmen. He saw the inevitable end of a man who had little to offer except his willingness to be a chopping block for better men.

"I think that's fair enough, Zucharsky," he said. "I won't pull any punches. I can't do that for anybody. But I'll do the best I can. I'll try not to shoot at the same spot every time."

"I knew you was a regular guy," said Mr. Zucharsky, and bowed himself out.

When he had gone, Barney frowned. "I wouldn't have stood for that, Kid," he said, "if it hadn't of been for one thing. You don't have to sweat off any weight." He looked at the boy sharply. "First thing you know," he continued, "you ain't goin' to be able to make the featherweight limit. By the time you fill out you're goin' to be a lightweight. And believe me, Kid, that's the toughest division there is. There's more good lightweights. There's more good boxers and more good hitters and more men that can take it. If you're goin' to make good as a lightweight you gotta step."

"I've got to learn to hit," the boy said. He stood up. "I've been figuring out how it's done. You have to get your whole weight into it without slowing up." He illustrated in slow motion. "You've got to start the blow from your ankles and get your back into it without drawing back, and I don't see how you can do it unless you have your feet on the floor. You have to be on your toes when you're boxing, but when you hit with everything you have you must have your feet on the floor."

Barney nodded. "Joe Gans always did that."

The boy sat down. "Did you see Joe Gans? Did you see him box?"

"Sure!" Barney said. "I seen him twice."

"What was he like?" the boy asked.

Barney shook his head. "Nobody can tell you what Gans was like," he said. "He was perfect. There ain't ever been nobody like him."

"But can't you tell me what he was like—how he looked—what kind of style he had?"

Barney shook his head again. "He was like you in some ways. He was like you, only he was a hitter an' he moved his feet different. He kind of shuffled his feet. He looked kind of flat-footed when you first saw him, an' he was quiet—sort of quiet. He never shot a punch except when he knew where it was going. That was the thing that got you—he practically never missed."

"No lost motion," the boy said.

"Yeah," Barney said. "He never seemed to be working hard. He was faster'n any of them, but he never seemed to be workin'. They'd shoot three, four, five punches t' his one. Only every one he shot landed."

"I see," the boy said.

"'Course," Barney said, "he couldn't duck any better'n you can. I never seen a boy that could duck like you can, or catch more of 'em on the elbows. An' you gotta left. There ain't nobody livin' can reach you to hurt you as long as you're fresh. The only thing is, so far you ain't got a real knock-out punch. You gotta soften 'em up plenty before you can stop 'em."

"I know," the boy said. "I've got to chop them down."

III

THE boy remembered his promise to Zucharsky. He found it difficult, because the Frisco Kid had trained him always to shoot for the same mark. He had regularly overcome the handicap of light hitting by hitting the same spot over and over again. It slowed him up to keep in mind his promise, but he was so much faster than Zucharsky that he had no difficulty in keeping Zucharsky off. He left-jabbed him from bell to bell, and whenever the opportunity offered he slammed his right to the body. He was startled at the difference in the results. In his previous fight with Zucharsky he had landed over the heart until he was arm weary, and in three rounds Zucharsky had weakened so much that a sharp clip on the button had put him out. But tonight he came up as strong as ever round after round. His home-town partisans yelled their heads off. They saw their champion holding his own with the clever boy from New York. They expected that at any moment he would land one of his crashing rights on the boy's bobbing head and put him down. They felt, if they did not know, that a boxer who fails to weaken a fighter is bound to lose.

The boy found it so easy to duck Zucharsky's punches or take them on his shoulders and elbows that he grew careless. One stiff left hook scraped his ear. And then he had an odd sensation.

He was under water. He was on the bottom and he knew he had to swim to reach the surface, and he could not move his arms. He knew the motion, but he could not do it. And then suddenly he was awake. He wasn't on the bottom. He was on the floor. He could hear men yelling a mile away. Away off somewhere they were yelling and screaming. And through the distant yelling came a hoarse voice.

A hoarse voice in his ear shouted "Seven!"

The man must be counting something, because the next moment in the same hoarse voice, he yelled "Eight!" And then suddenly, like a man who has been dreaming, the boy knew what was happening. He wasn't on the bottom. He was on the floor. He was being counted out. He pressed on the floor with both hands. He pressed with all his strength. And there he was on his feet, dizzy and weak. And Zucharsky charging down on him.

The boy ducked and clinched. He hung to Zucharsky's thick arms until the referee broke them. Stepping back—old habit; the habit he had got from three years of boxing with the Frisco Kid—made him duck. He did not actually see Zucharsky's punch coming. But he ducked it just the same. And then the bell rang.

He was in his corner again. He was on the stool. He gasped as half a bucket of icy water went down his spine. He gasped again as the smelling salts took the top of his head off. Barney was madly slapping him. Barney was slapping him with both hands and crooning.

"Take it easy, Kid. Stay away and take it easy. Y'only got two more rounds to go. Just two more rounds, that's all."

The boy went out coolly enough. He knew that Zucharsky could not hit him again. He could not possibly hit him again as long as he was careful. His legs were a little wabbly, but his head was clear, and he used everything he knew. Zucharsky drove him back and forth across the ring with savage rushes, hitting with both hands. But after the first minute Zucharsky was slower. After two minutes he was winded by his own efforts. He missed and missed and missed again, while the crowd yelled for him to kill the boy.

For three long minutes the boy ducked and looked and danced away. Zucharsky failed to land one solid punch. The bell rang.

The boy leaned back against the ropes and gulped for air while Barney talked. "Better tag him this round, Kid. Better tag him. Gotta look out for this home-town referee. Don't let him get set, but tag him."

The boy realized that he might actually lose the decision. Zucharsky could not hurt him again, but he might win. He might take that thousand dollars.

The boy went out to cut Zucharsky down. He went for a knock-out. But it was too late. He hadn't softened Zucharsky. He turned him again and again with his left and hit him over the heart. But three minutes wasn't long enough. The bell rang and the referee grabbed Zucharsky's wrist and held his arm high above his head as a signal to the crowd that Zucharsky had won.

For a moment the boy stood there trying to remember how it had all happened. And then Barney threw his bath robe around him and hustled him out of the ring.

Downstairs in the dressing room the boy turned to Barney. "What happened?" he asked.

Barney struggled with his gloves, swearing softly. "He double-crossed you, Kid. He just handed you the oldest double-cross in the game."

He got the gloves off and put the boy on the rubbing table and went to work kneading his muscles.

"You mean that was just hooey about carrying him along?"

"Sure," Barney said. "He figgered to make you careless, and he did. He figgered to make you careless and then he'd slip over the old haymaker."

The boy raised up suddenly. "What's the loser's share, Barney?" he asked sharply. "What do we get out of this? Wasn't it two-fifty?"

"Yeah," Barney said, "two-fifty is right."

The boy slumped back on the table. He owed Norah a hundred and sixty-two dollars. He could pay her out of the two-fifty. His hotel bill would be ten dollars, perhaps twelve. The railway fare back to New York would come to five dollars apiece. He would get home to Ninth Avenue with fifty or sixty dollars in his pocket. That sixty would have to last until he got another fight. He hadn't the least idea where he would get another fight. He had no prospect of getting another fight. He clenched his sore hands. He had been a fool. He had been taken in by Zucharsky's low cunning. He could not forgive himself. He knew it would not have happened if he had not felt so superior to Zucharsky. He had felt that Zucharsky was pathetic, a palooka compared with himself. And so Zucharsky had taken him in by a timeworn trick.

He jumped up from the table. "Come on, Barney," he said. "Let's get our money and get out of here. I'm sore and hungry, and I want to get home. If there's a train back to New York, let's take it."

He hurried into his clothes while Barney packed his suit case, and together they went out to the promoter's office to get their money. The promoter shook his head.

"Youse guys got nothin' comin'," he said blandly.

"My contract calls for two-fifty," the boy said. "The winner was to get a thousand and the loser two-fifty. Isn't that so?"

"You better read your contract," the promoter said. "You read your contract and you'll see we don't owe you nothin'. You'll more'n likely see that you owe me money."

The boy reached in his pocket for the contract, but it was not there. He remembered now that he had left it at the hotel.

"What you're forgetting," the promoter said, "is that you broke your contract by comin' in overweight. You ain't got no contract. You got nothin' comin', any way you look at it. You're out."

The boy turned to Barney. "There's nothing for us to do but see a lawyer," he said.

"See a lawyer," the promoter retorted. "See six lawyers. A lawyer will tell you just what I'm tellin' you. You got nothin' comin'. You came in overweight."

"Zucharsky came in overweight," the boy said. "Zucharsky was ten pounds overweight."

"Read your contract," the promoter said. "What Zucharsky did is nothin' to you."

The boy turned away. He walked down the street with Barney to their hotel, going

(Continued on Page 70)

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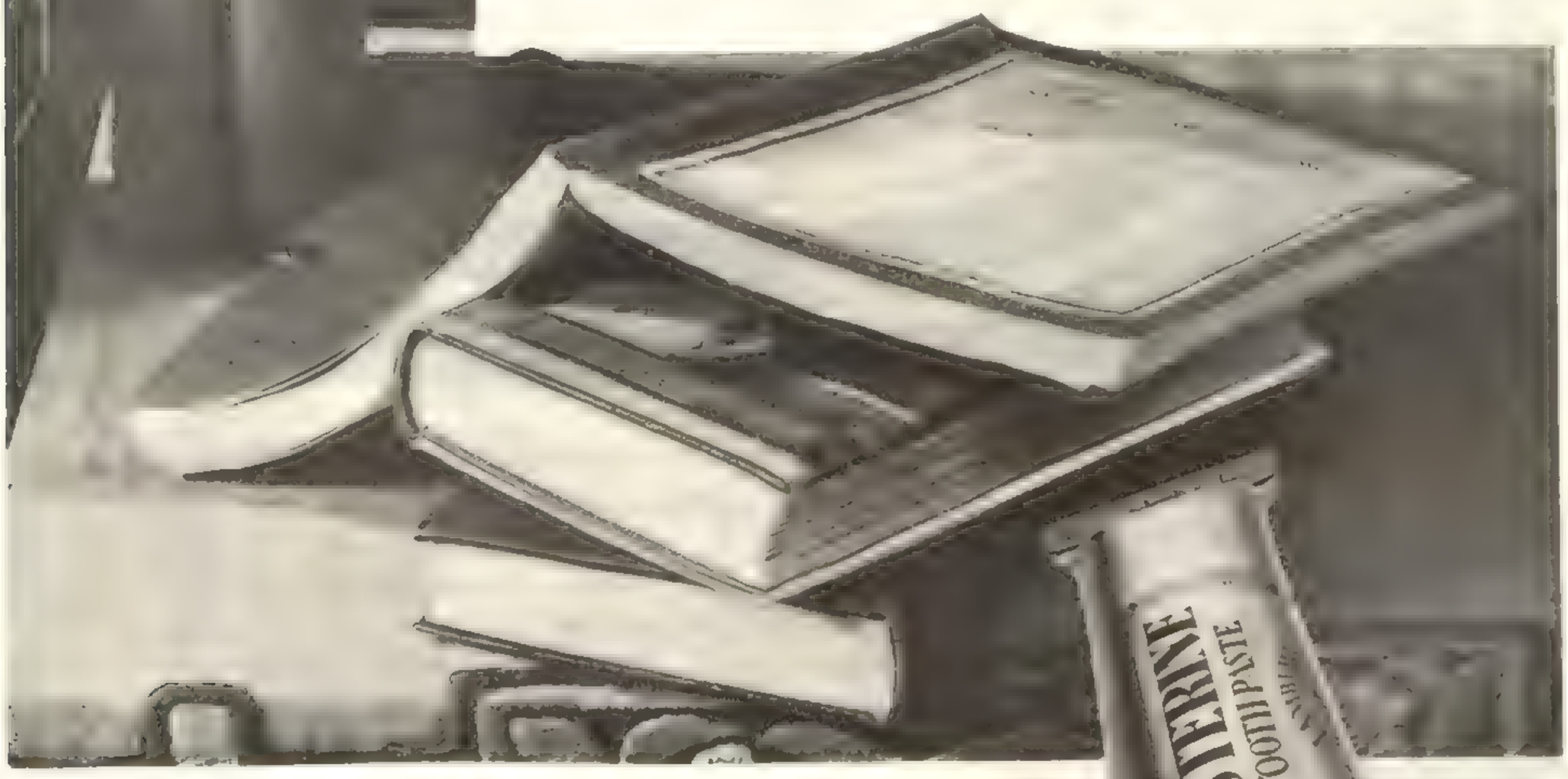

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POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine egg, sugar, and milk. Add flour gradually, beating after each addition until smooth. Add melted butter and beat thoroughly. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium sized muffins. *All measurements are level*

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

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POST'S BRAN FLAKES

(Continued from Page 66

over the whole thing in his mind, realizing for the first time how completely he had been taken in. When they reached the lobby of the hotel he turned to Barney.

"I'm hungry," he said. "Aren't you?"

"I've got thirty-five cents," Barney said.

The boy went through his pockets. He found a quarter and two dimes. He started toward the hotel grill. Barney touched his arm. "Kid," he said, "we better go to a lunch wagon. We better go to some cheaper place."

The boy shook his head. He was too angry at himself to be reasonable. He led the way into the grill and sat down at a table and studied the menu.

"It looks to me as if we couldn't eat anything but soup, Barney."

Soup cost twenty-five cents. They could eat soup and have enough left to tip the waiter.

"Yeah," Barney said. "Soup is our speed."

They ordered two plates of soup and tried to make them last as long as possible. Neither of them had eaten for seven or eight hours. Neither of them had had any dinner. The soup was tantalizing. While they ate a fat man came in and sat down at the next table and ordered a porterhouse steak with onions. He was a prosperous fat man. He wore an enormous diamond in a thick gold band on his little finger and another nearly as large in his scarf. He had the air and manner of a man who enjoyed the good things of life. The boy and Barney watched him surreptitiously. When his steak arrived he tucked his napkin under his chin and proceeded to carve. He ate the tenderloin first, with liberal portions of brown, juicy onions and still more liberal portions of crisp French-fried potatoes.

Barney leaned over and whispered in the boy's ear. "Come on, Kid," he said, "I can't stand any more of this. Let's go up to the room."

The boy paid the check and gave his thirty cents to the waiter, and they went upstairs and tried to plan how they could get home. The boy walked up and down the room hating himself for being a fool. He knew there was no use trying to get that two hundred and fifty dollars from Kolberg, the promoter. He couldn't afford to hire a lawyer and he could think of no way of putting pressure on Kolberg. He was a preliminary boy with no influence and no prestige.

"What did that contract say?" Barney asked.

The boy hunted out the paper and read it aloud, paragraph by paragraph. It contained the usual clause providing for a forfeit to be posted against making the weight. He had not posted a forfeit. Neither had Zucharsky. It was not usual for small-time promoters to insist on the posting of forfeits. The other man could make trouble for you if you came in over the weight. He could simply refuse to fight and thus force you to lose your chance at the purse unless you settled with him.

"Barney," the boy said, "Zucharsky was in with that promoter. They were out to trim us. They planned the whole thing in advance."

"Yeah," Barney said. "Yeah, they planned it all right, and everything went the way they planned it, except they didn't win with a knock-out. You got up after he put that haymaker over. You got up and you were givin' him as pretty a pasting as I ever seen when the bell rang. If you'd had two more rounds you'd of got him. As it was, they must of had to slip that referee a piece for givin' Zucharsky the decision."

"Do you think that referee was crooked?"

"Either crooked or blind in both eyes," Barney said.

"Do you mean I beat him?" the boy asked.

"Of course you beat him."

The boy was immensely relieved to hear this. It did not solve the problem of where they were to get enough money to pay their hotel bill and get back to New York and find another fight. But it helped him to endure being duped.

"There is only one thing for me to do, Barney," said the boy. "And that is to hock my overcoat in the morning. I'll hock my overcoat and we'll leave our baggage here as security for our hotel bill. And then we'll hike back to New York."

"I could put your boxing shoes in my pockets," Barney said.

"All right," the boy said. "Let's go to sleep."

IV

THE boy awoke at seven the next morning with a start. It was too early to go out and pawn his overcoat, but he could not go back to sleep. He lay awake going over and over his predicament. He had made a stupid mistake, but the real difficulty was lack of capital. He hadn't had enough money to manage his career as a prize fighter properly. He didn't know enough about the business. What he needed was to take six months off and learn to hit. He was convinced that hitting was entirely a matter of form. But it was useless to speculate on what he would do if he had got the thousand dollars he had fought for. He would get back to New York with enough money to buy food for himself and Barney for a few days longer; perhaps for a week. He would have to land another fight immediately or go flat broke.

And then he remembered that he owed Norah one hundred and sixty-two dollars.

He got up and dressed and put on his overcoat and hat. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. Even now he hated to give up that overcoat. But there was nothing for it. When he got out on the street he took the overcoat off and carried it on his arm. Then he realized that it was Sunday. No pawnshop would be open. He went back into the hotel and sat down in the lobby. He could see no way out except to stay in the hotel until Monday. Barney and he would have to go hungry until Monday morning. He fished through all his pockets. But he had no money. He hadn't a penny. He wanted breakfast. He had eaten the previous afternoon, five or six hours before he had fought, and he had eaten nothing since except the bowl of soup before going to bed.

He sat and thought how he could get as much as a dollar. If he could get a dollar they could have breakfast and start out immediately hiking for New York.

And then he had an idea. He went upstairs and woke Barney.

"How about breakfast?" he asked.

"Yeah," Barney said, "how about it?"

"I went out to hock my overcoat," the boy said. "It's Sunday."

Barney shook his head. "We'd oughta thought of that last night."

The boy grinned. "Why can't we do this, Barney? Why can't we find a restaurant and go in and order a regular breakfast and eat it, and then tell the proprietor we have no money and leave my overcoat as security?"

"We can," Barney said, "but then all we get for the overcoat is one breakfast, where a pawnbroker would give you fifteen or twenty dollars for it."

The point was painfully clear. The boy looked at his suitcase. It was a good suitcase, but he did not dare attempt to carry it out of the hotel. He had been in a hotel only once or twice in his life, but he knew that when you came downstairs with your suitcase you were expected to pay your bill. The boy kicked the suitcase irritably.

"Let's go downstairs, Barney," he said. "Something might happen. I might get up nerve enough to talk to the manager of the hotel."

"Yeah," Barney said, "we can sit in the lobby, and there's always a chance that you'll meet somebody you know."

They sat in the lobby for half an hour while the boy rejected a dozen different ways of approaching the clerk at the desk, and Barney watched people going in and out of the dining room in the hope that he might see someone he knew. The fat man with the diamond on his little finger and the diamond in his scarf came down in the elevator and consulted the clerk. The clerk nodded in the boy's direction. The fat man turned and strolled toward the boy. As the fat man approached he smiled broadly. The boy involuntarily smiled back. The boy realized that the fat man was going to address him. He stood up.

"Are you Wellington?" the fat man asked.

The boy nodded.

"I thought I recognized you," the fat man said in a rich, guttural voice. "I am what you might call a fight fan myself. I was wondering would you have breakfast with me. I got something to talk to you about if you got the time."

"I have a friend with me," the boy said, indicating Barney.

"Sure!" the fat man said. "Bring your friend."

The fat man led the way into the dining room.

"Now," he said, when they were seated, "what would you boys like? I am going to have grapefruit and ham and eggs and coffee and rolls, but you boys eat anything you like."

"I'll take the same thing, chief," Barney said.

The boy nodded. "So will I."

The fat man gave the order and leaned forward ingratiatingly. "How is business in the fight game?" he asked.

"It wasn't so good last night," the boy said. "I lost."

The fat man nodded. "You gotta raw deal. You shoulda got the decision. But such things happen. You can't always expect justice in this world. Especially in the fight game."

"It was the first decision I ever lost," the boy said.

"You don't say so!" the fat man exclaimed. "You should be making nice money."

"I've been doing fairly well," the boy said.

The waiter arrived with the grapefruit. The fat man busied himself with eating. When the grapefruit was gone the waiter brought the ham and eggs and the rolls and the coffee. The boy and Barney did not feel like talking. They were hungry and they did not know when they would get another such meal. But eventually they were replete.

The fat man produced cigars. The boy thanked him and lit a cigarette.

The fat man rolled his cigar in his mouth with unction. "I gotta proposition to make to you," he said to the boy. "I'm thinking what would you say if I should be your manager?"

The boy did not wish to hurt the fat man's feelings. "I hardly think I need a manager," he said. "I want a manager some day, but so far I doubt if a manager could get me any more money than I can get for myself."

"So!" the fat man said. "You think a manager would only cost you money."

"Yes," the boy said, "I do."

"Let's talk about it some more," the fat man said. "Let's see if I can show you how it would pay you to have a manager. Now, take last night. How much did you make on that fight—clear?"

"I didn't make anything," the boy said. "The promoter ran out on me."

"So!" the fat man said. "That is terrible. How could that happen?"

"He said that I didn't make the weight and so I had broken my contract."

The fat man shook his head. "That is terrible," he repeated. "That should not be. If I'd been your manager I would not let such a thing happen. Why," he continued, "if I had been your manager I would have you winning that fight."

"That's a large promise," the boy said.

"Sure it is a big promise," the fat man agreed. "But if I were your manager I would make good such promises. Listen to me once and I will tell you how I would make good. In the first place, when that bum, Zucharsky, come in and asked you should carry him along, I would have said to him, 'Go think up a newer one. I have heard that one too many times before.'"

"Look here!" the boy said. "How do you know Zucharsky did that?"

The fat man raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders unctuously. "Why wouldn't I hear it?" he asked. "He was talking about it enough—him and his brother-in-law. They was having a big laugh about that crape on his arm and telling you his wife died."

"I didn't know he was clever enough to do a thing like that," the boy said. "I thought he was simple-minded."

"Sure he is simple," the fat man said. "But his brother-in-law is not so simple." The fat man shook his head ponderously. "Those bums—that Zucharsky and that brother-in-law of his—took you for one fine buggy ride."

"Who is his brother-in-law?" the boy asked.

"The promoter who ran out on you is his brother-in-law," the fat man said—"that crook Kolberg!"

"I see," the boy said bitterly. "It was I who was simple-minded."

The fat man leaned back in his chair and smiled on them benignly.

"You boys are just two babies out in the woods," he said. "You are just two children in the fight game."

The boy's pride was hurt. He saw that the fat man was right. He was a novice in the land of guile. It hurt to realize that. But he did realize it.

"Look here," he said; "how do you happen to know so much?"

The fat man patted his stomach affectionately. "It is my business to know much," he said complacently. "That is the way to get along in this world and make good money—to know what you are doing."

"What is your business?" the boy asked.

The fat man knocked the ash off his cigar and put it back in his mouth and thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and swelled his chest.

"You do not even know who I am yet?" he asked.

"I haven't the least idea who or what you are," the boy said.

"Boy," the fat man said, "do not be angry with me. I am your friend. I am Jake Levy."

Barney gave a startled exclamation.

"I see," the boy said.

The fat man leaned forward with his elbows on the table. "Let us talk business," he said. "I need a good boy. You need a good manager. We should get together."

"Why didn't you tell me you were Jake Levy in the first place?" the boy asked.

"Do not mind a little kidding," the fat man said. "It is good for old Jake to kid a boy once in a while. You are young and you can stand it. You take it from me, I would not be kidding you this way if I did not think you were one clever boy. Jake Levy does not take on bums. You can be sure when Jake makes you a proposition you are good."

"I know," the boy said.

"Don't forget one thing, either," Jake Levy said. "You do not have to worry about money when I am your manager. We will go fifty-fifty for a while. If you get to be a champion I will make you a better proposition. But if you do not have a fight for six weeks now, it will make no difference. You do not have to worry about board and room. I would give you a little advance any time."

Jake Levy reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills.

"F'r instance, right now maybe you could use a little money—say fifty dollars." He peeled off a fifty-dollar bill and laid it on the table.

The boy shook his head. "It isn't enough," he said quietly. "I need two hundred and fifty dollars right now."

Jake Levy chuckled and looked at Barney. "You hear him?" Jake Levy said. "You hear that boy? Already he is learning to be a business man." He took two hundred dollars more from his thick roll and

(Continued on Page 74)

Suddenly, out of a spring sky . . .

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

ALL was well on the telephone front on April 27, 1928. Suddenly out of a spring sky rain began to fall over central Pennsylvania. As night came on this turned into a furious storm of sleet, snow and wind. Inside of 48 hours, 3700 telephone poles were down. Seven thousand miles of wire tangled wreckage. Thirty-nine exchanges isolated. Eleven thousand telephones silent.

Repair crews were instantly mobilized and sent to the scene. From Philadelphia 47 crews came. Other parts of Pennsylvania sent 13. New Jersey, 6. New York, 4. Ohio, 6. Maryland and West Virginia, 12. In record time, 1000 men were stringing insulated wire and temporary cables along the highways, on fences and on the ground.

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AND UP at Factory

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Standard Equipment includes 4 hydraulic shock absorbers new type double action 4-wheel brakes, uniformly effective in all weather—starter, electric gas and oil gauge on dash—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—bright parts chromium-plated

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The most spontaneous welcome ever extended a 6-cylinder car has turned thousands of car owners from every price and size field to Essex the Challenger.

Its acceptance is the talk everywhere. Again and again the largest production ever planned by Essex has had to be increased to meet this demand.

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Those who want roomy cars—room for five adults in the five-passenger cars—find that kind of generous roominess. There is plenty of head and leg room, too. There is unexpected quality in the hardware and upholstery.

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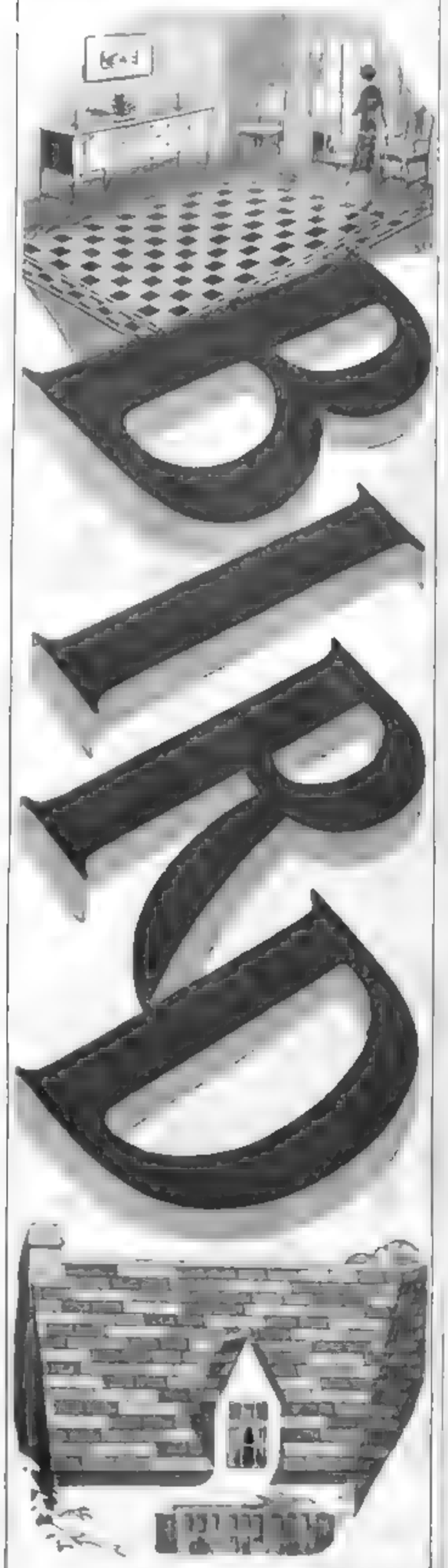

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(Continued from Page 70)

laid it on the original fifty. "Now are you satisfied?"

"No," the boy said. "Not yet. I want to know about Barney. Is he included?"

"If you say so," Jake Levy answered. "You should have the man what you want to rub you down and be in your corner when you fight."

"All right," the boy said, "I'm satisfied."

He put the money in his pocket. He was still a little dazed by his good fortune.

"Maybe you would like to know something," Jake Levy said. "I will tell you how come I was here last night to see you fight. In the first place, I heard about you several times already, knocking over these preliminary boys every once in a while. And when I was thinking maybe I ought to see this boy fight once, just to make sure he is no good, which most of them are not, along comes a young lady to see me and tell me you are probably the best boy now fighting."

"Norah McCune!" the boy said.

"Sure," Jake Levy said. "I do not listen to women about fighting. What do they know? But this girl I listen to. Before I know what I am doing I promise her I would come here and see you fight, and what I promise I have to do. It pays to keep your promises. This Kolberg now will never get anywhere as a promoter. He does not keep his promises, which you have to do in business. But we have talked enough. Should we go to New York?"

"Yes," the boy said happily, "let's go home."

GOING ON THE STAGE, SIR?

(Continued from Page 25)

Why? Because there are so few of him and experience has proved it to be folly to produce anything like a real comedy or tragedy without him. What is the use of putting on a delightful, delicate play or a strong, vital drama about people of cultivation and refinement, when the best you can hope for in the way of a leading man is something that looks and behaves like a cross between a gunman and the look-out for a speak-easy.

Remember, we are not speaking at the moment of stars. We are speaking of young men who are either featured or could be if they wished. The difference is great. There is a wide margin between

OTIS SKINNER
IN
MISTER ANTONIO

and

MISTER ANTONIO
WITH
OTIS SKINNER

The star is supposed to be an actor of such skill and popularity that his very name guarantees the success of any play he decorates.

With featured players, the supposition is that while the play's the thing, the names of the actors are a great help. In the case of the star, the theory is that the play might fail without the actor, but with him will succeed. Now, experience has shown that this hypothesis is often what the Greek grammarians call "a supposition contrary to fact."

Plays do fail even with a star, and if this happens often enough the star presently fades from the firmament. It has happened so often in the past few years that the star system has grown increasingly unpopular with the managers. They also object, and quite naturally, that if a play is produced successfully with a star, it cannot subsequently be offered to the public without that star, no matter if he quarrels with his manager, goes crazy or dies. The fate of the play is bound up with the star.

But this is not a discussion of the star system. It is merely an effort to direct attention to a much neglected and profitable profession. Young actors, to develop the idea further, of the sort we are discussing, may not only hope to be rewarded uncommonly well at an early stage of their careers but they are practically certain to go on to popularity and profit for as many years as they are able to hobble on and off the stage.

King or Poet

We do produce many excellent character actors and most of them carry on well into middle age and some of them far beyond it, with profit to themselves and pleasure to the public. Such men are Robert McWade, Berton Churchill, Richard Bennett, Frazer Coulter, Frank Burbeck, and the late Frank Bacon and William Sampson. But most of these men were always character actors. They are not the straight, leading-man type. Those are the rare birds—as rare as the strange creatures sought in far lands by expeditions sent out by the American Museum of Natural History.

The English, on the contrary, breed these actors in considerable numbers. The English stage draws to its service many young men of excellent family, not a few from Eton, Rugby, Oxford and Cambridge. Within the past few years our stage has been graced by beautiful performances by men of this sort, including Aubrey Smith in The Bachelor Father, Arthur Wontner in The Captive, Henry Stephenson in The Command to Love, O. P. Heggie in The Beaux' Stratagem, Roland Young in The Queen's Husband, A. E. Matthews in Interference, H. Reeves-Smith in Just Fancy! the inimitable Fred Kerr in The High Road, and Ernest Lawford in The Ivory Door. Allan Pollock, unforgettable in A Bill of Divorcement, his career cut short by injuries received in the war, was another of this sort. Not all of these are university or public-school men, but the stamp of breeding is on them all.

This type of actor is able to represent a king, a prime minister, a scholar, a poet, a famous musician, and convince you that he is what he pretends to be. His background enables him to do this, and when he is no longer able to play romantic lovers he slips gracefully into distinguished parts more suitable to his years. But he is always in demand, always able to give pleasure to others and maintain himself in a position of dignity and comfort. The problem of old-age employment has no terrors for him. He will always be sought for as long as he can walk and talk.

Young Men Wanted

A few years ago Henry Miller produced a play of mine called Just Suppose. If anything, it was a comedy of manners, charm and breeding. It required the services of two young men capable of sustaining this illusion. One of them we were able to engage in the person of Paul Gordon, but he was compelled to give up the part for reasons having nothing to do with his suitability for the rôle. After we lost him, we found it impossible to secure even one more, let alone two, in all America.

After vainly canvassing the field, Mr. Miller and I were sitting in his office late one September night. A long silence fell. It was broken at length by Mr. Miller with these words:

"It's dreadful!" he said. "You get a play—a charming play—with a fine part, and you say, 'Now, for this part I must have a good-looking chap with a style, distinction, dash and charm—a combination of the best qualities of Sir Charles Wyndham as a young man and John Drew at the height of his career.' You start in to find him and the end of it is like this. You say, 'Give me an actor, under seventy, white preferred.'"

The upshot of it was that we had to send to England, whence we imported two young men who had never been in this country before and have seldom been out of it since. I see no reason why I should not mention their names. They are Geoffrey Kerr and Leslie Howard. Both of them achieved positions of profit and distinction on our stage, almost overnight. They would have done it in any case, but not so easily had our own young men offered them any sturdy competition.

The calling of the actor has within a comparatively few years taken on increased dignity and prestige. It has been some time since the existence of a state of things which inspired Charles Coghlan's suggestion to John Malone. Coghlan, as fine a director as he was actor, was directing Malone at rehearsal. Malone complained that he had an awkward exit.

"I want something to take me off," he said.

"Very well," said Coghlan. "As you go, just shout, 'Thieves! Robbers! Assassins! Actors!' Any term of reproach you can think of!"

But times have changed. It is a long, long time since "Take in the washing; the actors are coming," was a popular village slogan. The actor is no longer a gypsy, identified in the public mind with carousal, irresponsibility and life from hand to mouth. Discipline has been applied both to the actor and his employer. The actor has an organization of power and influence, both to protect him and to guarantee that he shall furnish to his employer the services he has contracted to deliver. Within the past few months at least three star actors have been severely disciplined by the Actors' Equity Association for dereliction of duty owed to their managers.

On the other hand, managers are required to live up to their contracts even more vigorously than is the case in the business world outside of the theater. Once a manager has failed faithfully to execute his contracts with actors, Equity puts him out of the business; nor can he reënter it until his fault is repaired.

It was about thirty years ago that Dan Daly used to sing a song that is still remembered, and which in those days touched on a real condition. The refrain went like this:

It's fourteen miles from Schenectady to Troy,
An' ye better keep tabs on that, me boy.
An' when ye get there, 'tis a damn long walk
To the gay Rialto of New York.

The stranded actor was for many a year a stock joke of the comic papers. But not any more. Eddie Foy used to sing: "'Twas the ghost of a troupe that was stranded in Peory." Well, it may be that the ghost of that troupe still walks back to New York, but no living actors do so any more. If by any rare chance the manager is unable to bring the actor home, Equity always does so. The only walking the actor does nowadays outside the theater is for exercise.

On a Business Basis

This is merely to say that within a comparatively few years the actor's calling in America has been placed upon a foundation of business responsibility and professional self-respect which should immensely increase its attraction to the young men of America. Yet very few of our well-bred, well-educated young men deliberately enter the theater behind the footlights. I cannot avoid the conclusion that they do not appreciate the change that has come over the status of the actor within the present generation or understand how great are the possible rewards which await them.

Management is another matter. It is difficult to see why anybody should wish to be a theatrical manager. No business in the world is so afflicted with distractions, difficulties and impositions. The

(Continued on Page 76)

Can you tell a successful man by the time he carries?

KEEN WATCHMAKERS *have always thought that you* COULD *tell a man's success by the time he carried. That his watch* DID *give away the clue to his being on the way up . . . or down. But it was merely an opinion until Dudley Nichols, staff correspondent of the New York World, settled the issue. Mr. Nichols made a thorough investigation. He went out into the heart of the city, questioned people in every walk of life, and found out that there is actually a tie between a man's position and the watch ticking in his pocket.*

Every business man should read his story, which we print here with his permission.

"THE day was keen: there was windy sunshine but men's overcoats were buttoned up and their hands sunk deep in their pockets. There are times, you see, when men grudge giving even the time. So you had to pick your man.

"Broadway is long, and blank stares were many, but jottings slowly accumulated. True enough, time was a blab:

"A store clerk was seven minutes slow, a parcel wrapper five minutes fast. An insurance agent was off something like four minutes and an itinerant scissors-grinder a full five and a half.

"But the head bookkeeper of a paper manufacturing company was only one and a quarter minutes ahead of time. The second assistant sales manager of a lumber concern was just a minute behind. And the men above were even nearer the mark. Take one example—an astute-faced man on Broadway.

"'What for?' he asked. 'I just saw you asking that man ahead.'

"'Tell me and I'll tell you.'

"Quizzically he drew out his watch. 'Eleven forty-three and . . . a half.'

"'You're'—checking one's own strap Hamilton—'just half a minute short of being a bank president,' one said jocularly.

"'Do you know who I am?' A shaken head. "'I'm Vice-President of that bank on the corner.' "And he passed on, thinking."

IT would seem that with successful men, Accuracy is one of those precious qualities treasured as much as Honesty. And if you'll look at the watches of these time-minded men, you'll find in many cases they're Hamiltons

For as jewelers know, as railroad men know, as Hamilton owners know, there are no "ifs" about Hamilton accuracy. The two words belong together. "Hamilton" means "Accuracy." "Accuracy" means "Hamilton," whether you are man or woman, whether you want a pocket or strap model, whether you want to pay $48 or $685.

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Left—The "Rittenhouse"—sturdy and slim—a reasonably priced gift, bound to please any man. Available in 14k green or white gold, with dial shown, $82 to $132.

Left center—The "Stephen Girard"—From wing-shaped bow to Romanesque numerals this model is created for the man who looks for a dash of modernity in his watch. In extra heavy green or white gold, with dial shown, $137 to $197

Right center—The "Hastings"—beautifully proportioned in line and completely masculine in appearance. Available in 14k filled yellow or white gold at $55. In 14k yellow or white gold at $85

Right—The "Chevy Chase"—one of the new 17-jewel women's ribbon models of exquisite delicacy and beauty, with a combination enamel and engraved case, silver dial and inlaid enamel numerals Cased in 14k white gold, $80. Others at $75

Hamilton

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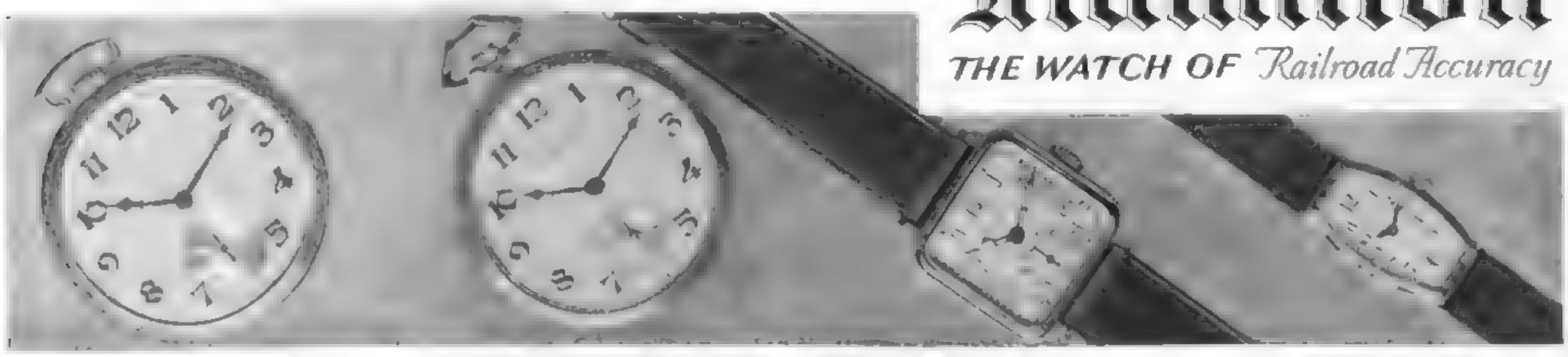

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Motorists Wise—
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Easily Applied *With a Cloth*

Continued from Page 74

present-day manager, for example, is the prey of unreasonable exactions from labor unions. Yet the manager puts up with this. He complains bitterly about them in private, but that's all. Why he does not organize and fight I cannot see. He is now the only important factor in the theater not protected by a powerful, cohesive organization.

But we are talking about the actor's profession. Attention should be called to the many attractive byways of the actor's highroad. The movies have made many good actors rich, and many bad ones too. And, as the toastmaster says, we have with us today the talkies, which are literally driven to their wits' end to find young actors of good appearance who can speak the English language decently. The few that are available command salaries that ten years ago would have seemed fabulous.

Play-making is another attraction to the young man who has a slant in that direction. A number of our actors are also successful playwrights. Thomas Mitchell, Frank Craven, James Gleason, Elliott Nugent, Willard Mack are among this number.

Direction of plays is another attractive bypath for the actor. Good directors are almost as scarce as good young leading men, and most of our good directors either are actors or have acted at some time. Among them are George M. Cohan, Sam Forrest, Howard Lindsay, George Abbott, Lester Lonergan, Bertram Harrison, John Meehan, Walter Hampden, Edgar Selwyn, Willard Mack, William Parke, Frank Craven, Charles Coburn, Henry Herbert and Winchell Smith.

Curiously enough, when it comes to the matter of American leading women, the situation is reversed. Here our stage has much the better of the English. Our crop of competent young actresses is excellent in quantity and in quality. We have every reason to be proud of any comparison between them and their English sisters. And this despite the fact that the theater as a profession is far less satisfactory to young women than to young men.

The reason is obvious. When a woman's youth and beauty begin to fade, her popularity diminishes. Also her earning power lessens with startling speed. Cruel, but true. There are exceptions, but they are few. There are not many Mrs. Fiskes or Ellen Terrys. With the great majority, the years of popular success are limited to the duration of their good looks.

The Comedy of Hamlet

Not so with our young men of the stage. Once they are established they grow middle-aged and even old gracefully and profitably. It may not seem fair, but there it is. Indeed, some of them do not really come into their own until age has whitened their hair and bowed their shoulders. Such a man was Frank Bacon.

Doubtless many an unemployed young actor will read what is written here in a spirit of skepticism. To him I have only to say: "Ask yourself if you are the sort of young man I am talking about—the sort I have tried to describe as accurately as I could."

Very rare cases there may be in which such a young actor is neglected, but they are so few as to be practically negligible. To the well-born, well-educated, moderately talented, reasonably good-looking young American who is about to choose an occupation, I feel no hesitation in saying of the stage: "Come on in; the water's fine!"

Let it be repeated that reference is not made here to young men of extraordinary talent. One is speaking merely of young actors who, in a play which has some relation to life, are able to amuse or interest an audience without sitting on a hat.

Sir Henry Irving and Sir Beerbohm Tree, the famous London actor managers, were never enthusiastic admirers of each other. Both were witty and both had sharp tongues, frequently employed at each other's expense. Tree once produced Hamlet, playing the name part himself. Irving went to see the play and, on being asked what he thought of Tree's impersonation, replied: "Oh, splendid! Capital! He was funny without being vulgar!"

Stage-Struck

Nevertheless, the great shortage of the American stage at the present time is in young actors who can be funny and interesting without being vulgar. These remarks are not addressed to the merely stage-struck young man; they are intended for the consideration of young men of the physique I have broadly indicated who are calmly facing a choice of careers. Let them take stock of their qualifications as impartially as possible, balance the possibilities of the stage against those of other vocations and then choose. It is for their benefit that the assets and liabilities of the actor's calling from a commercial viewpoint are here set down.

The stage-struck young man is another animal entirely. Long the butt of jesters, he is a chap to whom the world behind the "foots" is a land of romance and poetry. He cares not what happens if only he is allowed to take the stage, disguised as somebody else, preferably by funny whiskers and a dialect.

Such a person was the actor who got involved in a misunderstanding with George M. Cohan. Though he was well known, became a star and often saw his name in electric lights, this player remained an incorrigible amateur to the day of his death.

"What's the matter with So-and-So, anyhow?" asked one of Cohan's friends.

"Oh," said Cohan, "he's all right. Only one trouble with him: He's stage-struck."

The late Jacob Wendell, Jr., each of whose two daughters married an earl, is an example in point. Wendell learned how to act as a member of the Amateur Comedy Club of New York, first appeared professionally as the Dog in The Bluebird, at the New Theater and would unquestionably have risen to be one of our best light comedians had he not died of pneumonia soon afterward.

So great is the scarcity of American actors of this type that managers are frequently driven to casting that is almost grotesque. Bruce McRae was of English blood and nobody who heard him speak three words could mistake his race. He was, in fact, a nephew of Sir Charles Wyndham. But he was often cast to play an American, as in my own play, Come Out of the Kitchen. He was never a star in his life, his diction was not flawless, and opinions differ as to his skill as an actor, but his personal charm and grace were so compelling that he was never without employment and never got less than $800 or $900 a week for many years.

An Alaskan Scene

Material attractions of the actor's calling for such young men are considerable, but they are not the only ones. For a young man of imagination and temperament there is another side of the picture even more seductive. "Temperament" is a much-abused word.

"Has your wife temperament?" asked one actor of another.

"I'll say so," was the reply. "She gave me a black eye last week."

Temperament should not be confused with temper or lack of self-control. Properly considered, it implies keen sensitiveness to beauty, delicate taste and the ability to express thought and feeling with artistic restraint. To the young man who possesses these qualities, the process of rehearsing a play possesses a fascination which never grows stale. To watch the various steps by which a living, breathing, moving, visible, audible picture is conjured up from a handful of typed pages is absorbing enough, but to build up your own part of this delicate organism and adjust it to the whole is even more fascinating. Difficult? Yes. Exasperating, discouraging, sometimes heartbreaking? Yes. But fascinating and exciting always. Always an adventure in creation.

The young actor will frequently find himself in conflict with a director. The actor, if he has brains—and that is the kind of actor we are talking about—will have analyzed the character he is playing. So will the director. If they come to different conclusions they must be harmonized.

In the old days the director was often a bully with whom nobody could reason. Few such are left. Nowadays the successful director appreciates intelligence in the actor and wisely makes use of it. Such a director is Arthur Hopkins, whose touch is so light on the reins that the thoroughbreds he employs scarcely feel it. I have heard more than one actor say: "Why, Hopkins scarcely directs you at all." But he does, and his results show it. Sam Forrest is another director who knows how to utilize intelligence in an actor. So does Winthrop Ames. In fact, most of them do nowadays; for it has come to be realized that brains in an actor are an asset not lightly to be disregarded.

There was a time when the director said: "Do this because I say so." Now it's: "Do this because it is right and this is the reason it's right."

Attractions for the Devotee

Of course the merely stubborn actor has to be dealt with. I once saw Henry Miller directing an actor called, we'll say, Wallace Good. Good was a tall, stringy individual who wore rimless glasses perched on the bridge of a thin nose, a slightly patronizing air and a manner suggesting that he detected a disagreeable odor in the immediate vicinity. When corrected he would always explain loftily why he had done whatever it was and submit to Mr. Miller's direction with an air that said: "I'll do it, of course, but how silly it is."

Mr. Miller's patience was exhausted at last and he said: "Wallace, kindly do as I ask you and don't pity me!"

It is not intended to imply that success as an actor awaits any good-looking, well-educated young man without his turning his hand over. Far from it. Success is easily attained in no calling, even with the best equipment. It waits only upon industry, pertinacity and courage.

One feels, however, that the attention of the young men of America who are wondering what to do with their lives should be called to the fact that here is a vocation that has many attractions for the right sort of devotee—attractions pecuniary, æsthetic and social—a vocation which for some reason is at present strangely overlooked by the very young men to whom it should have a strong appeal. As for our stage, it is badly in need of such recruits. The demand is great. The supply is small. Hence the market price.

A philosopher's ideas about Sleep

A recent Interview with

BERNARD SHAW

by EIMAR O'DUFFY

PERHAPS it comes to us as something of a shock, or perhaps it is only natural, to find that Bernard Shaw, the great modern philosopher, needs his full portion of sleep like any ordinary man.

Looking at Mr. Shaw as he spoke, some little foolish part of me angrily demanded that he at least should be above such a weakness of the flesh as sound sleep o' nights.

But no. He spoke—and his desire is for the restful, natural, human sleep which allows all mankind to live and to work, to be healthy, happy, and sane.

His glorious evolutionary theory in "Back to Methuselah" of sleep as an infantile habit, in time to be grown out of, still remains a dream.

"I need my seven and a half or eight hours of sleep like anyone else," said Mr. Shaw. "I need all of it.

"I do not always get it now that I am old: that detested waking up in the small hours and thinking of every worry happens to me when I have been working too long. And I cannot always take the warning: then I have what I call worry dreams.

"Once in every thirty years or so I have a dream in which, for no particular reason, I am so extraordinarily happy and everything is so beautiful—as it is when one is in love—that it throws a light on what life may one day come to be.

"But for workaday purposes you may take it that I am an ordinary sleeper. Some day we shall grow out of it; but for the present we must take our eight hours and make the best of them."

* * *

Bernard Shaw, at seventy, with that youthful, ringing voice of his, with the buoyant step and fresh complexion which men in their twenties might envy, obviously sleeps well o' nights.

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BERNARD SHAW—*the sage of Adelphi Terrace, philosopher, novelist, essayist, scientist, playwright vegetarian. Toppler of ideas, satirist, wit and speaker—his revolutionary teachings have astonished the world for two generations!*

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THE SECONDARY RÔLE

(Continued from Page 19)

"And this one is absolutely perfect, my dear. One chance in a million. And I've got a splendid man for your Tosca wig too. Which do you want to see first?"

"Do you ask questions just to hear me talk, Amy? Children and wigs—are they all the same to you, you—Parisienne!"

"But you said—well, of all the unreasonable creatures!" The Duchesse slammed down the receiver and stamped her modish sandal. "I'll never do another thing for her!"

"Chut!" The Duc was always amused by women, particularly by his wife. "I will intercede for you."

He took up the telephone and called the number. "*Aha, Madame 'Anni? Mes compliments, chère amie. C'est Raoul de Faillmont qui parle. Oui.* . . . Oh, yes, if you like it. My silly wife she is angry because you do not appreciate this excellent child she 'ave discovered for you. She is very *méchante*, my Aimée; she want always ze applause. She is not like Madame 'Anni; she does not make Art for Art's sake."

"*Nom d'un nom!*" cried the *méchante* Duchesse, tried beyond her slight endurance. "Give me the telephone! Cléo? . . . Yes, it's me again. Now listen. The child is coming to see you this afternoon at five. Hush. . . . She's lovely—pretty. . . . Oh, twelve, I guess, but she looks younger. . . . American father, French mother. . . . No, both dead—so pathetic! . . . Living with her grandmother and dancing in the opera ballet. . . . Don't be stupid; it's an advantage—theater blood, as we used to say. . . . No trouble over that at all; she actually has an American passport. . . . Why, my dear, it's simply ideal. . . . Oh, I heard of her through this very *coiffeur* I was telling you of. . . . Yes, he's simply marvelous. . . . Her mother was his assistant. . . . Well, darling, as usual you're in luck. . . . *Bonne chance* with your rehearsal. *Au 'voir!*"

Hanni was singing a solitary performance at the Paris opera that year—the tag end of an old contract. It was to be Salome, a rôle she had never cared much for, and because of this and her natural impatience incident to her sojourn among people of Latin disposition, the rehearsal went badly that day. The director, who had played over the score with her, bowed her elaborately into a taxi, but when she was gone he sighed frankly and shrugged his shoulders.

"There we have a woman, *mon sieux*," he told his assistant, "who is a *grande artiste*, but who has found small joy in living."

It was actually the anticipation of joy, however, which had helped make Cléo more difficult than usual this time. Even while she indicated Salome's lurid sentiments in a cautious half voice, her mind was dallying in the pleasant pastures of her new enthusiasm. What had the erotic passions of this legendary woman to do with lonely and famous prima donnas who sought the evasive joys of motherhood by adopting pretty little orphans? Now there was real romance for you, and she stood upon the threshold. The hands of her jeweled wrist watch turned too slowly.

But at last it was afternoon. A prolonged and delicious luncheon at Henry's, a brisk walk in the autumn sunshine up the Champs-Élysées to her hotel, and a letter from Charlie Duke waiting in her mail box all helped to speed the remaining hours.

"But this is absurd!" she scolded herself. "I'm as nervous as at a première." She noted with intense satisfaction, however, that Charlie Duke had finally had enough tranquillity and beer. He was due in town to-night.

At exactly 5:15 by the ormolu clock on the mantel a loud knock on the door was followed by the precipitate entrance of the Duchesse. Cléo emerged from her bedroom to greet her, looking very charming and just a trifle wistful in a trailing negligee of black, her feet in mules with scarlet feathers. All of the Duchesse Amy's jewels were not worth one gleam of the brass-colored hair, one glance from the shadowed gray eyes, and Cléo knew it. She sank upon a chaise longue and drew an attenuated, modernistic doll to her knee.

"Do you think she'll like this, Amy?" she asked.

"But where is she?"

"But haven't you got her?"

"She was to be here at five with her grandmother!"

Cléo looked at the clock again and tossed the supercilious doll into a corner. "That settles her!" she said. "People around me are always on time. . . . I might have known ——" The tinkling of the telephone bell saved her. She flew to a mirror while the Duchesse dealt competently with the summons.

"Tell them to come up right away," she commanded, and in no time at all they were there, actually in the room. Cléo found herself looking down a little awkwardly upon a small person in a shabby gray coat, whose short dark curls bobbed beneath an ancient *béret* and whose eyes danced between sooty lashes. Grandmère, a formidable woman still in middle life, stood stiffly by a chair and peeled off her black kid gloves.

The child was the least embarrassed of them all.

"*Bon jour, tout le monde!*" she said pleasantly. "What an elegant room!" Then she spied the doll upon the floor and ran to retrieve it. "I have several of these myself, but none so chic." She sat down on an ottoman and began to arrange the creature's bouffant skirts.

Cléo and the Duchesse exchanged looks. "Apparently not a timid child," said Amy.

"Fresh!" hissed Cléo; then: "Come over here, my dear, where I can talk to you. I am more important than dolls."

The child rose obediently and went to her side.

"Of course you are," she agreed; "you are Cléo Hann.."

The Duchesse sighed with relief. The blessed infant—what tact! She motioned to grandmère to sit.

"Ah, you know so much?" said Hanni, somewhat mollified. "But you have the advantage of me. How are you called?"

"Vesta Bunty."

"Vesta—that is very nice. But Bunty—horrible! However, you would, of course, be Mademoiselle Hanni. You would like that?"

"Well, please excuse me. I hope I'm not rude, but Bunty is fairly good in French. Vesta La Bonté! I can't really think of a better stage name, can you?"

Cléo was both shocked and fascinated. "So you mean to go upon the stage some day?"

Vesta looked surprised. "Why, didn't you know? I'm there already!"

Grandmère nodded, her black eyes flashed. "*La petite* has already small rôles in the ballet," she said complacently, "but I do not wish her to work now. She is too young."

Cléo was unimpressed. She had supported her own mother and two little brothers before she was in her teens. Besides, in one glance she had summed up grandmère. This shrewd and sleek, high-bosomed bourgeoise was smelling American dollars in this affair.

"But you are perfectly willing to send this tender child across the sea with a stranger!" she declared belligerently.

"*Mais non, madame!*" Grandmère was full of courteous protestations. "*Apres tout, la Hanni* is no stranger and *la gosse* but returns to her father's country. One must make sacrifices!" She wiped the dark line of her mustache with the corner of a black-bordered handkerchief, and looked sadly up at the ceiling.

(Continued on Page 80)

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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

(Continued from Page 78)

Hanni turned to Vesta. "Decently dressed, you'd be quite pretty. It's fortunate that you look so young. After all, Cléo Hanni is scarcely old enough herself to have a girl of twelve."

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed Vesta with polite surprise.

The Duchesse shuddered and Cléo's eyes narrowed to knifelike points. "If I thought for one moment that you mean to be impertinent ——" she began, when Vesta suddenly disarmed her. Flinging herself unexpectedly on the floor at Cléo's feet, she began to kiss her hands.

"Oh, you're simply grand!" she cried, looking up with sparkling eyes. "What fun I'll have with you!"

Amy was dumfounded. Such insight, even in a stage child, at twelve was uncanny. Cléo, however, saw no subtle implications. Here, plainly, was another admirer, so everything was all right after all. She gathered Vesta to her bosom.

"Ah, I need you so much, my own little daughter!" The singing note of emotion was in her voice.

Vesta wriggled free a little and put out a slender paw to stroke the brassy hair.

"*Tiens,*" she said again, as an elder to a child, "we shall get along famously."

In spite of grandmère's evident desire to settle the matter then, it was agreed to let final arrangements wait upon the arrival of Charlie Duke. After a large tea, with much sticky *pâtisserie*, they departed.

"Amy!" cried Cléo as soon as the door closed. "She's absolutely perfect—like the child of my own flesh! You notice how independent, how poised! You are a friend in a million! Now we'll begin tomorrow buying my things—and Vesta's—at all the shops where they give you the highest commissions. Hush, of course I knew it, my fox; you have to get up early in the morning to fool your Cléo!"

Charlie Duke got in late that evening, but he wanted news of Cléo and knew better than to use the telephone. He knocked at her door about ten o'clock and found her still in the black negligee, with an apron tied over it around her waist, and the contents of all of her fourteen trunks strewn about the room. She was casual and a little harassed.

"Oh, come in!" she said, as if she had seen him yesterday. "And sit down if you can find a place. I'm just looking over a few things."

"Appalling sight," remarked Charlie. "I hope you have a competent maid."

"Oh, I mean to get one tomorrow," said Cléo. "There's my list on the desk—put down 'maid' for me so I don't forget."

Charlie went over and found a bluepaper. Obediently he scrawled "maid" after the last item, but he could not help noticing that this was "slippers for Vesta."

"Have you a new rôle, *cara?*" he asked. "I don't seem to recall the opera."

Cléo laughed. "Yes, I have!" she said mysteriously, taking off her apron and folding it neatly over the back of a chair with a gesture which spoke eloquently of forbears. "Come over here, my priceless one. I've something to tell you."

Charlie shivered apprehensively and braced himself in the folds of her Elsa cloak on the divan. "Well, shoot."

"Now, darling," Cléo looked at him solemnly, "the fact is, I should have had a child."

"What a startling idea!" said Charlie. "Don't be funny!"

He covered his ears, he protested, he reached for his hat a dozen times. But he heard all about Vesta, and in the end he capitulated, just as they both knew he would. He agreed to give the little girl luncheon the next day and study her well. If she passed muster he would undertake to see the thing through; "Although I think we're all mad," he said as he kissed Cléo good night on the tip of her nose

Charlie paid heavily for the privilege of this friendship founded in the days before official record began, but he never bothered to deceive himself. He knew that it was cheap at any price.

On that evening when gratified Parisians and visiting Americans were dressing to go and hear la Hanni's famous Salome, Vesta had already been Cléo's child for forty-eight hours. That is, without benefit of lawyers, for all such formalities awaited adjustment in the American courts. And so far she was a spectacular success. Completely bilingual, she was extraordinarily efficient in those little skirmishes which always punctuated the normal Hanni day. For two mornings there had been plenty of butter on the breakfast tray, and telephone calls were no longer battles to the death.

As for her appearance, she was probably the most engaging little fashion plate in the entire French capital. Cléo had taken her about one morning conscientiously equipping her with rubbers and woolen underwear, but becoming unutterably bored by lunchtime, had turned her over to the Duchesse with a sigh of relief. Consequently back went the woolens and overshoes to be credited, and Vesta blossomed forth in the gayest of all the enchanting garments which a doting Paris designs for *la fillette*.

But now it was a question of the evening. "You will have your dinner and go to bed like a good girl at nine," said Hanni sleepily from among her satin pillows that afternoon at 5:30, Vesta having ordered tea and waked her punctually, just as she was told to do. "Then, when I get home I'll come in and tell you all about it."

Vesta seated herself on the foot of the bed, selected a cake, bit it thoughtfully.

"*Bien, maman;* that sounds very *gentille,* but I am not *gentille.* I'll go to the theater with you, of course."

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" Cléo sat up suddenly, rattling the tea tray. "I can't have children under foot in my dressing room!"

"Oh, I know all about dressing rooms—and nerves. I'll bet you do get quite nervous—they say you do."

"Who says so?" cried Cléo, clasping her throat. "Who knows anything about it? Oysters! Clams! Not an ounce of temperament in any of them, and they call it nerves when they see it!"

"Well, I know the difference. I've got temperament myself," said Vesta soothingly. "But anyway, I want to pass on your make-up; I've got an idea you make your brows too heavy. Do you?"

Cléo looked at the child as if she were an apparition. "*Dio mio*—out of the mouths of babes! Well, you may come along this once. Order the cab at seven. And I hope you've got a pinafore or something. I sling a lot of powder about. Now remember, if you get in the way or talk, out you go—back to your grandmother!"

Vesta made good up to a certain point. The theater was as familiar to her as her own pocket. She arranged the grease paints on a tray like a procession of soldiers, admired Hanni's costume and helped her dress exactly as if she were a big and favorite doll. "Just a little more *farouche,* I think, *maman,*" she suggested when the wig went on. "You know, you look simply swell in dark hair! I didn't ever believe you were a natural blonde. . . . *Dis-donc,* I've an idea. Why don't you go home a brunette, and startle the world?"

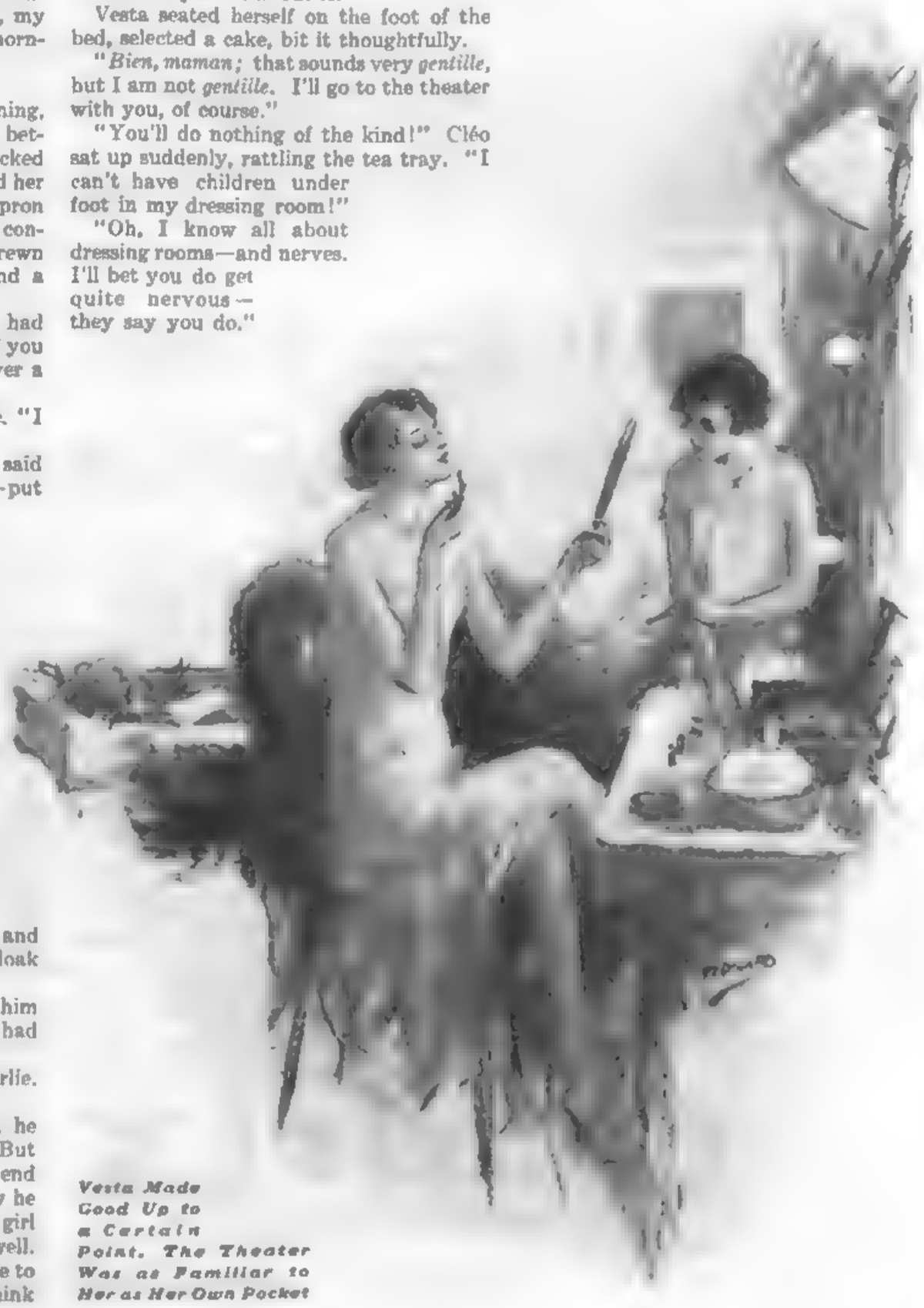
"Oh, shut up!" cried Cléo, to cover her fright. "Go and find the head and bring it here; I want to get used to it."

"The head?" said Vesta weakly.

"Yes, stupid, the head of John the Baptist on the platter."

The child turned a little pale. "A life-sized head?" she asked in a stricken voice.

(Continued on Page 82)



Vesta Made Good Up to a Certain Point. The Theater Was as Familiar to Her as Her Own Pocket

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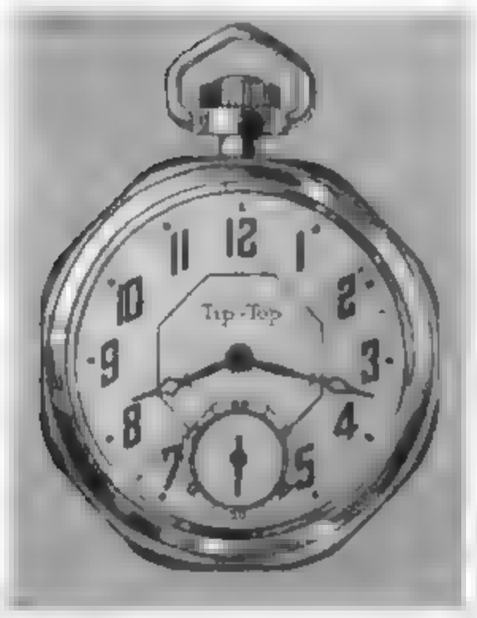

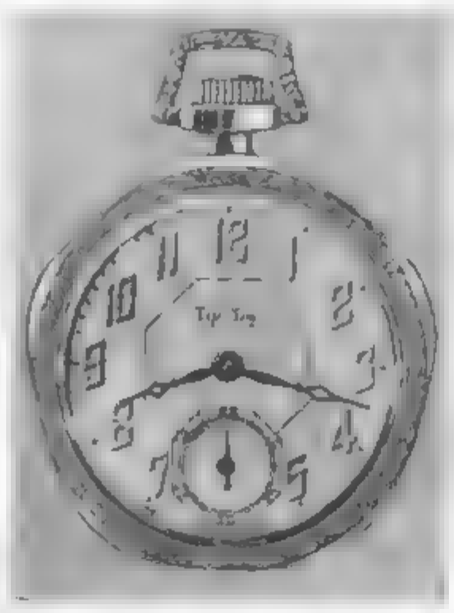

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(Continued from Page 80)

"But yes, naturally. Run along."

Vesta departed promptly, but it was a stage hand who delivered the gruesome object at the door five minutes later. He was laughing.

"But where is mademoiselle?" demanded Cléo crossly. *"Où est la petite?"*

The man laughed some more, then hastily begged her pardon. "She is not feeling so well for the moment, that one. She did not like this *bijou*." He went away still enjoying his joke.

Cléo took the papier-mâché horror under her arm and slammed the door. "Poor kid," she thought, and remembered her own first recoil from this grisly prop—the one in Vienna had looked exactly like her father! But when Vesta stole in a minute later, greenish of hue and still clasping her little middle, Cléo showed no sympathy.

"A fine theater child you are," she mumbled as she shaped her upper lip. "Perfectly useless to me. Go out and sit with your Uncle Charlie. He's waiting in the *portier's* box."

"I—I think I'm all right now," gasped Vesta. "I'll try to look at it again if you like." She turned shrinking eyes toward the object in the corner.

"It's too late now!" Cléo pounded her dressing table. "Did you hear me say 'Get out'?" she demanded. "And don't come back!"

Vesta went, but she managed to fling back over her shoulder "Your eyebrows really are too heavy" before the door banged. She joined Charlie with rising spirits. "Ooh, la-la! Cléo's just roaring and snorting, *mon oncle!* She is superb!" she confided.

The performance on the whole was not very satisfactory. Hanni, who could always be trusted never to take her work perfunctorily, was increasingly tried as the evening progressed. One simply couldn't sing this rôle—and that terrible dance—well, one needed the lungs of a horse to get through it at all. As for the public, how could they like her costumes, accustomed as they were to the Rue de la Paix confections worn by La Vix? These irritations and the remembrance of Vesta's weakness combined to shake her mood. She found that the barytone tended to press her upstage. "Get back!" she hissed between phrases, but he didn't understand and she couldn't think of it in French, so she gave him, under cover of the action, a little shove. He gulped and missed his line; the *souffleur* nearly rose from his box. Cléo snapped her fingers—a fig for the lot of them! She was glad when the single long act was over and she could crawl out from beneath the pile of shields to take her curtain calls.

Apparently the public was satisfied, and the applause was extremely cordial, but the Hanni's ear was tuned to nuances in this respect. She checked off the recalls on her fingers—six, seven, and refused an eighth. They didn't really want her again, they wanted to go and get ices and sirups somewhere, and she—she wanted bed. There were four fittings in the morning, a shampoo and a wave at three, tea with the De Frailmonts, and all the packing, with a new maid, in the evening.

Vesta waited a little nervously outside with Charlie until the press of visitors to the dressing room had diminished. She had been no little shaken by the performance and was again feeling somewhat ashamed of herself. She urged her new uncle to send her home alone, as a stroke of great diplomacy, and he was about to consent when suddenly she heard her name.

"Vesta! Oh, Vesta darling, where are you, my angel?"

"Voici, maman!" she cried, and bursting through the admiring throng of overdressed and perfumed people, she flung herself, like a well-trained little actress, straight into Cléo's arms with passionate demonstrations. Cléo fondled her as if she were the child in Butterfly. "My little girl; my little Vesta," la Hanni told them all, her eyes just a trifle moist. And she made her effect. There was a sympathetic murmur, a broadside of delighted exclamations. Two reporters on the edge of the gathering took rapid notes.

"How lovely you were, *chère maman* – how beautiful!" burbled Vesta, reaching up and patting the painted cheek. Cléo's tears now gathered in earnest; the fruit of nerves and sentiment. "Something of my own, someone who understands," she told the world, her arms curving yet more tenderly. She really meant it. Adorable little Vesta! That night she was allowed to sleep in Cléo's own room.

So Charlie Duke's hopes of what he called a "dawn of reason" vanished. He and grandmère saw them off on the boat train at the Gare St. Lazare, with tears on grandmère's part and fearful misgivings on his. But Cléo was all smiles and roses. The new maid seemed capable, and Vesta, dancing with excitement, clung to her hand and obligingly held a doll. The compartment was imposingly filled with luggage, great baskets of fruit and flowers, candy for Vesta, and a bundle of books. Two photographers were on hand. The send-off was perfect. And yet, as the train pulled out of the shed with a shrill tooting of whistles, Charlie's prophetic words to grandmère brought colder comfort than was his kindly intention.

"Do not distress yourself too much, madame. I assure you that your little granddaughter will soon return to your arms."

"Oh, quel malheur!" sobbed grandmère the more.

"Perhaps you're right," agreed Charlie, and had a guilty feeling that he should have sailed with them after all.

Cuthbert Nichols, the young British violinist, was breaking in a new pipe while he idly leaned against the ship's rail and watched the Cherbourg passengers embarking from their tug. He was an exceedingly ornamental specimen of the Anglo-Saxon, a fact of which he was well aware, but had for the moment forgotten in the amusement of observing Cléo Hanni. He picked her out at once, having read her name upon the passenger list, and she had noticed him, had met his eyes in the course of that first desperate glance with which she always scanned the faces of her future shipmates. She angrily pulled down the brim of her hat and turned away, but not before he smiled at her. "Absurd woman," he was thinking. "As if she weren't fairly courting recognition, with all her furs and flowers and luggage."

Cléo thought about him vaguely, a little later, as a ruddy face which had pleased her in contrast to the dark and excitable type which had peopled so exasperatingly the recent scene, and, as the sea was still calm, she suddenly decided to go down to dinner.

"I never do this," she told Vesta, who was somewhat sulkily undressing after an early supper, "but I want to enjoy one meal if possible. And that reminds me," she went on; "if you get up early, don't come near me. I'm a wretched sailor. And if you meet people remember to keep your mouth shut. If you even say you know me, they will ask you a thousand questions."

"*Bien, maman*, but who will I say I am?"

"Anybody you like. You've got a name, haven't you?"

"Oo-ee! That one? Can I use it?"

Cléo was already thinking of other things. Her new Callot velvet with the little ermine scarf would be just right for dinner—inconspicuous—but if anyone did recognize her, quite sufficiently in character, and thank heaven, Germaine knew how to do the hair; but Germaine would be seasick by tomorrow—or say she was—maids always took that way of giving themselves a vacation on shipboard. . . . "Oh, what did you say, Vesta darling?"

"Nothing, *maman*. Will you let me watch you dress, *maman?*"

"You may come in after you have had your bath in my tub, and kiss me good night!" Cléo laughed at the maternal tone

(Continued on Page 84)

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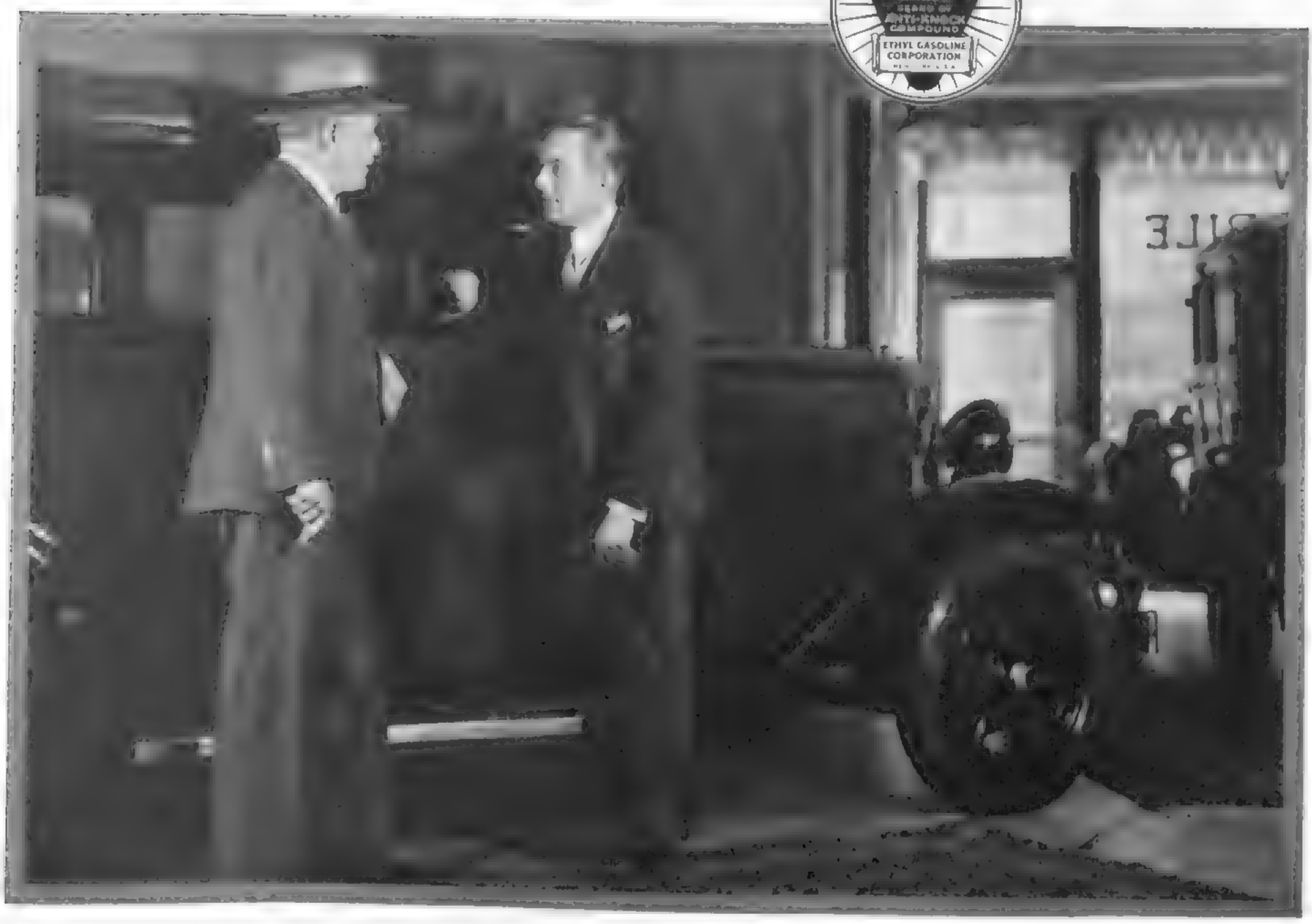

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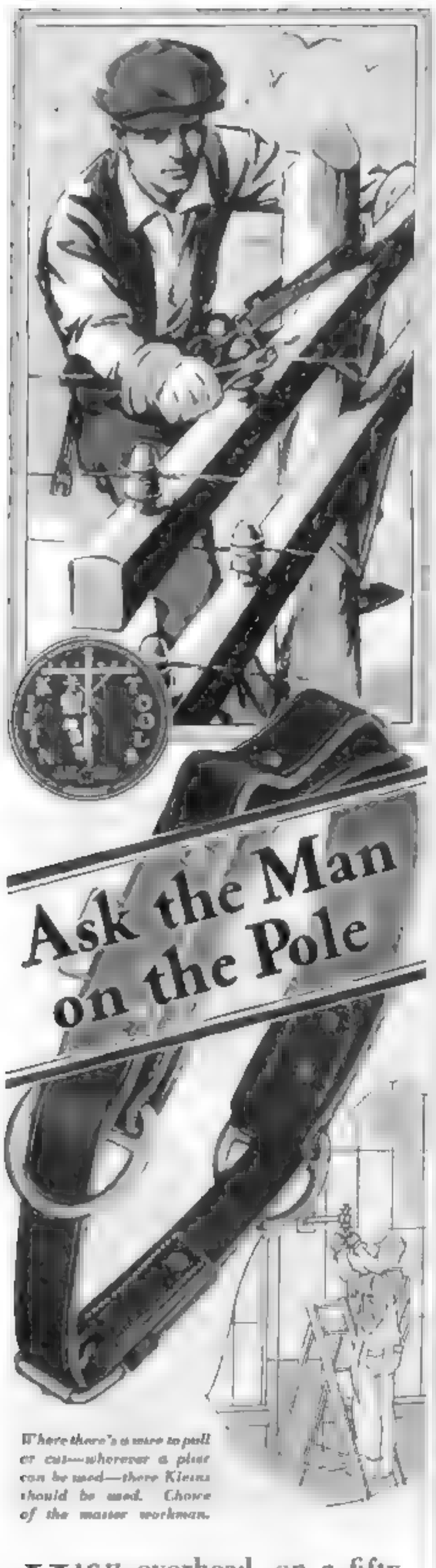

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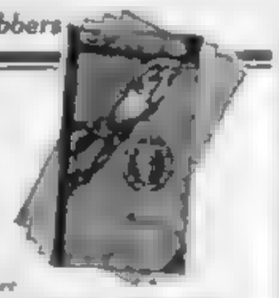

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(Continued from Page 82)

she was so quickly assuming, and glanced in the mirror as if she half expected to see the image of Gerda Thorsen there. But she saw instead, through a sudden mist of tears, the vision of an earlier self—a tall young girl with brown, braided hair and pale, set face, on each arm a screaming baby. "Poor little Cléo," she said half aloud, "you learned it all too early! Brothers, sisters—and are they grateful? Pfah, you're a fool, Cléo Hanni; your heart's too big for your head."

Vesta was singing in her tub, the Jewel Song from Faust. Cléo rapped on the door. "I provide all the opera necessary in this family," she said crushingly. But Vesta was immune.

"*Bien, maman,*" she acquiesced. "Then I'll dance." She seized a bath towel and whirled about on her pink toes. "I'm the spirit of the waves!" she cried, and sprang over the high doorsill, to fly madly about the cabin in a series of *battements, rondes de jambes* and *arabesques.*

Germaine shook in a corner with delighted convulsions, but Cléo did not smile. The child was a sprite; this mischievous exhibition was beauty itself, and youth—the slender, flashing body, the damp curls, the shining eyes, this wild energy and grace. Well, she, Cléo Hanni, had had it all, too, until life knocked it out of her. She hadn't been taken care of this way—been given beautiful clothes and voyages on the best ships. Was she doing Vesta an injustice? Should she make things so easy for her?

She stared with such tragic eyes that Vesta, suddenly pausing in the middle of a pirouette, threw herself on the floor and began to cry.

"Now, what is it?" exclaimed Cléo from the midst of her own emotion. "Germaine, get something to put on mademoiselle at once. Get up, child, and come here!" She threw a blanket over the shivering little body and drew her to her side. "Stop crying—stop! Did you hurt yourself?"

"N-n-no!" sobbed Vesta. "You hurt me!"

"I hurt you?"

"Yes, you—you don't understand me!"

Cléo started: somehow the words had a familiar ring.

"No, certainly I don't understand little girls who cry for nothing," she said. "Now, suppose you go to bed. You've completely worn me out."

"Well, I'm sorry, *chère maman,*" said Vesta, putting up a wet face to be kissed, "but I warned you that I was temperamental."

In the new Callot velvet, and with Vesta on her mind, Cléo went to dinner. She was really very disquieted about this whole matter. Something frightening was happening to her. Was motherhood like this, then—was it a withdrawal, a yielding of the center of the stage? Why hadn't someone told her? Now she must watch herself. This child was too electric. After all, Cléo Hanni must think of her own career, her duty to her public. Ah, she mustn't let herself love anything—that was it, the same old tragedy!

But in spite of these gloomy reflections she managed to enjoy hugely the real English sole one always got so fresh the first night in the channel. Afterward, when she went upstairs for coffee, someone was playing the piano in the salon—and of all things, Salome's Dance. She saw no vacant chair and was about to turn away when the pleasant young man she had noticed at the rail that afternoon rose from a corner and offered her his seat with a respectful flourish.

In a calculated pianissimo he said, indicating the piano and its music, "We were all thinking of you, Madame Hanni."

Cléo's brows went up. "So?" she said. But she smiled ravishingly upon this charming and intelligent person. "I will just come in and listen for a moment," she whispered.

During the patter of applause he leaned toward her. "Will you forgive me if I introduce myself?" he asked, his eyes eloquently upon her. "Being servants of the same muse is my only excuse. I am Cuthbert Nichols."

This announcement, spoken with pride, meant, however, nothing at all to Hanni, whose musical world was encompassed by operatic footlights.

"So? And what do you do?" she asked amiably.

Cuthbert was a little dashed. But opera singers, even the best of them, were said to be feeble-minded. He would enlighten this one.

"I am on my second world tour. I play the violin."

"You don't mean it!" cried Cléo. "And you an Englishman!"

"Well, as to that," he shrugged, "let us say that I am a citizen of the world, even as Madame Hanni."

Cléo was interested in this phenomenon. "No," she said, "I've always admired British men; they wear such good clothes, and bully their women, and look so confident. But to find one who is also a sensitive musician—an artist—ah, that is a charming surprise! And you are very young as well."

"Twenty-six," he admitted modestly.

"Thirty-two or three," computed Cléo mentally; "not too young." Now, if only the good weather held, here was at least diversion.

"You know," went on Cuthbert, "ever since the first time I heard you sing—it was the Walküre Brünnhilde, at Covent Garden—I have worshiped you. I used to have pictures of you on my walls at school—at college," he amended hastily as a chill from her eyes smote him. "I used to try to make my fiddle sound like your voice, and once a critic actually said it: 'Some notes on his D string put one in mind of the famous Hanni mezzo.' It was the proudest moment of my life."

Cléo smiled on him like the summer sun. "You are delightful!" she cried. "Tell me, do you by any chance play Russian bank?"

Cuthbert was vexed. He could play; in fact the game had been a source of considerable income to him, but he greatly preferred to go on with this tale of his own emotions. "Why—er—yes, yes," he conceded.

"Splendid!" cried Cléo, clapping her hands. "Let us find a little table in the small salon where there is no smoke. I adore playing. We shall be great pals; I can see that!"

Cuthbert objected to the phrase—it was discordant. So, also, was the thought of Cléo Hanni playing cards at all. Ridiculous, of course. He supposed prima donnas had to amuse themselves occasionally, but they oughtn't to. If they couldn't sit ornamentally sipping *café noir* in Paris gowns like this, then they'd better just be packed away with their wigs and costumes when not in use.

The game proved both amusing and irritating. Cléo played with gusto, almost with fury, and she played well. But Cuthbert played better. He won consistently, until he saw her real distress. Her face grew grave at repeated defeat, and at last she pushed back her chair.

"I don't want to go on," she said frankly. "I must always win in order to be happy." She groped about in her purse.

Cuthbert laughed. "Don't pay me anything, dear lady. I have reward enough just to be with you."

"Oh, I know what you are thinking!" Cléo continued defiantly. "But of course it isn't the money, and it isn't that I'm not a good sport. It's something much deeper, much more subtle. I simply always have to succeed, to be first. Anything else is bad for me. Why, you are an artist; you ought to understand!"

"All too well," said Cuthbert. "That's why I've been winning."

"Why, how *simpatico,* and how dangerous! I see that I must have nothing more to do with you!" Cléo was jubilant. She took his arm to steady herself, for the ship was beginning to roll a little. "Two artists who comprehend each other's weaknesses—that should make a real friendship! Goodnight, Mr. British Fiddler. Don't waste your ill-gotten gains."

He put her in the lift and went up to the bar for a drink and a cigarette at last. How frightful to be married to a singer, he found himself imagining—one wouldn't ever dare smoke! But he spoke to none of the men who looked at him with friendly nods. He wanted to think, to be alone. Fancy, he, little Bertie Nichols, playing Russian bank with Salome, with Brünnhilde! It shouldn't be allowed! And yet the woman herself what a gorgeous, untrammeled creature—saying and doing exactly as she felt all the time. Those curious, shadowed eyes and the long, strong fingers! Cuthbert, my boy, rejoice and be glad! Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow!

Cléo, too, was counting tomorrows as she courted sleep, but the ship was rolling heavily now, and in the morning the ship was also pitching. With scarcely a groan of protest she resigned herself to the inevitable—a procession of blank tomorrows spent beneath her ermine lap robe in a darkened cabin, her eyes closed against the horror of the swinging shadows on the wall. Vesta's comings and goings were but the buzzing of a fly; Germaine's excellent seamanship, an affront; Cuthbert Nichols, a memory!

On the afternoon of the fifth day, however, toward three o'clock, she suddenly felt better. She got up a little dizzily, inspected herself closely in the mirror and rang for Germaine. In less than an hour she walked out on deck and sought her chair, the maid following her with rugs and pillows. People passed her and began frankly to stare, until she ordered the steward to turn her chair around. Ah, the air was good! Now if Germaine would go and find mademoiselle, or, still better, a certain Mr. Nichols, she might even take a little constitutional.

The maid departed and Cléo closed her eyes. It had been an effort, coming up, after all. Perhaps she should have rested longer. Oh, why must everything always be so hard for her? Why couldn't she like the sea—she who had to cross it in such endless journeyings? Even the tinkle of the teacups presently distributed about the deck left her indifferent until, almost at her elbow, she heard familiar voices. She cautiously lifted her lashes.

Cuthbert Nichols and Vesta were sitting together directly beside her, but obviously he had not recognized the occupant of the turned-about chair. He was saying:

"If I take the tempo a trifle too slowly in the final allegro, you must tell me. I find myself watching you to the detriment of my own performance. You are extraordinarily gifted, little girl."

"That's nice of you to say so, being an artist yourself," said Vesta naïvely; "but then, a violinist couldn't very well be jealous of a dancer, could he?"

Cuthbert laughed rapturously. "You are simply delicious! You have the professional manner to perfection. It's absurd to say you are only twelve, young woman."

"I don't intend to say anything at all, after this," agreed the young woman, thoughtfully dipping a rusk into her tea. "No one before the public should allow themselves to be dated, do you think, Mr. Nichols?"

"The wisdom of the serpent!" cried Cuthbert with relish. "Do you know, by the way, that Ziegfeld is said to be on board? He'll see your performance tonight, and I dare say you've already a notion where that might lead, my dear."

"Well, I had thought of it," admitted Vesta.

"Where will it lead—what performance?" Cléo fairly thundered at them, having exercised enormous control for five minutes.

Cuthbert Nichols sprang to his feet, his cap snatched quickly from his thick, light curls. "Why, Madame Hanni, I'd no idea.

(Continued on Page 87)

A PLEDGE in action NOW

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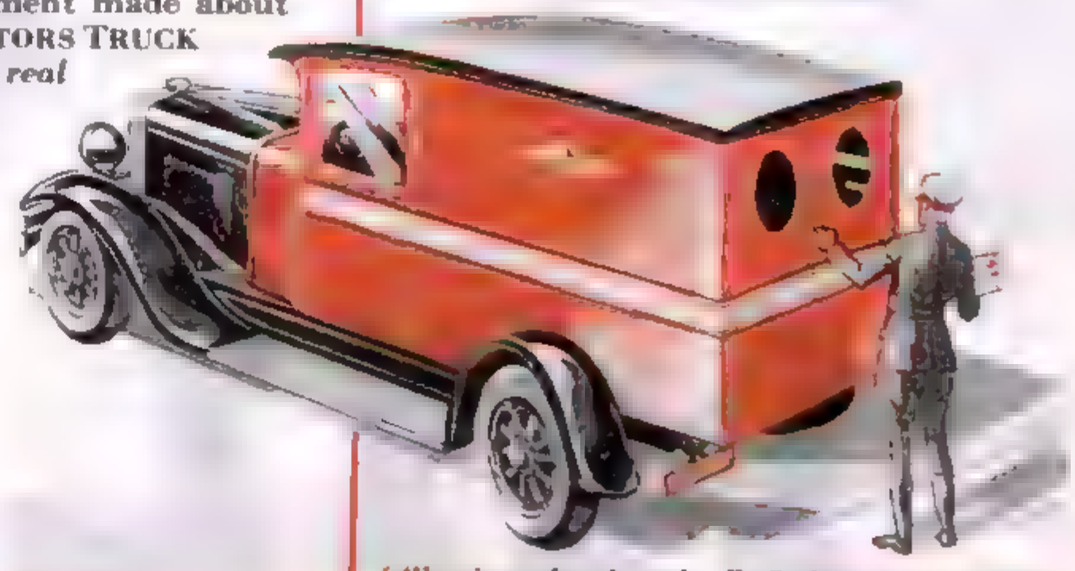

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(Continued from Page 84)

Did you come through a trap door? It's delightful to see you. Are you feeling better?"

"Not much, thank you," said Cléo sadly. "I've been here quite a while, but you were very absorbed. Well, Vesta!"

The child had given no sign of recognition except to turn a little pinker over the cheek bones. Now she raised wary eyes.

"I saw you at once, of course, but you know what you told me, so I never let on," she whispered. "I didn't know you knew him."

Cléo was at a loss for a moment. Here was a situation which demanded adroit handling. The light of admiration burning in the blue eyes which Cuthbert turned upon her reassured her. "So you've met my baby," she said, holding Vesta's icy little hand against her cheek. "Doesn't she dance prettily?"

"Oh, *maman*," cried Vesta, "you, too, must be in the concert tonight! In your new silver lamé!"

Cuthbert bent eagerly over her chair. "Is that too much to hope?" he asked ardently.

"It most certainly is!" said Cléo. "I've never yet sung at a ship's concert. It cheapens one so." She thought she saw Cuthbert start at this, so hastily added: "For you, of course, it's different. You can thank God you're a man, and people can't impose on you!"

"Aha!" ejaculated Cuthbert mirthlessly.

"Yes," continued Cléo, "my cabin is outrageously expensive. I don't consider that I have to sing for my passage as well. . . . You weren't thinking of taking part, were you, Vesta darling?"

"Oh, *mais oui, maman!* I have a dance with Mr. Nichols' obbligato. Part of the Mendelssohn Concerto, you know."

"I'm very sorry, but of course it is impossible."

"Impossible!" shrieked Vesta. "What do you mean?"

"I mean no!"

"But I've got to; it's on the program. Vesta La Bonté—just like that! We've rehearsed and rehearsed!"

"Excellent practice," said Cléo.

"*Oh*, you couldn't mean actually no!" Vesta was sobbing a little now. "You wouldn't be so cruel!"

"Hush!" Cléo threw back her rugs and towered above the racked little figure. "Must you make a scene here, for everyone to look at me? Go down to the cabin at once!" She gathered her sable cloak about her again and gestured dramatically toward the door.

Vesta crawled out of the chair and took the direction of the pointing finger, her shoulders heaving, her handkerchief crammed in her mouth. At the door she turned a despairing, tear-drowned look at Cuthbert, but Cléo's eye was also upon him; she was smiling fondly, a little tragically.

"Poor infant," she was murmuring. "It hurts me so terribly to disappoint her, but she's far too young and too excitable."

"Perhaps," said Cuthbert, and helped her settle herself again in her nest of pillows. Hanni was very beautiful now as the sun struck under the deck awning and touched her farther cheek, bringing her extraordinary profile into chiseled relief. She seemed suddenly very remote, very desperately unhappy. Cuthbert regarded her with appreciation, even while his heart bled for Vesta. He sat down familiarly upon the foot rest of her chair, but he did not touch the hand which lay so appealingly, so temptingly near his own.

"How interesting," he said, "that you should have a child. But I might have known. She's so exactly like you—the same abandon, the same fascination. It's strange that I've never heard her mentioned. Where have you been hiding her?"

Cléo looked at him inscrutably. "Mystery is a part of the artist's technic, is it not?"

He chose to ignore the question. He gazed meditatively out to sea for a moment and pursed his lips in a gentle whistle—a bar from the Concerto.

"Of course you're going to let her dance tonight," he said quietly, as if it were all settled.

"And why should I?"

"Well, just this: You ought to know that there is no crime so unpardonable as disappointing one's public."

Cléo frowned. "She is a mere child; she has no public; no one can possibly be disappointed. How utterly ridiculous to talk about it!"

"You are wrong, Madame Hanni," Cuthbert insisted. "She is sure to be the hit of the evening."

"That's just it!" cried Cléo, warming to combat. "But men are so stupid; they know nothing of children! Or, for that matter"—she softened and smiled disarmingly—"of women either. Now, for instance, if you had asked me to let her dance for your sake, to please you, why, I ——"

"But I do!" Cuthbert interrupted. "That's quite what I was on the point of saying!"

"—— why, then I wouldn't even dream of it!" finished Cléo triumphantly. "But here comes my maid. I must go down and comfort my poor little Terpsichore."

In the cabin she found Vesta still stormy, refusing to consider the idea of supper, and rejecting fiercely any suggestion that she put on a new little blue silk frock and sit with Germaine at the concert.

"Now, *ma belle*, stop acting like a prima donna," said Cléo, trying to be gay, but only drawing a look of scorn from the tragic child. "Oh, very well then, I will go to the concert myself, and tell you how your hero plays."

Vesta blew her nose delicately and sat up. "Well, as to that, you needn't really bother," she said, "unless you want to. He has played so much for me alone, so I know. But if you do go, *maman*," she added earnestly, "I'd advise a good deal of rouge. You've had a trying week!"

In the end none of them heard the concert, for Cléo went to bed with a raging headache and kept Germaine at her side, bathing her temples and wrists. She drew in her breath in little, fluttering gasps and told the maid that *la petite* was breaking her heart.

"Have you ever had a child, Germaine?"

"*Mais non, malheureusement, madame.*"

"Well, you are fortunate, I tell you!" The tears trickled down from under her closed lids, and Germaine was truly sorry for her, although she meant, almost as soon as they landed, to find herself another position.

The next morning, directly after breakfast, Cléo sent for Vesta and bade her sit solemnly before her on a stool. They were landing by early afternoon, and during the long and sleepless night Cléo had made a decision.

Vesta wore a somewhat chastened air, but her spirits were bubbling just beneath the surface.

"I saw Mr. Nichols on the stairs just now, *maman*. He said that the concert was not so much."

"There, what did I tell you!" said Cléo righteously. "They are cheap affairs—not for artists of the first rank. Always remember that. Did Mr. Nichols speak of me at all?"

"Yes, he did," Vesta hesitated.

"Yes? Well?"

"*Tiens*, I don't think you'd like it much, *maman*. He seems terribly disillusioned!"

"Disillusioned!" Cléo was aghast. "What do you mean?"

"Well—oh, I'm afraid it's on account of me, *maman*. For one thing, he won't believe that I'm only twelve—and that makes you quite a lot older."

"But surely you explained to him that you—that I ——"

"*Mais non, maman;* you told me not to answer any questions, not to tell a single thing!"

Cléo fell back among her pillows and moaned. She pressed her hands against her head and looked despairingly toward heaven.

"*Dio—Dio mio!* And this is what I get for it all—this! What have you done—oh, what have you done, you poor little fool!"

Vesta sprang up and plucked at the satin sleeve falling back from one of the renowned white arms.

"Sh-h-h! Don't get so excited, *chère maman!*" she soothed. "*Voyons*, you must save yourself for this afternoon, you know! Reporters and movie men are getting on at Quarantine."

"Yes, yes, you are right!" Cléo sat up again and reached for a hand mirror. "But you might have thought of that before—saved me a little of all this worry and strain. Oh, what a night I've had! No, my dear child, we might as well face it! It will never go!"

"Go?" said Vesta, puzzled.

"You and I—it will never in the world succeed. Oh, my poor darling, I'm afraid I cannot adopt you after all!" She waited expectantly for the cry of pain, but none came.

"*Tiens!*" said Vesta. "Do you know I'd been thinking that very thing myself?"

"What! You mean you do not want to be adopted?"

"Not very much, if you don't mind," said Vesta. "I thought at first it would be quite fun. But you know we're both so frightfully impulsive, *maman*. There'd be a lot of wear and tear!"

Three days later Cléo was seated at her little writing desk in the living room of her own apartment. A great peace had descended upon her. Fafner, her Pomeranian, lay curled at her feet, a new cook was in the kitchen, a new secretary coming within the hour.

The place was full of flowers, her mail was spilling from its tray. Hanni's New York season was beginning in all its glory! First, however, she must ease her heart of its recent pain, so she was writing at some length to Charlie Duke in Paris. She scrawled:

How I wish you were here, *mon ami*, to help, now that I'm so alone.

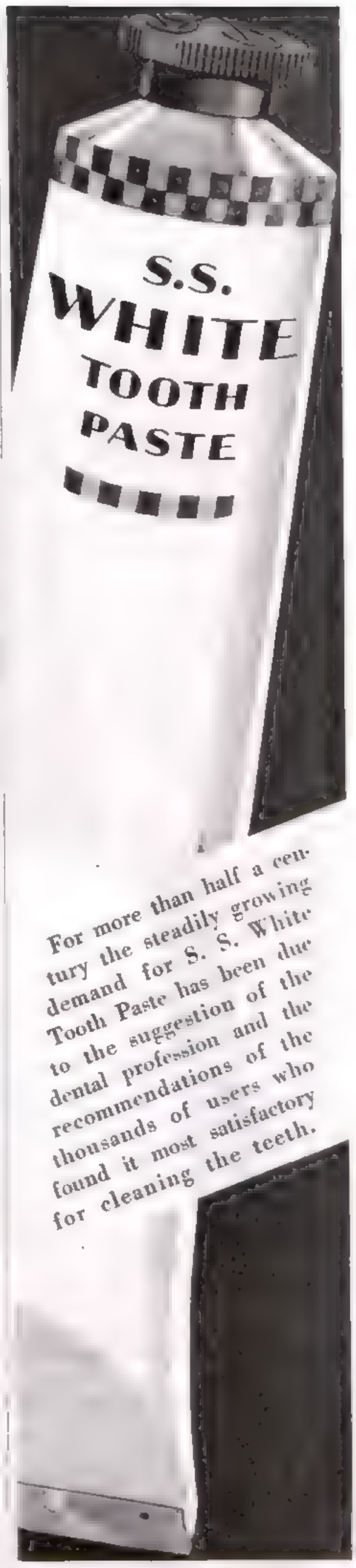
I've arranged, however, to have Germaine, who is very competent, take her out to an uncle in Ohio, until I hear of someone going to France. And I've given her plenty of money for dancing lessons or anything she likes, so don't let the grandmother make a fuss when you tell her.

But it has all hurt me so, Charlie dear. It has inflicted a wound which will heal slowly, if at all. I was ready to pour out upon that child all the starved affection which has been locked so long inside me. But do you suppose she was grateful? I tell you, Charlie, the thing which cut me deepest was what she said when she left.

I felt sad, really. I was even crying a little, but I wanted her to be happy, to have no regrets. "Good-by, Vesta darling," I told her. "Don't let this little contretemps upset you."

And what do you think she answered, Charlie? It's unbelievable. The impudent little creature!

"Oh, I shan't give it a single thought," she said. "You know I always have my Art!"



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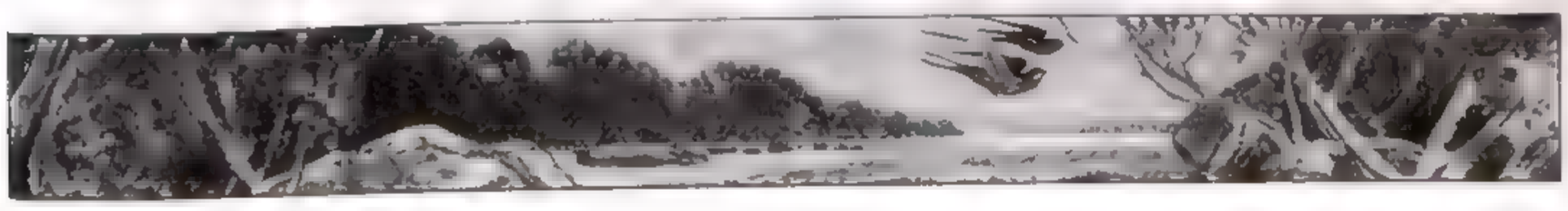

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NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

ROSS Cam AND Lever STEERING

SAM KNOWED A GENIUS

(Continued from Page 43)

Bud Haskins come in with his cotton that fall and says: "Brewster, before I weigh in and sell, you come on over and test them scales."

"Not a chance," Brewster says. "You have elected a public weigher by an enormous majority and I would not question his integrity or ability."

"Are you fond of your liver in its present condition," Haskins asks him, "or would you prefer to have about five little holes through it?"

So Brewster tested the scales once a week after that.

III

TALK about the bridge over Hell Roarin' Creek kept a-going on and on till finally anyone could tell that some day something was a-going to be done about it. During this time Vinegar Face took to wandering up and down the banks of the creek digging little holes in the sand.

"He's up to devilment," Fenway says to the boys over to the Silver King one day. "Don't none of you sell him no land. He's aiming to buy the approach to the bridge and skin the county."

Well, it did look that way, but finally when he made a offer to Bud Haskins for a strip of bottom land, everybody knowed they wouldn't be no bridge there, so the commissioners told Bud to go ahead and sell, and he done it. Right away Brewster begin building a corduroy road from the sand bar in the creek up the steep bank to the railroad tracks. It was the dernedest road anybody ever seen; no team of mules couldn't pulled a load up any such grade as that.

We fellers'd go out to see that there road and then come back to the Silver King and laugh our joints loose. He was a-buying wagons for that road too. We waited for him to get his mules and put on a good show, but derned if he didn't fool us again. 'Stead o' mules, he bought a steam engine and some more wire rope—he had a weakness for wire rope—and he rigged him up a block and tackle, and next thing we knowed he was a-hauling sand up from the bar and dumping it into railroad cars.

"What you going to do with it?" Hugh Bostick asked him.

"I'm a-selling it, stupid," he says.

Well, that did start things sure enough. If they was a market for sand bars about half the county was on the road to get rich. Seth Bottom begin building him a corduroy road down to the creek and then he loped into town to get orders for his sand.

He went to the same folks Brewster was a-selling to and they said: "Sure, send along your samples."

Well, he hadn't never thought about no such thing as a sample of sand. None of us hadn't thought of that. They was a sudden let-up in corduroy-road building along the creek while samples was gathered, and derned if it didn't turn out that none of 'em was no good. Brewster had the only sand bar with the right kind of sand in it. The men that bought it wanted what they called "sharp sand" and Brewster had looked at hisn through a microscope before he started. The buyers could tell hisn from all the others just by holding it in their hands. And the worst part of it was that that there sand bar built itself up again every time high water come. It was a gold mine without no bottom.

Brewster ought to knowed how folks was a-feeling about all this, but he never did. That's one of the main proofs he was a sure-enough genius. Just when the boys was a-trying to figure out a scheme to arrest him, derned if he didn't announce himself as a candidate for county commissioner.

"You fellers want a bridge," he says in his announcement card, "and you ain't a-going to get one from such statesmen as Hank Bostick and Hugh Fenway, that can't even work a adding machine without getting a nervous breakdown and the wrong answer. You elect me county commissioner," he says, "and I will draw you some plans for a bridge that will stand up and then I will sell your bridge bonds, because I will know that you are a-going to have a bridge for your money."

"That's what I call rattlesnake gall," my friend, Bud Farley, the sheriff, says to me. "He's already got enough mortgages to grab half the land in the county, but that wasn't enough, so he grabbed the bed of the creek, and now derned if he don't want us to vote for him. He ain't a-going to get votes enough to wad a shotgun."

But I started to tell you about the scheme we fixed up to arrest him. We didn't intend any malice, you understand; just wanted him to know that there was limits for his smartness and that he had to be a equal before the law. He had a little copper outfit over to his house that would make alcohol—anyway, that was what people said. The whole thing would almost fit into a silk hat. He used the alcohol for science, but it seemed like he didn't have no permit. So the gang got together and talked themselves up some courage and Bud started out to make the arrest. First, though, he had to investigate, so he told this here Brewster to tune up his instrument and show what it done.

"All right," Brewster says. "You watch carefully. This here is a Turkish coffeepot and I will show you some of the finest coffee you ever swung a lip over."

Brewster put about half a pound of coffee into the dern thing, then just enough water to let it work, and turned out a brew that Bud says stained the china cups permanent and took the enamel right offen his teeth. When he come back he was pickled, dern near cross-eyed, and said he kept feeling caterpillars crawling around inside his underwear. He drunk dern near a pint of whisky trying to weaken that there coffee. The boys tried to tell Bud that Old Vinegar Face had put up a job on him, but Bud wouldn't believe 'em.

"No, sir," he says, "something has got to exist in nature to account for anything being as pizen as that feller, and I believe it's Turkish coffee. He has been raised on that stuff from infanthood and that's what I impugn his nature to. If anybody can get him to make a harmless drink like pure grain alcohol in that there contrapshun, it would amount to a glorious victory for temperance. He is no longer a mystery to me. I understand him," Bud says, "and I pity him. I'm not a-going to be a party to no persecution. I believe in letting Nature take her course. If he will go on drinking that coffee for just a short time, he will come to his reward without no help from me. From here on out I am just a-going to set steady and wait."

Well, the bridge talk kept a-stewing along, gettin' warmer and warmer, until the commissioners finally began to fix up estimates of what it should ought to cost. Nobody knowed exactly, but they worked from a basis of what the county could stand. Fenway was the most liberal in his notions; he said one hundred thousand dollars—that being the biggest figure he could think of. One way and another it finally come to be settled that one hundred thousand dollars was about right, so they wrote some letters to a bridge company. The idea was to fool Old Vinegar Face and buy a ready-made iron bridge that wouldn't need no blue-print plans; just measure the distance, set up some foundations, and get a bridge that was long enough to do the job. But it seemed like the bridge companies didn't carry 'em in stock that way, so the boys give up the idea of a iron bridge and started thinking about a wooden one. Finally they kind of hinted to me that mebbe Brewster might draw some plans for a wooden one if I would go and sound him out, so I went and asked him if he could do it.

"Sure I can do it," he says, "but how would they know what to do with the plans

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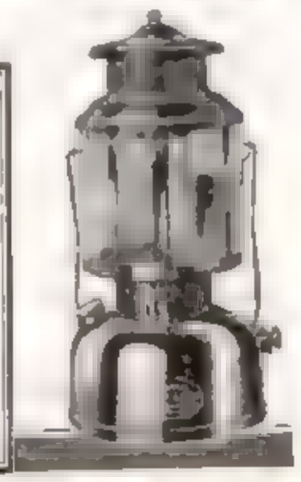

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Carter's

when they got 'em? They wouldn't know," he says, "whether the contractor was following my plans or just composing a bridge by ear, but if it was to fall down I'd get the blame."

Well, there was some truth in that. I reported back that he wouldn't draw no plans.

We had a carpenter and wheelwright in the county—feller named Judkins—smart too. He begin saying he could build 'em a bridge if they'd use wood. Folks liked Judkins. Everybody he met he always asked after their relations and their crops and whatever concerned 'em. And he'd remember it too. If you was to tell him in July that your wife was sick, and he didn't see you again till September, he'd ask right off how she was a-coming on. Folks likes that. I don't know what good the information done Judkins, but he was always kind of earnest about it. He sure-enough wanted to know; seemed to set a heap of store by it. If anyone died and he hadn't knowed they was sick, it made him feel bad. From the time he said he'd build the bridge everybody was in favor of it.

We had the usual election for county commissioners that year. Brewster run on the issue of a two-hundred-thousand-dollar bridge with concrete approaches and a central span of steel; Hank Bostick run on his regular platform about the ten children and the blind wife; Hugh Fenway run on his platform that his barber business had busted; Gus Greer run on the platform that he still had last year's wool in his barn and no market. Reverend Dickey come into office that year as a new member. He run on the platform that a cyclone had blowed down the church on Turtle Creek and he would resign just as soon as it was rebuilt and the congregation could pay his salary again. These four got elected and Brewster got just about what Bud had predicted: Not enough votes to wad a shotgun. That settled the bridge issue, so Judkins drawed up his plans. I seen him do it, and they looked all right too. He had 'em on heavy butcher paper in pen and ink, and they was framed and hung up for a week in the Silver King, so's nobody couldn't say they hadn't seen 'em. Even Brewster come over to see 'em. Fact is, we was all a-waiting for that to happen, and Red, the bartender, had been told special to watch him like a hawk and see if he could make out what Old Vinegar Face thought of 'em. But he didn't say nothing; just grinned.

I followed him out.

"Look here, Brewster," I says. "Is the fundamental principles of a bridge in them plans or ain't it?"

"Well, Sam," he says, "suppose I was to tell you that it ain't. How would you know whether I was a-telling the truth or kidding?"

I couldn't think of no answer to that. "What had we ought to do?" I asked him, and he brightened up some.

"That there preacher," he says, "is a-going to resign pretty soon. Why don't you wait until he gets out and then put me in? Then I can speak with authority and be responsible for what I say."

"All right," I says, "I am a-going to propose that motion." And I done it, but the commissioners just laughed.

"Bud," I says to the sheriff, "we had ought to get a opinion out of that feller Something tells me if we don't we're a-going to have some hard luck."

"I know dern well we are," Bud says. "I don't know how I know it," he says, "but something tells me we are in a bad fix. If Old Vinegar Face don't O. K. them plans the bridge is hoodooed, and if he does O. K. 'em, folks will swim the creek before they'll use the bridge."

"Well, then," I says, "let's see if we can't get somebody else to O. K. 'em and take the curse off."

We monkeyed around with that idea till finally Bud thought of a feller that had built a wooden bridge over in Washington County, so we got the commissioners to send for him, and sure enough he come for one hundred dollars and expenses, and spent a whole day going over the plans with Judkins.

Then the commissioners met and he says to them: "Gentlemen, these here is the plans of a A-No. 1 bridge that will stand up under a five-ton load. I find everything O. K."

Well, you'd ought to been in the Silver King that night! That was a celebration never to be forgot. Next day the commissioners give Judkins the contract and he started to work. I never seen a man go at a job like he done. Teams and wagons and men come a-pouring in from every corner of the county. The creek was low; fact is, it was dern near dry, and Judkins had sense enough to know that that was the time to make haste.

Brewster come out every day to look it over. That sure tickled the boys from the courthouse.

"Well, neighbor," they'd say, "what do you think of our bridge?" Now that they had him licked they called him "neighbor."

"I can't tell yet," he'd say. "You are mebbe going to have a bridge and then again mebbe you ain't." But we could see he was a-weakening.

One morning when Judkins and his outfit was a-pouring the concrete into the foundation holes, Brewster come out and says: "Have you tested that there water you're a-using?"

"Sure," Judkins says, "It's A-No. 1 wet water."

"Ain't that wonderful?" Brewster says, sarcastic. "Well, you just fill this here bottle with some of the water you're a-using in that concrete," he says, "and when I come back I'll tell you whether you're a-going to have a bridge."

"Ain't that smart?" Judkins says. "You just help yourself, neighbor."

So Brewster went off with a bottle of water. When he got back to town he went to the courthouse and found two of the commissioners. "You better stop work on the bridge," he says, "until I analyze this water"

"What for?" they asked him.

"Because I say so," he says. "How in blazes can I explain anything to a pair of citizens of your caliber? You just got to take my word for it."

"We have done taken Judkins' word," they told him, and he went on off.

About three days later he come over to the Silver King to see me and Bud.

"Boys," he says, "you ain't a-going to have no more bridge than a jack rabbit. That water Judkins is a-using in the concrete has got germs in it and the concrete won't never set and harden. You better tell him to throw all that concrete away and let me find him some clean water for the next batch."

Mt. Jackson, Glacier National Park

Well, me and Bud went over to the courthouse plumb puzzled and mumbling to ourselves. I hadn't never heard of concrete being so all-fired particular about what kind of water it met, and neither had Bud.

Bud, he says to me: "Sam, that feller is up to some devilment. He's a-going to put some Turkish coffee into the next batch if he ain't watched. He's licked and now he's getting mean. If he gets a cupful of that Turkish coffee of hisn into that concrete it'll blow up sure as sin."

"I don't know, Bud," I says; "I can't make him out. Anyway, let's report."

So we reported and everybody had a good laugh. Brewster heard about it and never went out to the bridge again.

"Ain't no use," he'd say, when we asked questions. "That ain't a-going to be no bridge. That's a-going to be a monument to the county commissioners."

He sure was full o' pizen. A regular 100 per cent genius if ever I seen one.

Well, the rest of the story of that bridge is short and sour. They finished the dern thing, all right, but when the creek come up after the first rain it washed them concrete foundations away like a kid's sand pile, and what we had left wasn't pretty.

Me and Bud went out with Judkins and the four commissioners to look at the wreck.

"The next thing," Reverend Dickey says, "is the investigation. We got to find out whose fault this is."

"I don't need no investigation for that," Hank Bostwick says. "It's Brewster's fault; that's whose fault it is."

"How do you make that out?" I asked him.

"Wasn't he the only one in the county knowed what was wrong in the first place?" Bostick says. "And did he tell anybody? No, sir, he didn't tell nobody."

"I thought he did," I says. "I thought he told you."

"He never told nobody," Bostick says. "He called me a star-spangled jackass and said I was a citizen without no caliber that he couldn't explain nothing to, and then he begin to say something about the concrete after I was so het up that my ears couldn't work. I don't call that telling a body something."

"Right!" Fenway says. "That's what he done to me too."

And Judkins says, "Well, he done the same thing to me."

"I don't know what more evidence we want," Bud Haskins says. "We could investigate till the crack of doom and we wouldn't know no more than we know right now. I move we go and get that feller and teach him a lesson."

Well, by that time a lot more people had come up and pretty soon they was milling around everyone that talked in a loud voice. Nobody couldn't be mistaken about the temper they was in.

"Bud," I says to Farley, "there's a-going to be trouble."

"They sure is," Bud says. "They're a-going to ride that feller on a rail sure as sin. You and me better get away from here." So we left.

When we come back the next day, sure enough we heard the news we expected. They'd gone and done it: Rode him out of the county on a rail and told him never to come back. He didn't neither.

IV

"NOW, there was a feller that stands every test of a sure-enough genius. Smart as the devil, mean as a rattlesnake, and without honor in the neighborhood where he resided. Compared to him, Edison ain't nothing but a good-natured old man that's kind of bright about electricity. Geniuses is a entirely different matter. They dern near drive you crazy. They're lucky to get off alive."

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WARNING HILL

(Continued from Page 27

Cleonie was the one who told what Mrs. Jellett said when Marianne got home that day—bright-eyed, vivacious Cleonie, who fixed the cushions behind Helena Jellett's head. Cleonie told Edward Street, who was pressing Mr. Jellett's clothes, and so it got beyond the gates.

"My dear," said Helena Jellett to Marianne, "I think it's time we had a little talk, my dear, about people. *Cléonie, levez la fenêtre un peu mais—mais* —— Marianne, what is 'take care' in French?"

"*Prenez garde*," said Marianne

That weary frankness of her mother's Marianne always liked. Helena never put on airs before her children, because, perhaps, she knew there was no need.

"*Prenez garde, Cléonie, au courant d'air.* . . . Sit down, Marianne, on the little stool. . . . *Mon Dieu*, Cleonie, don't open the *fenêtre* quite so wide. . . . Now, Marianne, I've seen a lot of people particularly before your dear papa and I were married—and when people reach a certain position they become entirely different. I've noticed it so often and I don't ask you to understand, because I'm sure I don't. We're different from most other people, particularly people like those you saw this afternoon. We act differently, we do things differently, and we see things differently, so the less you have to do with such people, the happier you'll be. Dear me, you may understand why I'm so emphatic, some day. *Cléonie, donnez-moi une cigarette!*"

"Oh, mamma," Marianne gave a small shiver of delight, "are you going to smoke a cigarette?"

Those were the days when such a gesture from a lady was enough to shock you, but Helena Jellett smiled tolerantly.

"Yes, my dear," she said. "I've never minded much what people think—most people. *Merci, Cléonie.*"

She blew a cloud softly toward the ceiling through delicately pursed lips. Her hand holding the cigarette was exquisite. The fingers tapered softly like Marianne's. Her arm, from which her gown slid back, was like an arm in alabaster. With half-closed eyes Helena examined Marianne through that thin curtain of smoke.

"My dear," she said, "you're not going to be bad-looking in your time. You'll look like me, thank heaven!"

"But, mamma," said Marianne. Naturally she did not care what her mother said about being good-looking, because she knew as much already. "Mamma, I don't see, just the same, why I can't know him if I want to."

Her mother sighed and blew another cloud of smoke.

"*Donnez-moi* the ash tray, Cleonie," she said. "No-no, not there—on the little teakwood table. Now, listen to me, my dear. I've always done everything I wanted—particularly when I was little. I wanted not to learn my French. I wanted not to improve myself. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it, but just the same, my dear, I shouldn't endeavor to know people outside my class if I were you. It is one of the things I wanted to do which I have most frequently regretted. I rather think one can't help regretting it eventually. See them if you like when you get older, but laugh at them, Marianne. You'll be very disappointed if you take them seriously. . . . And now run along. If I'm not mistaken, that's your dear papa tapping on my door."

Sure enough, it was Grafton Jellett. He walked into the room softly, as, Cleonie noticed, was his habitual way when he entered madame's boudoir, not debonairly, like a gentleman of the world, as surely monsieur should have been, but it was as though he had a fear of the powders and perfumes and other articles of the toilette.

"Helena," he said, "are you smoking again? I wish you wouldn't, Helena."

"Grafton," said madame, "I wish you wouldn't be so boringly bourgeois."

At this juncture Cleonie noticed that monsieur permitted himself just the suspicion of a frown.

"Helena," he said, "what were you saying to Marianne?"

Now madame, Cleonie had reason to know, was very *beau monde*. It was a pleasure to make the service for madame.

"I was advising her not to associate out of her class, Grafton, dear. . . . Cleonie, a glass of water, please."

Any friend with sympathy may be sure that Cleonie came back as quickly as possible with the water. She could not guess what madame had said in her absence, but truly it must have been something *épatant*. Monsieur's face was somewhat suffused and that small amount of sandy hair which he possessed was disarranged, possibly because monsieur had permitted his hands to run through it.

"I'm glad you think it's so—funny," monsieur was saying.

"Now, Grafton," said madame, "please, not before the servants, Grafton. Oh, dear me, why are you always boring? It's such a ridiculous affair."

Ah, those were the days when sleeves billowed like balloons and skirts still made what polite observers called a *frou-frou* when ladies walked across the floor, and little baskets were invented to cover carriage wheels when ladies went to drive. Yet surely Grafton Jellett must have found that all the yards of silk and laces which were invoiced on the bills did not temper a single whit the sharpness of a lady's tongue. He was not the only one to feel it that afternoon, however, because of course Cleonie repeated the whole conversation. It was marvelous how bits of gossip used to travel through the gates of Warning Hill. Long before Tommy Michael knew who she was, he knew what Mrs. Jellett had said. It all, to Mrs. Jellett, was a ridiculous affair, when it came to forcing the Michaels to sell their beach.

But it was not ridiculous to Mr. Joseph Cooper, whatever they might have thought on Warning Hill, for Mr. Cooper could understand what went on in simple minds. He had learned it in a hard school of his own, where emotion must give way to common sense, and whence materials were drawn for lurid barn-storm melodrama. Mr. Cooper had seen a dozen farms back in the country go under the auction hammer while men stared blankly at unpainted walls and women wept, but they had not been friends of his. That was what made the Michael business hard. The Michaels were friends of his and he knew what people would say downtown.

Promptly at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, just a day after that fray by Welcome River, Mr. Cooper walked between the gateposts of the Michael driveway. Tommy could remember it perfectly because the day had marked a great event already.

That morning, after church, Tommy had told his mother everything that had happened on Warning Hill. She had led him into the old front parlor where Thomas Michael had so often stormed at Alfred, and Aunt Sarah had listened too. Aunt Sarah was sitting there like a distant reminder of something which was past, a gnarled old piece of furniture which had the gift of speech. Her hands moved mechanically at her knitting with an even, dogged skill. Aunt Sarah could carry the most elaborate stitches in her head knit one, purl one, knit three—so swiftly and so endlessly that every month Tommy would bring a package of Aunt Sarah's knitting to the dry-goods store for sale. All the time that Tommy spoke—in a loud tone so that she might hear—Aunt Sarah knitted.

"Hey?" Aunt Sarah would say occasionally, and Tommy would repeat politely the sentence he had said before, always with that suspicion that Aunt Sarah had heard him the first time well enough.

His mother had sat with her head bent forward, very thin and pale in her rusty alpaca dress, with her hands, reddened and chapped, folded tightly in her lap. Only once she interrupted:

"You are as good as any of them. Don't forget it, Tom."

When Tommy had finished, Aunt Sarah spoke: "Tell him the whole of it, Estelle. Only don't, for goodness' sake, be bitter, the way you always get. Ho-ho-ho! You're always bitter."

And Estelle Michael, her lips tight, her eyes dancing, told about the beach and how his father died.

"It was an accident," his mother had said, looking at Aunt Sarah hard.

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Yes, of course, it was an accident." And then she added a remark which others might have thought surprising: "You keep away from those Jelletts, Tom. They're a bad lot, and not the same as you. . . . Now, Estelle, why will you always be getting bitter?"

Tommy was thinking strange thoughts when Mr. Cooper came up the drive that Sunday afternoon, which seemed to scud across his mind like clouds across the sun. They were unpleasant and half formed, those thoughts—exactly like clouds mounting in the west before a heavy storm. When Tommy saw Mr. Cooper he put down his ax by the woodpile where he had been splitting stove wood, and came toward him.

Mr. Cooper was growing stouter and his head and face had changed little from earlier times. The skin was slightly looser, especially around the jaws, making the beginning of curious little wrinkles. Mr. Cooper had a large handkerchief in his hand, which he occasionally passed over his forehead

"Tom," said Mr. Cooper, "why did you sling that piece of mud at Mr. Jellett?"

"I didn't sling it," answered Tommy.

"Then who did?" asked Mr. Cooper. "Of course I said you didn't, understand?"

"So you've come about that?" said Tommy. "Well, I won't say."

"None of your sass, Tom," said Mr. Cooper. "Is your mother in?"

Already his mother had opened the old front door, and once they were in the hall, Mr. Cooper took her hand. "Estelle," he said, "you're looking dreadful ill."

Tommy looked quickly at his mother. But she seemed exactly as he had always remembered her, her face thin and transparently white, and her hands very slender.

"I'm well enough, I guess, Joe," his mother said.

Tommy had never seen Mr. Cooper look so oddly as he did in their dim front hall. His face had puckered in the strangest way and he kept looking at his mother.

"Estelle," he said, "why will you keep on with this when I—I ——"

It surprised Tommy to see his mother smile. She looked up at Mr. Cooper and her hand was still in his.

"Now, don't begin talking nonsense, Joe," she said. "It won't do a bit of good—for me."

Mr. Cooper rubbed his handkerchief across his forehead. He seemed very much disturbed. He still seemed disturbed when he entered the parlor and gazed at its tarnished lace curtains and at its rug worn full of holes. The parlor had been looking very badly lately, even Tommy could see. The water had leaked through the frames of one of the tall windows, causing a great piece of heavy wall paper to peel. The bottoms of several of the chairs were broken and the upholstery was badly frayed.

"My goodness," said Mr. Cooper, "I used to think this room was the grandest sort of place. . . . Good afternoon, Miss Michael!"

"Didn't expect to see me about, did you, Joe?" inquired Aunt Sarah. "Well, well, I'm not dead yet. I get up and downstairs every day."

(Continued on Page 95

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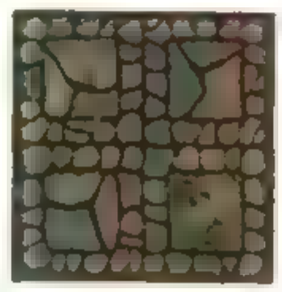

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PLAIN · INLAID · EMBOSSED · JASPE · PRINTED · ARABESQ and ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

(Continued from Page 93)

Aunt Sarah gave you the most creepy sort of feeling now and then. To Tommy, who had known her always, she was like the Michael house, devoid of any other personality except what lay beneath the leaking roof. She was a part of the house, speaking for everything else, telling when it all was new, even to the ornaments upon the mantel and the pictures of the Roman Forum on the wall.

"Yes, yes, I can recall you, Joe, playing in the garden with our Alfred. You used to stuff with cookies. You were a greedy boy."

Mr. Cooper endeavored to laugh. He sat down cautiously upon a wicker chair, which groaned protestingly beneath his weight.

"So I was," said Mr. Cooper, and when he began to speak he did it so rapidly that you might have thought he had learned everything he had to say exactly like a piece in school. The wrinkles on his face, Tommy saw, tightened and relaxed with every word.

"Times have changed a lot since then. I wonder if you know how much they've changed—gas lighting everywhere downtown, and an electric car line, and trains that only take an hour and a quarter to get you to New York. We used to be a sleepy sort of village. And now we're a suburb and"—Mr. Cooper nodded his head very slowly—"we can't stop it—none of us. I'm going to talk business. Do you want Tommy here?"

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah.

"Move nearer and speak louder," said Estelle Michael. "Yes, Tommy's old enough to stay. You've been kind to Tom, Joe. I don't know what we'd do if you hadn't given Tommy work."

Evidently Mr. Cooper felt averse to speaking louder. He drew out his handkerchief and mopped his head.

"I wish," he said, and his voice was different—"I wish you could see Mr. Jellett in a generous way, like you ought to."

"Hey?" Aunt Sarah set down her knitting. "Jellett? So that's why you've come. I thought that was why."

"Now, listen," Mr. Cooper spoke louder. "I've been a friend, haven't I? I've done my best because—because—it hurts to see good folks going down the hill. Look at this house; look at the grounds. You can't go on like this. I don't know how you do it, anyway—honestly I don't—when I know what you have to live on. Now, Estelle, I've come here as a friend today. You've got to believe I've come here as a friend."

"Yes," said Estelle Michael, "of course, I know you do."

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah suddenly. "I guess you'd be out talking to Estelle in the kitchen if it wasn't something else."

Tommy could understand only half of what they were saying, although he was eleven. The changing tones made more impression on him than the words.

"It's about that beach land up to Warning Hill. You can't keep it when Mr. Jellett's bound he'll have it." Tommy had noticed Mr. Cooper was prone to speak incorrectly when he became excited. As Mr. Cooper spoke he saw his mother's lips close tight. All around the room invisible strings seemed to tighten.

"Well," Aunt Sarah said, "you talk to me. I own that land."

Tommy was looking at his mother. A sharp little sigh slipped from her as if she had been hurt.

"Aunt Sarah," she said, "now won't you listen? Joe's doing his best."

"I'm listening," said Aunt Sarah. "You be quiet, Estelle!"

Aunt Sarah spoke as though his mother were a little girl; and just as though she were a little girl, she was quiet. She was afraid of Aunt Sarah, it seemed to Tommy, just as he was afraid; and Mr. Cooper, too, did not seem wholly at his best. Perhaps, as Tommy sometimes thought, he already knew that nothing could shake Aunt Sarah. When Mr. Cooper sat in his favorite room in the bank he was large and calm and cool, but now he did not seem to know exactly what to say.

"No, Miss Michael." Mr. Cooper cleared his throat as if something impeded his speech. "I know the way you look at it, but Mr. Jellett does not feel the same. He may not understand the way I do. He has too many other affairs to think about, but he means to do right. He came to see me yesterday and he sent me to say he'll give six thousand dollars for those two acres of beach. Now think of it, Miss Michael—six thousand dollars—and he says it is his last offer. Now think of it, Miss Michael. Alfred was ready to take five."

At the sound of such an enormous sum there was a silence in the Michael parlor. The old velvet hangings on the wall seemed to shake, and Tommy saw his mother's hand was trembling as she sat looking at him. He heard Mr. Cooper breathe deeply. There was a creaking in the hall outside, as old houses will sometimes creak, which sounded like a footstep. You could almost think that someone had stridden across the hall and was standing by the parlor door.

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah at length. "Six thousand dollars?"

"Now, Miss Michael." Mr. Cooper spoke hastily. "It's more than it is worth. You can't go wrong to take it. Think of Estelle, think of your grandnephew! Can't you forget a piece of spite, Miss Michael—or sentiment, if you want to call it that?"

Then his mother spoke suddenly—the first and only time that Tommy had ever known her to beseech.

"Can't you do it? Can't you? I'm so tired, and can't you think of Tom?"

"You be quiet, Estelle." Aunt Sarah's head tossed back. "You never cared for Alfred and that shows it! Don't it matter to you to have pride?"

She was not an old woman for a moment; her face was like old Thomas Michael's in the portrait by the stairs.

Now what made Mr. Cooper angry, Tommy did not guess, until, long afterward, he knew that Joe Cooper knew his mother years before. Perhaps he never rightly guessed the strain under which Mr. Cooper was laboring, or he might have forgiven Mr. Cooper out of charity for what he said, instead of remembering always, with bitterness fresh distilled, that it was Joe Cooper, with his fat red face, who rent the veil of illusion and tarnished everything Tommy thought was bright.

"Pride?" said Mr. Cooper. "Pride, is it?" Mr. Cooper was a coarse man whose life had made him coarser. "What you see to be proud of in Alfred Michael's more than I can guess. Why should you hang on to anything out of sentiment for him? What has he ever done for you except lose your money? What's he ever done?"

Aunt Sarah pulled herself forward in her chair. "You be quiet," she said. "We all knew Alfred, Joe—and Tommy's here."

Oh, the way that children learn! You cannot hide a truth from children without its appearing noiseless as a shadow at some unexpected time and striking with a careless angry word. Perhaps Joe Cooper would never have said it except for an old woman's stubbornness, but Tommy was bound to learn. Mr. Cooper was speaking of his father, yet nothing struck him down and no one said a word in his defense. That was the worst of it—no one said a word. His mother sat white-faced and silent. Aunt Sarah's thin blue-veined hands lay motionless on the arms of her chair.

"And what if Tommy is here?" Mr. Cooper cleared his throat again, and Tommy stood quietly on the torn old carpet, and his eyes were very wide. "Ain't it time he knew what his father was? I want to know why anyone should suffer out of sentiment for a man who never did a decent thing by anybody. Now, Miss Michael, I've been doing what I could. Mr. Jellett's offered you six thousand, and he's bound to have that beach. Won't you take it, ma'am? If Mr. Jellett wants something you can't stop him."

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "What'll he do if I don't sell?"

"If you don't sell, ma'am," Mr. Cooper had difficulty in keeping his voice pitched high, "he's going to make the town put it on sale. He knows there's five years back taxes on it."

"Ho-ho," said Aunt Sarah; "does he? I guess I know where he found that out. Well, he won't get it while I'm above the ground. I'll pay up the taxes. We can manage with what Tommy makes, I wouldn't wonder."

Mr. Cooper shifted his weight on his chair so that it creaked and drew out his handkerchief to mop his forehead.

"Miss Michael," he said, "I guess I can't keep Tommy any more."

"You can't?" Suddenly Tommy's mother spoke with that strange energy of hers whenever Tommy's name was mentioned. "What's wrong with Tom?"

When Mr. Cooper turned to face her he was very red indeed.

"He took the Jellett girl across in a boat, and he chucked a piece of mud right square at Mr. Jellett's neck, and Jellett found he was working in the bank. I couldn't keep him after that."

"You can't!" A bright spot stood out on his mother's cheeks. "And he put you up to getting rid of Tom? Haven't you spine enough to say you won't?"

There was nothing tired about Tommy's mother then. That flame of energy in her which was never quenched was so real to Tommy that he could feel the force of it, and a strength infinitely greater than his own seemed to hold him up. Estelle Michael was the one who gave Tommy his streak of hardness and his flash of fire.

"Now, here," Mr. Cooper wriggled in his chair. "Don't you see, Estelle? I've done what I could. I even paid him more than he was worth, and Jellett was mad enough, too, when he found it out. I can't go against Jellett. He controls the bank stock. You ought to know that. Jellett'll fix it so no one'll dare have Tom work for them, even if they want. He owns half the town, or can own it. You can't go against Jellett. Miss Michael, won't you listen to sense and sell that beach?"

Now there was a picture for you, blatant in its melodrama and ringing yet with a faint, far laughter of absurdity, for everyone was struggling with an oddly different thought. There was old Aunt Sarah Michael, standing for some sort of pride or tradition, or heaven knows what, as though the Michaels had anything really to be proud of. There was Tommy, facing something that was gone forever, knowing that all he had thought was nothing and that all he had believed was a misty sort of fancy. And there was Estelle Michael and the corpulent Joe Cooper, face to face with something else; and perhaps, though Tommy could only guess in later days, another hero was falling in the dust.

Aunt Sarah regarded Joe Cooper evenly through her spectacles and spoke in a level voice: "You tell Jellett that he don't get that beach from me while I'm above the ground."

Then Estelle Michael turned on Joe Cooper so quickly that he pushed back his chair.

"You yellow dog!" she said. Though her voice was low, there was an undercurrent in it that made it like wild laughter.

"Oh, say!" Poor Joe Cooper! He was never a valiant man. "Now, Estelle, it ain't my fault. I'm doing the best I can."

And so perhaps he was. But Estelle Michael leaned over him with both her hands tight clenched.

"You coward!" she said. "To help kick over my boy! Go and help starve us out! You leave the house, you double-dealing coward!"

Poor Joe Cooper! There was nothing left for him to do. He tried to explain, but what was the good in telling Estelle Michael that Grafton Jellett owned half the town, when Tommy was the one they hurt? As Joe Cooper left she slammed the door behind him and he never came back again. She slammed the door, but not so quickly that Tommy did not follow Mr. Cooper down the drive—a little boy, half out of breath, with round gray eyes. But Tommy did not feel like a little boy. He was out of the land of make-believe again.

"Is that true," he asked—"what you said?"

"About what?" Mr. Cooper stopped to look at him. After all, Joe Cooper had done the best he could.

"About—my father. It isn't true that he never did a decent thing?"

Mr. Cooper coughed. There was a whispering in the elm trees. The shadows of the leaves danced against the walls of that ugly square old house.

"Forget it, Tom," said Mr. Cooper. "Tom, I'm awful sorry for anything I said."

His gaze wandered to the overgrown bushes and the sagging shutters, and a score of little wrinkles creased and uncreased on his cheeks.

"It's shirt sleeves," said Mr. Cooper sententiously. "Shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations. . . . You forget it, Tom."

It was useless to ask him. Tommy Michael was not the forgetting kind. He sat by the old gateposts, as he had often sat before, watching Mr. Cooper vanish down that white and dusty road, toward that bridge over Welcome River. The bushes rattled in the breeze just as though another child might be near him, but Tommy had given up pretending. He was thinking of his father, an immense and kindly figure. He could remember little things—the sparkle of his watch chain and the sweet smell of tobacco smoke from that curiously carved pipe.

"Tommy," his father was saying—"Tommy, please don't cry."

Then he heard that rustling sound again, and it was louder than the wind. "Tommy," someone was saying—"Tommy!"

It was Mary Street, and not that boy he had once known. Mary Street, bareheaded and barefooted, with those dark, restless eyes of hers, as shy and unsubstantial as that child of make-believe. She must have been hiding, watching him all the time.

"Tom," said Mary, "I've been waiting for ever so long. Tell me what you saw, Tommy, up to Warning Hill."

In those last visions of a childhood that was fading it never seemed strange that Mary should come to hear of the strange and golden place. He knew, because he was still young enough not to be dull, that she thought of it too. In her mind, too, there was something that was bright; and Mary was trying, too, to reach that something. Perhaps he knew already that the curse of restlessness was on them both, pulling them forward from where they both belonged.

"It wasn't much," said Tommy; "only they're different from you and me."

"No," said Mary, "you're fooling, Tom. How do you mean it wasn't so much?"

How could Tommy tell her? He could not know how few adventures are very much when all is said and done. But he told her as best he could of that path lined with bushes cut like animals, and of the room with silver on the sideboard that might have been gold. Was there any wonder that Mary listened with her gaze very far away?

Her little hands tugged restlessly at an edge of her gingham dress and she nodded her head when Tommy finished.

"Tom," she said suddenly, "will you take me when you go again? I guess I don't want to think about it any more. I want to see it too."

Tommy Michael rested his chin upon his knees and shook his head. "No," said Tommy—"no, I'm not going any more."

All at once, grimly, he seemed to know the world and his own place in it. All at once he was dwarfed before a power and a magnificence which he could never touch.

"Look," said Mary softly, "here comes a carriage."

Sure enough, it was coming down the road. Tommy could hear the horses hoofs go slap-slap-slap. A victoria was coming, for there still were horses on Warning Hill. A pair of bay horses drew it, whose coats

(Continued on Page 98)

FREEZE WITH HEAT . . . THE ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR

Not a Whisper
not a single moving part

A TINY GAS FLAME *makes ice cubes, produces constant noiseless cold, without effort or thought on your part, and at a lower cost than you ever dreamed possible*

THE wonders of science have not ceased. Gas, long known to everyone as an efficient means of providing heat, now takes its place as the newest, simplest, least expensive means of providing cold.

The accepted, truly modern way to refrigerate today is to own an Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator, and let heat make your ice. You have no machinery to oil or care for. There are no moving parts, hence no wear, no vibration, no noise. Once you light the tiny gas flame, you have perfect, soundless cold, continuously, at a cost far lower than with any other system.

You can operate a sensitive radio set near the Electrolux without getting the slightest hum of interference. You can stand a dime on edge atop its solid, immovable surface. You can put your ear down close and you won't hear the slightest sound—not merely when the box is new, but as long as you have it.

Discovered at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, in 1922, the unique principle of the Electrolux has had six years of thorough testing and proving. It was operated in every climate, in actual use under every condition from tropic South America to arctic Northern Europe. It was refined and simplified, improved and perfected. Now all the long preliminary work is done. Electrolux is ready for use in your home.

The Kitchenette Model Electrolux. Ideal for the modern small kitchen. Makes 36 large ice cubes between meals. Food capacity 4 cubic feet.

Modern new apartment dwelling at 106th and Broadway, New York City, Electrolux-equipped like so many others.

Already it is a sensation, an assured success. Already it is revolutionizing the industry, causing old ideas about automatic refrigerators to be revised. In tens of thousands of homes, enthusiastic owners talk about the Electrolux in much the same way that a proud father talks of his first-born child.

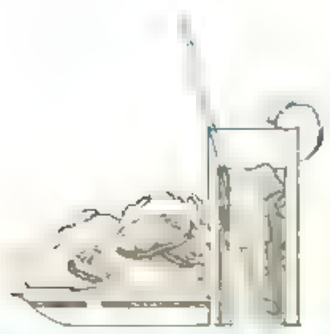
Architects, too, men who buy solely on a technical basis after making careful comparisons, are flocking to the Electrolux. They are choosing this refrigerator because of its noiselessness, freedom from trouble, long life and low operating cost. In the very newest, finest, smartest apartment houses all over the country—buildings of the New York-Park Avenue type—you will find this refrigerator being installed.

Seldom has the coming of a new product created greater interest. One reason for this is that men of science knew all along that the perfect refrigeration principle was not an idle dream. They knew that the non-mechanical box which made its own ice was a theoretical possibility. And for more than fifty years, or until 1922, these men tried unsuccessfully to perfect such a system.

Hence when the Electrolux was first announced, it was examined with more than ordinary care. It was gone over with microscopic thoroughness by architects,

# of Sound

This illustration, reproduced from an actual photograph, shows the little jet of flame that replaces all machinery in the Electrolux and produces cold—simply, noiselessly, endlessly.



engineers, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes and other authorities. In every case the result was the same — complete and final approval. Leading public utilities ran the Electrolux on tests for many months before deciding to sell it.

One of the most significant features of all this inspection is that no one has yet found any reason why the Electrolux should ever wear out. For there's no more movement, friction or wear to it than there is to your kitchen cupboard.

A tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water, a simple refrigerating liquid—that's about all there is to the Electrolux. The flame expands the liquid to vapor. The water condenses it back again. During this physical change, intense, even cold is produced. The action needs no attention whatsoever; it goes on in an endless cycle almost like perpetual motion.

Very little heat or water is required. The gas flame is not much bigger than a pilot light; the water a mere trickle. That is why the Electrolux is so extremely low in its operating cost. And when you consider that its first cost is no higher than that of other refrigerators and that it will last indefinitely, you can appreciate the economy of this refrigerator.

There is not a thing to renew or replace, ever, unless it be the inexpensive gas burner after years of use. The refrigerating liquid is permanently and hermetically sealed. The entire action is automatic. Once you light the flame the cold starts, and continues without let-up or any need for adjustment.

The gas flame burns continuously, unless you turn it out while you go away. Should the flame ever go out for some unexpected reason, no harm is done. The freezing action stops, but the flow of gas automatically shuts off. There is no danger that the gas will come on again until you are ready to light it.

LEFT—Here is the popular Hostess Model Electrolux. This size is plenty big enough for the small family, yet it takes up little room and is not in the way, even where space is limited. Has 5 cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes between meals. Overall dimensions, 25 3/8 in. wide, 25 3/8 in. deep, 50 1/16 in. high, with legs 55 in. high. The Hostess Model, like all Electrolux Refrigerators, is furnished in a choice of white or the two lovely color combinations for modern kitchens —Silver Grey and Crystal Green.

RIGHT—The Double Duty, an Electrolux model that is unique. This convenient refrigerator takes the place of a kitchen table. It is fitted with a white porcelain top that is at just the right working height. An excellent saver of space and steps. Freezes 40 large ice cubes; food space 5 cu. ft. 37 1/8 in. wide, 25 9/16 in. deep, 29 1/4 in. high, with legs 31 9/16 in. high.

Costs Less to Operate

Gas and water are not only relatively cheap, but the Electrolux uses just a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water. That is why the operating cost is ridiculously low. Ask your gas company or Electrolux dealer for exact figure in your particular locality.

With such a unit only the finest cabinet would do. So the Electrolux cabinet is built of the highest quality materials. A hardwood frame—screwed, not nailed, together. An exterior of rigid steel with a lacquer finish. Inner wall of rust-resisting Armco Ingot Iron finished with fused-on, vitreous porcelain, satin-smooth and seamless. The insulation is extra-thick cork. The hardware is heavy brass—chromium plated. Lines and proportions are unusually pleasing and attractive.

Until you see the Electrolux you have not seen perfect refrigeration. At the display rooms of your own gas company or other Electrolux distributor you will find a wide range of sizes and models. The Combination Electrolux and Gas Range in one unit, the Kitchenette Model for small apartments, the Mansion Model with two freezing units, and the space-saving Double Duty Electrolux that serves as a white enameled kitchen table, are particularly interesting.

All models are furnished in two beautiful color combinations in addition to white. These colors—Crystal Green and Silver Grey—are not plain ordinary flat colors. They are obtained by a special new "veiling" process whereby the lacquer is sprayed on in lovely contrasting veils or layers. This process is exclusive with Servel, Inc., the well-known manufacturers of the Electrolux Refrigerator. You must see these colors to appreciate how well they harmonize and how much they add to modern kitchen decoration.

You may buy the Electrolux on a convenient payment plan. A small deposit puts this refrigerator in your home to stay, with many months to pay the balance a little at a time.

Prices range from $225 to $550, f. o. b. Evansville, Ind., according to size. In addition to the usual manufactured gas, the Electrolux can be operated with Pyrofax tank gas, natural gas, or an electric heating element.

If not convenient to visit the Electrolux display in your own city, use the coupon below. It will bring you detailed illustrative literature. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

IMPORTANT—RETURN THIS COUPON TODAY

SERVEL SALES, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND.

Gentlemen: Without obligation to me, please send me, free, illustrated literature giving complete information about Electrolux.

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ELECTROLUX—THE GAS REFRIGERATOR

MADE BY SERVEL

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THE LARGEST SELLING QUALITY PENCIL IN THE WORLD
"It's the lead inside makes the VENUS glide."
Perfect for every purpose — Try them.
10¢ each
17 black degrees—3 copying
Plain ends - $1.00 per doz.
Rubber ends 1.20 per doz.
AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY
200 Fifth St., Hoboken, New Jersey
Makers of UNIQUE Thin Lead Colored Pencils. 20 colors-$1.00 per dozen

(Continued from Page 95)

were shining as brightly as the carriage wheels, as brightly as the top hat and buttons of the man who drove them. A lady and a little girl were in the carriage. The lady was in a billowing white dress which took up so much room that the little girl seemed crowded to one side. The lady was holding a sunshade above her head, twisting it carelessly this way and that. As she looked from side to side her eyes met Tommy's and lingered for a moment before she looked away. The little girl was looking too. Indeed, she turned half around as the carriage passed, slender, in a white frilly dress, with her hair straight down her back; all at once she smiled and quickly waved her hand.

"Oh," gasped Mary, "it's the girl you brought over in the boat! Lookit! She's waving again!"

Tommy could not explain what happened; he found that he was smiling also, and looking down the road, and Mary Street's eyes were very dark and very far away.

"Tom," said Mary, "you like her, Tom, and you'll go back. She knows you will. You'll go back some day and—and whether you go with me or not I'm going too!"

Now why should Mary Street have said a thing like that so very long ago? She saw the world in a strange clear way which was nearly always right. For after all it was always Marianne—cruel, willful, careless Marianne—with restless eyes and slender hands as restless as her thoughts. Yet Tommy Michael could not know that. He was too near to something which was inexorable and cold and strong.

"No," said Tommy, "I got other things to do, I guess. And didn't I tell you once? They're not like you and me." But even as he spoke his mind was on a painful, lonely path which a million others had also trod, without Tommy's even knowing. He hardly heard his own voice because of another voice.

"Tommy," his father was saying—"Tommy, please don't cry."

There was one thing he must do. It was absolutely clear, and it seemed so simple then, as all things did. As simple as the tasks of heroes, which were invariably met and conquered. He would have to be as strong as Mr. Jellett before he could have peace. He would have to start at once to be as strong as Mr. Jellett.

XIII

MR. COOPER was right in saying that no one would give Tommy work in Michael's Harbor, not the butchers, nor the grocers, whose business was growing large, nor Mr. Green, the druggist, with his brand-new soda-water fountain, nor anyone at all. That was how Tommy became a servant, as his mother chose to call it; his mother was as proud as Sarah Michael in her way.

The sequel to that Sunday afternoon stood out as another of those moments which have the quality of remaining clear in spite of time. The recollection of it sometimes made a lump rise in Tommy's throat, because he had been such a very little boy. There was the veranda of the Harbor Country Club and laughing talk and a clattering of dishes. And there he was in dirty shoes and stockings, plodding up the wide front steps from the carriage block, too innocent to know those steps were not for him. A thin man in black was hastening forward.

"Get to the caddy house where you belong," said the thin man. "Don't you know the rules?"

"Wait a minute, Charles," said a voice, and ever afterward it seemed to Tommy the kindest voice that he ever knew. "Never be too hasty, Charles. . . . Come here, boy. Don't you remember me?"

Tommy remembered surely enough. It was Mr. Simeon Danforth, sitting heavily before a round table on which were some teacups and tall glasses. Mr. Danforth did not smile, and Tommy liked him for it.

"Charles is always officious," said Mr. Danforth wearily. "Don't mind Charles. Sit down, boy, and don't think anyone is looking at you. Catch your breath. There isn't any prison sentence for walking up those steps. Have a cup of tea? Charles, pour out some tea for Mr. Michael."

Mr. Danforth did not laugh or even smile, but looked at Tommy soberly, with a weary, urbane countenance.

"Drink your tea," said Mr. Danforth, "and you'll be doing more than I've done for a long, long time. You don't think I'm making fun of you, do you, boy?"

"No, sir," Tommy said.

"That's right," said Mr. Danforth. "I don't want anybody to think I'd do that—and no one else will either while you're sitting at this table, understand?"

Mr. Danforth's hair was gray, but his eyebrows were very black, and they moved together as he spoke.

"Yes, sir," Tommy said.

"That's right," said Mr. Danforth. "Treat everybody decently. It won't do any harm. Now, boy, do you want to talk? What brought you here besides your shoes?"

"I'm looking for a job," said Tommy. "They won't give me one downtown."

"Oh," said Mr. Danforth, "so that's the game? Come on this way."

Mr. Danforth rose from the table and walked slowly down the steps. They walked down a path past a row of automobiles and then by a carriage shed where horses were waiting and coachmen lounged smoking in the sun.

Everywhere there were voices and a clattering of dishes in the kitchen. As early as that the Harbor Club had risen in all its gigantic shape from out of a hard-worked farming land to stand as a monument of something rather beyond one's grasp. For those were the days when one still wondered what such things were all about; and the idea of play was novel enough to set the vulgar laughing. Tommy could imagine what his Aunt Sarah would have said if she could have seen that enormous building of decorated shingles surrounded by broad piazzas.

"Do you know what this place is for?" inquired Mr. Danforth.

"No, sir," Tommy said.

"Well," said Mr. Danforth, "perhaps the less one knows the better. Come along."

Beside the path was a small house, like one of the fishing houses on Welcome River, standing in a grove of yellow pine trees. The door was open and Mr. Danforth walked inside, with Tommy following, and they were in a room not unlike Mr. Street's carpenter shop where he sat whittling duck decoys in the winter. In the full light of a window was a workbench with a vise and tools, and along the wall were a great many of those sticks that gentlemen carried in bags. A tiny little man in short trousers with a hard red face was looking over a driver, whistling between his teeth.

"'Morning," said Mr. Danforth. And that was Tommy's first sight of Mr. Duncan Ross, as good a hand as ever took a rich man's money. "How are the fairways?"

"Only moderate," said Mr. Ross, "and the greens is thick enough with worm casts so a good hoe couldn't clear them."

Mr. Ross wrinkled his face and winked in a way that made you want to laugh without knowing what there was to laugh about.

"Always give the members an excuse," said Mr. Ross, "and then they'll keep on trying."

"Here's a boy for you, Ross," Mr. Danforth slapped his hand on Tommy's shoulder, "to work in the shop; and, Ross, if anybody doesn't like him working here you let me know."

Mr. Ross rubbed his hands on the side of his trousers and the muscles rippled in his forearms.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Ross.

"That's all," said Mr. Danforth, "but let him loose on Monday afternoon. I want him to come sailing with me. Three o'clock sharp, boy. Walk right through the gate and ask for my house. The man'll let you through. And now, Michael, keep your tail up. Keep it up and wagging."

Without another word Simeon Danforth turned and strode out the door, and not until he was gone did Tommy remember that he had not thanked him. Curiously enough, through one of those odd complexities of a boy's mind, Tommy never thanked him in open words, but it may have been as well. He did not know till later that the finest deeds are the ones for which no thanks are given or expected, such as the careless help of tired men for boys in dusty shoes

Duncan Ross looked at Tommy with narrow eyes

"Well, laddie," said Mr. Ross, "I'm hoping you're not lazy, because I'll work it out of you if you stay here."

"No, sir," said Tommy, "I'm not lazy."

"That's it," said Mr. Ross. "Mind your manners and your 'sirs,' understand, when the toffs come to the links." Mr. Ross screwed his face into a little knot and winked his eye. "Have you ever read now The Legend of Montrose?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy. And when he answered, a lump rose in his throat. A picture of the room in the Michael house had come before him, with the rain pattering on the windowpanes, a friendly quiet room where even his mother seldom called him, where everything was dingy and yet still bright. "Yes, sir. We've got a library at home."

"Have you so?" said Mr. Ross. "Well, maybe, I'm not promising, but maybe we'll agree. Take hold of this now. No, no—with the thumbs around it so."

And for the first time in his life Tommy held a golf club in his hand. For the first time, without his knowing it, Tommy had walked with bowed head beneath a yoke of spears. But his mother knew it, with an illogical intuition all her own, when Tommy told her at supper, and her face grew very hard.

"Tommy," she said, "hold your spoon right and sit up straight." But she looked across the table at Aunt Sarah, who was stirring her cup of tea. It was a cloudy look, like smoke above a heap of wood before the flames burst through.

"I hope you're satisfied," she said.

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah, peering through her spectacles.

"I said"—and suddenly his mother's face was like the flames—"I hope you're satisfied to see your grandnephew turned into a servant."

"Hey?" said Aunt Sarah. "Nonsense! Blessed are the meek. Don't you forget that, Estelle. Ho-ho-ho! Why can't you be meek like me?"

Those were the days when one's elders could quote the Scriptures and do them up in cross-stitch suitable for framing.

It was all a background of words in Tommy's mind. For Tommy seldom listened. Aunt Sarah and his mother were forever wrangling; words were clashing in that house like broken china, fierce words of his mother's, and Aunt Sarah's answers, calm and biting, springing from a wrack of shattered hopes. It was just as well that Tommy took it all as part of every day and that his mind was on something else. Sitting at the table in the lamplight, he was thinking of Warning Hill and the garden, and the waves of Michael's Harbor danced before his eyes. There was a brightness to it too different from his life for Tommy to forget, and Marianne had waved to him and smiled.

"Where are you going, Tom?" said his mother.

"Downtown," said Tommy. But he was not. It was the first time he did not tell her the truth.

Looking back, it was so inevitable that Tommy wondered why he was so surprised at what happened that very morning when he was trudging up the road after looking for work in town. If he had known Marianne better he would have known it would not be the end, for Marianne was used to getting what she wanted. Ever since she was five years old Marianne knew how to skip gracefully along the pathways of deceit if they led her where she wished.

(Continued on Page 100)

The Refrigerator of the future
– *a product of General Electric Research*

Mechanism on top, hermetically sealed... never needs oiling, quiet, all steel, cannot warp... electrically operated.

$215 At the Factory

with conveniently spaced payments

The same group of engineers and scientists who perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator, now have designed and produced an *all-steel* refrigerator cabinet—the first all-steel refrigerator ever built!

It is a small-family model—entirely of steel—strong and durable as a safe. It hasn't a stick of wood in it. It cannot warp. No cold can seep out, no heat can creep in.

Tremendous effort was put into developing this revolutionary cabinet. Special presses and machines had to be designed and built. But all the effort and all the expense have been more than justified. General Electric has achieved its aim . . . to build the best refrigerator ever produced and offer it to the small families of America at a price well within their reach . . . $215 at the factory . . . with conveniently spaced payments.

Quantity production and the employment of the most efficient manufacturing methods have made this low price possible. Never before has any single refrigerator been built in such great quantities . . . never before has such high quality been available at such a low price.

You will readily understand why this has been called "the refrigerator of the future" when you examine it yourself and compare it carefully with all others. Be sure to see it. Dealers all over the country have it on display. Meanwhile just drop us a card for a descriptive booklet S-4. Address it to Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 98)

Tommy remembered, as he trudged along the road in the morning, that there was a sound of hoofs and wheels behind him which made him step aside. A buggy with one of those shining horses drew up beside him to a stop. A man in brass buttons was driving it.

"I say," he called in a singular voice—"I say, are you Master Michael? 'Ere then, catch 'old of this. It's from Miss Marianne. And don't say I delivered it. Don't say nothing, if you please."

The man in buttons gathered up the reins and the whip went snap. Tommy did not know, till later, he was Henry, one of the Jellett grooms, and probably Henry never realized that for once in his life he drove a chariot of destiny. Tommy was holding an envelope with his name—Thomas Michael—written across it in uncertain little letters.

For a long time Tommy kept that note safe beneath the paper in his upper bureau drawer, and later he kept it in his pocket until the paper parted where it folded. Whenever he read it he could think that Marianne was speaking through the dancing little letters, for it was so like Marianne.

Dear Tommy Michael: I think you're very strong and very nice. I believe I love you. I know I don't love anybody else. I want to play with you because there isn't anyone else to play with. Come down to that old house where you came in the boat tonight, and I'll steal some nuts and candy off the table. I can come down after bedtime, because Meachey won't dare stop me, or I'll tell mamma about her. I didn't mean to be mad. Here's a piece of my hair. Ladies give away their hair in books. Don't be afraid of papa. He won't catch you because he'll be with Meachey. Perhaps I can steal some ginger ale from the pantry, so please come, if you're not afraid. Yours truly,

MARIANNE.

And that was why Tommy came back to Warning Hill, in spite of all he said. Those last words—"if you're not afraid"—would have been enough to fetch him. Tommy Michael had enough of Alfred Michael's spirit to take a dare.

"It sort of looked," said Tommy Michael once, "as if it was always intended. I guess I was bound to forget."

He meant that he forgot in time that he was different from Marianne in the fair republic of adolescence. Everything was possible when they were boy and girl, whispering in the dark, on evenings when the wind was fair and the sky was clear. What would Grafton Jellett have said if he had heard them?

"Hello. I knew you'd come," said Marianne.

"How'd you know?" asked Tommy.

"Because people always do what I want. That's why," said Marianne.

Now everyone can guess what Marianne would want, for even as a little girl it was written in her eyes and lips. Marianne wanted ponies and dresses then, and caramels and little dogs with flapping ears and yelping barks. That providence which guides the destiny of restless little girls was bound to change the dogs to beings more exciting to control, both of fickle and faithful breeds, and Tommy would be one.

XIV

ALL that came to be left to Tommy Michael were pictures such as those, flashing bright from a haze of other days which were gone into some space behind forever, as the winds must go. Sometimes of a sunny day in some quiet place he could nearly hear their echo in the ceaseless hum of little living things like small, distant voices of forgotten years. From a distance those years seemed a peaceful time, for all that everything was changing, with new faces and new voices. The tapping of Aunt Sarah's cane would return on that thin air, and the memory of her voice, always fainter like a dying echo, telling of the greatness of the Michaels when the house was new.

"Tom!" It would be his mother's voice, filled with an energy that had always pushed him on. "Stand up straight, Tom, when you're walking down the road!"

"Tommy!" It would be Mal Street calling from that sad Elysium where vanished playmates go. "Pa says to git your gun. There's ducks out in the bay."

"Hist!" There would be Jim Street's whisper. "Keep your head down, Tommy. Don't shoot till I tell you when."

"Hey, Tom!" Out on the lot behind the school they would all be shouting. "Throw it this way!"

"Here, boy! What the devil's the matter? Don't you hear? I gave you my clubs yesterday."

"Aye!" Duncan Ross would be speaking. "You're learning the swing. It takes a working boy to make a golfer, Tom."

Voices and faces, and now and then sharp little lashes of pain, which would always smart and awaken a memory of indefinable injustice—those were all that were left to Tommy from his legacy of early youth; and with them was a loneliness, a lurking background of loneliness which never went away.

Yet, vague as it all came to be at last, like some land in the moving clouds, there was an order to everything which was most amazing. In the end it all seemed like a road, inevitable and straight, leading to something which Tommy realized it was always bound to reach; and somehow, no matter what the pain, there was something brave and bright.

Tommy was cleaning a bag of clubs on a wonderful new invention, a buffing wheel which ran by electricity. Bang, the club head would go against it and then the iron would be warm and smooth beneath his hand. Tommy was eighteen. Tommy's shirt was open at the neck; his arms were brown and bare; he wore an apron over his white duck trousers to keep them from the dirt. The duck trousers had been the idea of Mr. Ross.

"You're not a kid, now," Mr. Ross had said. "This is a course that's rated first-class, I'll let you know. How'll we sell our clubs, eh, if we're not dressed up to 'em?"

Mr. Ross was seated in a camp chair, thin still, and red of face, in an immaculate golfing costume, presented him by a leading dealer in athletic goods. That afternoon he was in the best of moods, and as he watched Tommy he winked and smiled, and still it almost made you laugh to see him wink.

"What I say," said Mr. Ross, "you must learn golf as a boy. It's an art—a great, fine art—that doesn't come with having the chauffeur drive the missis to a lesson. Now, man, you were just right when I got you. Eh, you still will press, though so did I at your age, and now I sell my clubs with Duncan Ross across 'em. Tommy, I'm giving you a graduation present. Listen to me now."

Two weeks ago Tommy had finished high school, and Duncan Ross had insisted on going to see him sit on the platform of the town-hall stage on that occasion. So had Charlie, who ran the club dining room, for the matter of that, and his mother, and even Aunt Sarah herself, although she was very old.

"Tomorrow," said Mr. Ross, "you put on your best clothes, Tom. There'll be an exhibition match, with all the toffs to see it. That smart chap, now, is coming from the Bayside Club."

Tommy shut off the electric wheel and turned to Duncan Ross.

"I guess you'll beat him," Tommy said. Now, a boy must have a hero. Tommy had come to guess that Duncan Ross could best anything that walked.

"Me?" said Duncan Ross, and winked. "I wouldn't soil a club for him. You're the one who'll play. Now don't be getting red, Tom. It's time the toffs see you play, with your living to make and that. Aye, and they like you too. Mr. Danforth himself was asking to see you play, and there now. And besides—besides, boy, you've been good and steady, and besides, they'll all say, 'Ross taught him.' See? Eh? Now mind you, all clean white with the new low shoes. Eh, well. . . . They'll take you for a toff."

Tommy Michael stood up straight, a good, clean, steady boy, as Duncan Ross had said. He was broader and taller by then, but still looked slender for his age.

"But," Tommy found himself stammering and struggling with a curious diffidence, although he had known for a long while that Duncan Ross would make him play sometime. Now why Tommy should have still been proud was something he often wondered, but still he was. It was not right. He knew it was not right to play a professional in front of Warning Hill. "But" Tommy stammered again—"but I'm not good enough for that."

Of course he could not tell Duncan Ross. Not for the world would he have hurt his feelings. And then all at once he realized what he was. How they would have laughed if they had known he hesitated. He was a club boy and nothing more.

"Gad," said Duncan Ross, "if you're not now, you never will be!" He looked at Tommy and wrinkled up his face. "You're too good to be a club cleaner. You're coming fine. You'll be my assistant with the lessons this year, Tom, and we'll be getting in another boy to help. Now don't be worrying, eh? You'll lick me in another year, let alone that poor inexpert chap who's coming up tomorrow, eh?"

Tommy gazed out the window where the first tee stood, with the turf below it rolling soft and green. There were lots of things he wished to say.

"I guess you're much too kind to me," he said. "I'll lick him if you say so."

Perhaps Duncan knew what Tommy was thinking, for as Duncan looked at Tommy his face twisted into little knots.

"Now—now ——" he began, but suddenly his tone changed to brisk subservience: "Good afternoon, miss! A club, miss? I've some fine new drivers now ——"

"No, I want a lesson, please."

"When, miss? . . . Tom, get the appointment book."

"When?" There was that same hint of laughter, as the immortals must have laughed when they visited the earth, and Tommy remembered it, or it may have been he had never forgotten. "When? Why, I want a lesson now!"

And she had always had what she wanted. You could tell it from her eyes; they were weary, almost, with having what she wanted. It was written on her delicate red mouth and in every little twist of her shoulders. She had not learned how to be still, and perhaps she never would—no, never. You might have thought that life had touched her with a restive spell that made her always want again.

"Sorry, miss"—Duncan Ross lived by rules—"it's after five ——"

He could not keep his eyes off her, although he was refusing. That was the way with men already. You wanted to tell Marianne to go to the devil, and yet ——

"But my assistant will do it," said Duncan Ross. "Tom, take off your apron and give the young lady half an hour, and mind you lock up when you get back."

"Yes," answered Tommy, "yes. . . . You're Marianne—Miss Jellett, I ought to say. Yes, I remember you."

She glanced at him quickly. Their eyes met and Tommy stumbled on a stone, and then she laughed.

"Call me Marianne! The way you used to. I don't care. I've been abroad at school, with Meachey to look out for me. Haven't you wondered where I've been?"

"I knew it," said Tommy. "I guess everybody knows about you fellers—people, I ought to say. I ——" Tommy stopped.

"You what?"

"I guess I've sort of wondered how you were."

"I was going to send you a letter once," said Marianne, "but then I didn't. I never thought you'd be so grown up. Do you remember how you used to come to play and no one knew it?"

"Yes," said Tommy; "yes, I never told."

"Neither did I. Wouldn't father have been furious? And no one ever knew."

"No," said Tommy, "no one ever knew."

"Except Meachey, and now you're going to teach me golf," said Marianne. "I never thought of that."

"I guess I never thought of it either," and Tommy Michael smiled.

They stood on the professional's tee. It was backed by a willow hedge and nothing was in front of them but a broad stretch of the links, empty and quiet in the slanting sun. Tommy took a pinch of moist sand from the box and looked at her again.

"What are you thinking about?" said Marianne, and he told her. There had been a whirling in his head, which stopped all at once, and he said what he had often thought.

"I was thinking about that," said Tommy. "I guess I ought never to have gone back. I don't know why I ever sailed over again, except I was lonely—and you waved to me going by in the carriage. I guess that's why. I didn't think I'd ever go ——" He stopped because something about her puzzled him and stilled his voice. "Well, have you ever played golf?"

"No," she answered, and gave a little sigh. "I ought to learn though; everybody ought to learn."

"All right," said Tommy. "Let's—let's see you try to hit the ball."

She took the driver in her slender little fingers. Her hair, he remembered, was done in a club in back, neither up nor down.

"Don't move your head," said Tommy. "Now!" . . .

"The devil!" said Marianne. She had not even hit the ball.

"All right!" said Tommy. He knelt before her with another pinch of sand. "Now try again, and listen to what I tell you."

Now who would have expected Marianne to listen? And as a matter of fact, he never told her. She was smiling at him, it seemed, from a very great distance.

"Tommy," said Marianne, "I think you're awfully nice."

"Who?" said Tommy. "Me?"

"Who else do you think? Tommy, let's see you do it."

Tommy was good to look at, standing with a driver. It was as pretty as a picture to see his body in perfect effortless rhythm, but only the discipline of his muscles made his club head meet the ball that afternoon. It was all as inevitable as that club falling in a perfect arc. Her eyes were different—alight with something new, shining with soft brilliance.

"Tommy," said Marianne, "stand behind me and take hold of my club, and perhaps I can do it too."

And then why should there have been any more to it when that was where the road had always led? The touch of her hand was enough, the touch of her shoulder against his and a bit of her hair that blew across his face. Nevertheless, it was as unreal as the wildest thought, and wholly out of reason. Marianne had dropped her driver and turned half around. He heard her draw a quick sharp breath as he stood motionless, his hands limp at his sides.

"Silly!" There was that laughter in her voice softer than any laughter he had ever heard. "Silly!" said Marianne. "Don't look so frightened. I wouldn't have let you if I hadn't wanted you to do it."

"You—you wanted me?" It was too incredible for Tommy to believe even when she had told him. It was as though he had sailed across another sea to another garden far more splendid than any made by man. There was music—oh, what music!—which took away his breath and made his blood like fire.

"Tommy," said Marianne, "you've got that boat?"

Tommy nodded because he could not speak. Mal, he knew, would let him have the boat again any time he wished.

"All right. I'll be on the beach. Now, hush!"

Marianne had ears, hidden though they were beneath her hair. Someone was walking toward the tee. She started swinging at

(Continued on Page 104)

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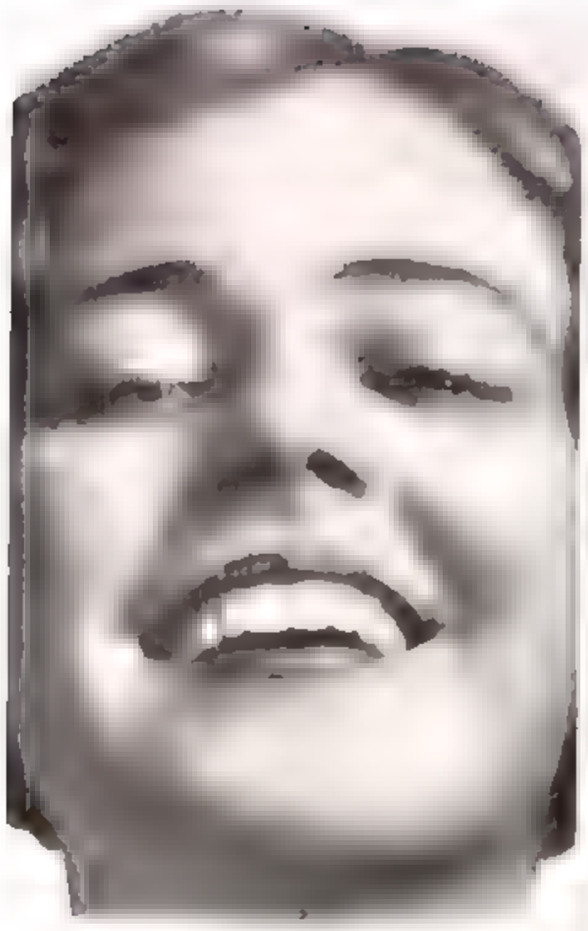

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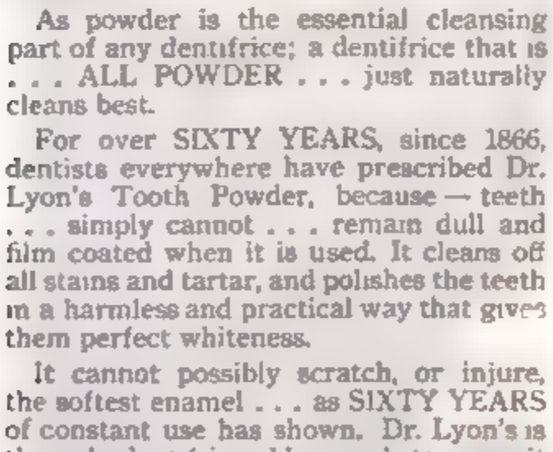

Established 1866

(Continued from Page 100)

the grass without bothering to look up, making sullen little stabs at the turf, because of course she knew who it was. From the path behind the willow bushes came a tall lady with wide brown eyes, in a dress so plain that her face was what one looked at. It was a face, even and regular, like that of a heroine in a steel engraving. Behind her walked a boy about Tommy's age, but not so tall. His face was plump and pale; his hair was sandy red.

"Marianne," said the lady, "it's time to go."

"Oh, all right, all right, Meachey." Marianne tossed down her club. "We're all through. Don't you know the professional's boy? He's Tommy Michael, Miss Meachey, and that's my brother Sherwood."

Miss Meachey held out her hand to Tommy. Her fingers when he touched them were very cold and light, and you might have thought she had known him for a very long while. She smiled the way someone might who had met a friend whose ways were quite familiar.

"I've always wanted to meet you," Miss Meachey said. "Always." But Tommy was too surprised to ask her why.

Tommy and Sherwood followed them up the path without speaking for a time.

"Don't it beat hell?" said Sherwood, at length, and looked at Tommy, scowling. "You must think I'm a hell of a feller, being dragged around by a governess. Well, it's not my fault, and of course I'm not really. I don't know why she stays. . . . Say, I hear you're going to play tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "but I'm not much. I wish "

"The blazes you're not," said Sherwood Jellett.

He was not surprised that Sherwood should be pleasant, because all the boys at the club had been nice to him of late, and Tommy knew why. He could play golf as none of them could play it, no matter how they tried.

"Say," said Sherwood, "do you want a drink?"

"No"—Tommy shook his head—"thanks just as much."

"Well," said Sherwood, "I always snap onto something when the old boy isn't around. . . . Say, do me a favor, will you? You know all the kids downtown."

Yes, Tommy knew them all. At any hour he could walk the Michael's Harbor streets and voices from porches would call, "Hi, Tom!" "'Evening, Tom!" They all liked Tommy Michael.

"Well, there's a girl down there—a peach—dark eyed, with wild hair, kind of. Her name's Street. Introduce me to her, will you, sometime?"

Now as Sherwood spoke, the queerest thing happened; something which Tommy never quite forgot. It seemed that something was touching him, drawing him away from a soft, warm light. For an instant everything was bleak and cold, and swans were geese and coaches pumpkins. He could not have been jealous. Of course it was not that. Yet he felt a sharp uneasiness that was almost resentment. He had never thought of Mary in that way before. It must have been someone else thinking of it first that startled him and made his color change. He thought of Mary looking at him as she sometimes did, her eyes dark and distant with a vague reproach.

It was over in a minute—a cloud across his thoughts, a twinge of uneasiness and she was gone.

At last the waters of his life were running, running, and his heart was beating fast, and "Marianne," his mind was saying—"Marianne." For he had kissed her. Yes, for just a beat of time Tommy Michael had held Marianne Jellett in his arms and had touched her lips, the lips of that fragile denizen of a land so far away. The utter naturalness of it was what made it beautiful. And she had not minded what he was. He knew she had not cared.

Up to the very doorway of the Michael house his mind kept saying "Marianne!" and the creaking boards were soft beneath his tread, and the slanting sun was bright on everything, with a soft warm light that seemed to rob the porch of its decrepitude and to make the windows shine as if everything inside was lighted and fires were burning on the hearths. Even the dark front hall seemed brighter as Tommy slammed the door. He knew Aunt Sarah would be waiting for him. She was always sitting in the parlor whenever he reached home, with her shawl about her shoulders, whether the day was hot or cold.

"Alfred!" Lately her voice had grown high and quavering, and now and then it had a strangely plaintive tone, like someone calling from the dark: "Alfred, are you back again?"

Tommy paused at the parlor doorway. His great-aunt sat motionless in a half light that strayed through yellowed lace curtains and vines before the windows.

"I'm Tommy," he said. "That's all, Aunt Sarah."

"Yes," said Aunt Sarah. "Yes, yes, of course. My mind keeps running back. I'd admire to know why my mind does keep running back. Ho-ho-ho! Sometimes it seems I was a girl and going again to dances, and this —— I'd admire to know why you slammed the door just the way Alfred slammed it when he came home. But I'm not underground yet. No, sir! I'm not underground."

"No," said Tommy; "no, Aunt Sarah, of course you're not."

"No," said Aunt Sarah. "And that's what I told the young man today. You were out. Of course you didn't know. A young man came to try to buy the house. Hey? Yes, to buy the house, and when I said no, he wanted the lower fields. Ho-ho-ho! I told him he couldn't have it till I was underground."

"The house?" cried Tommy.

He did not know why he should be shocked at such a piece of news, but somehow it was all he had—that house. It had been a part of him for so long, with all its chillness and its pain, that now the insolence of someone wanting to buy it filled him with a warm, dull anger. Aunt Sarah must have seen it. Now and then she had the strangest way of seeing. She reached out her hand and touched his sleeve.

"Don't worry," she said; "no one'll get it while I'm above the ground."

"No," said Tommy, "you bet they won't."

"Marianne," his mind kept saying. "Marianne," and he knew he could do anything. It was no time to think that the world was changing very fast and that carriages soon would be laid away and that all the life his father knew would soon be gone forever. "Marianne," his mind kept saying. "Marianne."

His mother was in the kitchen, bending over the stove, pale except for a touch of color in her cheeks. As she looked up quickly at his step she must have seen or felt somehow that he had changed, for when he kissed her she pushed him gently back. Her hands on his shoulders were very thin.

"What's the matter, Tom?" she asked, and Tommy Michael stopped, though his mind was saying "Marianne."

He had meant to tell her. He had always said that he meant to tell her everything. Yet, now that he came to do so, something made him stop, and he knew why. It came over him as he stood there in the middle of the kitchen that he had always been afraid of her and that he had never told her much, even when he was a little boy. Although he knew she cared for him more than for anything else, he could not speak for fear, he did not know of what. There was that gap between them which no parent can wholly bridge, that chasm between the generations where disillusion and hope converse in a tongue that neither can understand.

"Well," said Estelle Michael, "what is the matter? There's something. Can't you—won't you tell me, Tom?"

But he could not tell her a word about Marianne. "I'm going to play in a match tomorrow," he answered, "against the professional for the Bayside Club."

She drew a step away. "What?" Her voice grew sharp. "With everybody looking on as though you were an actor?"

"We've got to have the money, haven't we?" Tommy found himself stammering as he spoke. "I—I don't like it any better than you do, but I've got to do it."

If she had asked why he did not like it he could not have told, but she did not ask him. Instead, he was surprised to see her face soften into a pathetic eagerness.

"Don't you?" she asked. "Don't you like it really, Tom?"

"No," said Tommy, and then his mother threw her arms about his neck and held him very tight.

"Then I don't care!" How fiercely she spoke! "As long as you don't like it, I don't care. All I've tried to do, ever—all I've ever wanted for you to know is that you're as good as anybody else, Tom—as good as anybody else. Tommy, is that all? It isn't anything about that Mary Street?"

How she could have seen, heaven only knew. "No," said Tommy quickly; "no, there isn't anything about Mary. Of course not. Why?"

When it was too late Tommy could understand that eagerness. When it was all too late to make a difference, he, too, would know the hopelessness of watching over another life, soon to set its own course upon a cloudy sea. And then the recollection of his mother would return, sharp defined and poignant, robbed of her freshness and wistful, watching him with steady, anxious eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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COP-R-LOY is a refined copper alloyed steel. It traces its lineage to early Colonial days, when the Principio Furnace, which was the beginning of the Wheeling Steel Corporation, was erected in 1715. Thus the metallurgical experience acquired through more than two centuries of operation has been applied to the making of COP-R-LOY.

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EMERITUS

(Continued from Page 17)

Finn sighed. "About fifteen years ahead of you, as usual," he said. "Long before I actually got out of business I began to get ready for it. When I retired I'd learned how to get pleasure out of my leisure. Not that I'm very good at it. It takes a few generations to develop the real thing. But at least I know what to do with my time without being bored or sorry for myself, without having to sneak off in a corner and read the Washing Machine Gazette on the sly."

"Is that so?" Millard Slade was guiltily conscious of the presence, beside his pillow, of the latest issue of that publication. "All right. If you know all about it, tip me off! What's your recipe for being a happy loafer?"

"See?" Finn spread his hands. "You think it's as easy as that! Like a golf lesson! And what good does it do when the pro tells you just how he hits a ball three hundred yards? There isn't any short cut, Slade. It's not a question of getting a list of nice jolly games! You know them already—about all the things there are for a man like you to do. Golf, for instance, or bridge; traveling; books and theaters—unless you've equipped yourself with a hobby, like collecting glass or breeding Guernseys, say, you haven't got much choice. The trick is to get pleasure out of the few things there are to do. You can't learn that in a minute. Don't try to tell me you get any fun out of swatting away at a golf ball! Down in your heart you know it's ——"

"I suppose you get fun out of it, don't you?" challenged Slade. "I suppose you ——"

"I do," said Finn. "I've learned to dub around peacefully and enjoy the fresh air and the mild exercise and even the funny capers the ball cuts when I happen to hit it. I've found out how to enjoy a walk through the woods, without being in a sweat to get somewhere; to get fun out of fooling about with the evergreens I've planted around my place; to sit in front of a fatwood fire with a book; to stroll over to the hotel in the evening and talk casually with congenial people ——"

"I'll bet you enjoy that, anyhow," said Slade harshly. "And another grand game for you would be seeing how hard you can hate yourself!"

"All right—all right!" Finn displayed his first sign of irritation. "I've been trying to do you a kindness, but as usual you're too pig witted to realize it! Go ahead and find out for yourself! I give you six weeks at the outside—yes, sir, six weeks to give it up and sneak back, licked, to the only thing you know. Not that you know any too much about that, either!"

Slade turned away, chuckling. For some reason his spirits had appreciably risen. Also, under Jim Finn's patronizing condescensions resolution had crystallized in him. He was going to stay right here; he was going to like it. To these two things he found himself unchangeably committed.

He had declared that he was going to play Cedarcrest in the morning. For some reason the idea now seemed to possess a certain appeal; Millard Slade actually felt as if it might be fun to play golf—at Cedarcrest. He remembered that it was Mactavish who had given him the notion—Mactavish had frequently referred to Cedarcrest in a tone which now identified itself to Slade as wistful. He went back to the practice tee, where Miss Skinner's lesson had just reached its close.

"Say, Mac, how about driving over and playing Cedarcrest with me tomorrow instead of giving me a lesson on the tee here?"

"It'd be grand," said Mactavish, "but the way you've been talkin' about the game, Mr. Slade, I'm thinkin' you'd hardly want to pay me thirty-two dollars, let alone the hire of ——"

"Thirty-two what?" Millard Slade stared.

"That's the rule," said Mactavish. "I'd have to charge you the same as for lessons on the tee. If it was up to me I'd be glad to give you a discount, but the office ——"

"What's the office got to do with this?" demanded Slade.

"Oh, nothing, only that they get half of what I take in, that's all." Bitterness now revealed itself openly on Mactavish's face. "Half of every dollar I earn, and forty a week, out of what's left, for room and board! Forty a week, mind you!"

"So they even shake you down too!" Slade chuckled. "They've got it as highly organized as bootlegging, Miss Skinner! They ——"

"If we clubbed together," said Miss Skinner, "it wouldn't be so bad. And it would split the cost of the car too. Say twenty dollars apiece, at the outside."

"And still it's a downright steal!" said Millard Slade. "Twenty dollars for ——"

"Yes, it's a steal, of course. But I've been letting them rob me in hotel bills and club dues and locker rent and all"—Miss Skinner's lips straightened—"and so far I haven't found out where the fun comes in. I see lots of other people doing the same thing, and they act as if they liked it. So it occurred to me that perhaps if we took Mactavish over there and played around that course —— Mactavish says it's a splendid one, really."

"It's grand," said Mactavish. "If it wasn't for the office rules, I'd be glad to play it with you for—for next to nothing."

"I see what you mean." Slade nodded. "There might be something in it too. All right." He turned to Mactavish. "We'll pick you up at eight-thirty at the clubhouse, Mac."

Miss Skinner favored him with one of her queer, brief nods and moved toward the door of the women's locker room. Slade's gaze followed her interestedly.

He was still unable to guess of whom she kept reminding him, but this had become a minor mystery. He was more concerned now with the discovery that Miss Skinner felt very much as he did toward this complicated and disappointing matter of leisure. As he rode to the hotel in the bus he scarcely minded paying the cheaply exorbitant fare which usually annoyed him more than a major extortion. It seemed altogether probable to him that tomorrow might bring enlightenment as to the mysterious allure of golf; he was almost sure that for the first time he was going to enjoy it. His mood lifted. In spite of Jim Finn's disquieting cocksureness that he couldn't, he had begun already to adapt himself to leisure.

He was able to give himself proof, presently, of this progress. In his mailbox at the hotel desk a fat new copy of the Washing Machine Gazette waited confidently for him. Without so much as tearing the wrapper he dropped it into the wastebasket.

II

"TWENTY—black—even!"

A placid voice intoned the words; fingers, incredibly agile, measured out stacks of colored disks, swept in, sorted and stacked those of unlucky players.

Millard Slade looked on tolerantly. The game, he saw at a glance, was hopelessly one-sided against even the players who were intelligent enough not to make it worse by betting against themselves. He leaned back, a little conscious of his starched shirt bosom and stiff collar. Most of the men were in golf clothes, although their womankind had dolled themselves up to the limit. After this he'd know better than to bother with dinner clothes.

A game for idiots, of course. He caught himself in the act of harboring a sort of angry contempt. These people were right and Millard Slade was wrong; this was their world, in which he was alien, as helplessly out of place as they would have been in Slade's factory. Unmistakably they knew how to get excitement, yes, and pleasure, out of this sort of thing. It was up to Millard Slade to find out how they did it.

So far, at least, Jim Finn was right: Anybody could go through the motions of playing a game, but getting fun out of it was quite another thing. A doubt revived in Slade: Maybe, as Finn said, he'd waited too long. Old dogs weren't much good at new tricks. Maybe, in time, he might learn to like golf, but he was pretty sure he'd never get much fun out of roulette.

He came to his feet as Miss Skinner's cool, straight gaze met his above the crowd. In evening dress she seemed slightly more adequate, somehow, than in golf tweeds and sweater. Something set her quite definitely apart from the other women in the room, although to Slade's unlearned glance she was dressed very much as they were. It pleased him to feel that she was as out of place as he was. He made room for her almost eagerly on the divan.

"You don't play this game, do you, Miss Skinner?"

"I never saw it before I came down here."

The tone seemed to imply that even the negatively phrased question had been impertinent. He wondered again about her. She was alone at the hotel; except for himself, he was pretty sure she hadn't spoken to anybody else in the four days since her arrival.

"Neither did I," he said. "I come over here every night after supper and try to figure out where the fun of it comes in. As far as I can see, it's about as exciting as betting that water won't run downhill, but these people seem to like it."

Miss Skinner shrugged. It was clear that she shared his mystification; his sense of fellowship became more definite.

"It just beats me," he said. "Look at that old woman over there, will you? The one at the end of the table, I mean."

Her glance complied. The woman's snow-white hair was barbered like a boy's; her legs, crossed and agleam with silvery silk, were displayed with a curious effect of insolent intention. She smoked a cigarette in a long holder. Somehow it was clear to Millard Slade that the swart man at her side had been paid for bringing her here.

"Older than my grandmother was," he said, "the first I can remember of her."

Miss Skinner did not answer, but her silence seemed at least to countenance his going on.

"Used to help her with the wash," he said. "That's the first thing I can remember. Wooden tubs on the long bench by the kitchen door and grandma soshing wet clothes around in the suds. Her sleeves'd be rolled up. Whiter than that woman's, her arms were, and harder. A lot harder. I'd turn the wringer for her—used to have to stand up on a chair to reach the handle. Smell of yellow soap. Grandma singing hymns."

He stopped. "That's sort of funny too. It just strikes me that all the hymns used to be about getting to heaven and having a good, long rest. Grandma always used to make it sound kind of—kind of sufficient." He laughed softly. "I guess maybe that's where I started to get the wrong idea about heaven and rest."

Miss Skinner's glance flashed obliquely at him. Again, apologetically, he chuckled.

"All grandma asked for her heaven was a rocking-chair and a chance to sit in it. I guess that'd hardly satisfy that old lady over there. Have to furnish a jazz band and a roulette table and—what do they call those side-whiskered hired men—jiggolos?—to ——"

"H'm!" Miss Skinner's lips tightened. "I don't believe your grandmother would stay satisfied with a rocking-chair. She used to sing over her washing, did she? Well, then, it wouldn't be very long before she hunted around and found some celestial tubs and some shining robes that needed restarching, and ——"

He struck his thigh. "That's it! That's the catch in it! We—we get gold-bricked. Work our fingers to the bone so that some day we can lean back and take it easy, and then what? Why, we can't stand anything except the old rut and the old grind!" He shook his head. "You're dead right about grandma. Never struck me before, but if heaven turned out to be the kind of a place she was hoping for, she wouldn't stand it a week! No, ma'am! Don't know how you knew, but ——"

She laughed. "Oh, I know, thank you! I had to start earning my living when I was sixteen. I spent twenty-one years doing it, hardly even hoping that I'd ever get away from it. And then, when Mr. McVitty died ——"

"Oh!" Millard Slade straightened. He knew now. He'd seen Miss Skinner's picture several times. He glanced at her with a certain reviving doubt. She laughed shortly.

"Didn't you know who I was till then?"

"I thought—well, there was something about you that put me in mind of something—somebody ——"

"Well, I'm that Miss Skinner. I worked twenty years for Welch McVitty, and when he died he couldn't think of anybody else to leave his money to." She lifted her shoulders. "I took it. I'd have fought for it if there'd been anybody to fight. I didn't care about the talk, either. All I cared about was—was getting free. And"—she spread her hands—"and I am free—to play roulette, if I want to!"

He leaned toward her. "Look here. There's got to be something in it, Miss Skinner. It stands to reason it can't be as tiresome as it looks, or not even these folks could stand it. Golf too. You got to learn to like it—the same as olives."

"Perhaps." She seemed to consider the idea unfavorably. "Or else go back to your—your washtubs."

"No. That's what I thought, at first I'd have gone back to my business on tonight's train, if I hadn't run into"—he scowled—"a man I used to know; used to be in the same line I was. He's been living down here six or seven winters. Retired and sold out and settled down to take things easy."

"Like all these people," she suggested.

He shook his head. "No. That's just it. This man isn't like 'em. He—well, he used to be pretty much my kind. And he's managed to find out how to get fun out of doing nothing. Yes, sir! He might have been lying about all the rest of it, but that much of it was true. He's having a good time. And if he can do it, I can. Never tackled anything yet I couldn't beat him at."

Miss Skinner manifested signs of interest. "You're going to stick it out, then?"

"Yes," said Slade. "I'm going to have a better time than he does if it kills me! I'm going to find the fun in golf and—and even in this fool gambling game. It's got to be there or folks wouldn't keep playing it."

He rose. The white-haired woman and her companion had vacated their seats at the table. Resolutely Millard Slade approached the green board.

"Gimme a stack of checks," he commanded, putting a bill on the cloth.

"I'll take one too," announced Miss Skinner.

"Good for you!" said Millard Slade. "It's got to be here, somewheres. Le's go find it!"

He set himself to study the game. Already he had grasped the essentials. If you played it long enough, no matter how heavily luck favored you, the bank would win. Every time the marble rolled, the bank's advantage operated. No getting around that. As certain as compound interest. And yet —— He beckoned to a uniformed negro, who scuttled toward him,

(Continued on Page 110)

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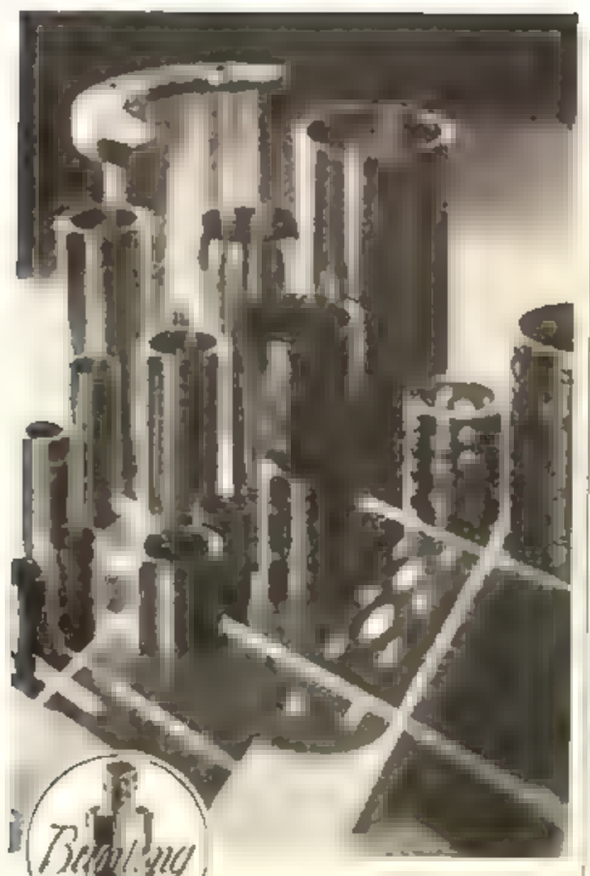

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(Continued from Page 107)

beaming, quivering with the earnestness of his desire to serve.

"Gimme a pad and pencil, Sam." He was aware of a slight self-approval for tipping the man a dollar. In this world you learned to commit just such follies as a matter of course. The downward quirk of Miss Skinner's lips did not disturb him. She was still trying to judge this topsy-turvy universe by the standards of the common-sense one that was far away beyond the pine-rimmed sand hills which bounded this winter shrine of idleness. He did not bet his chips; for twenty spins he contented himself with keeping track of the colors. Eleven reds, eight blacks, one zero.

"Generally run about even, red and black?" he asked the serene, gray-haired man beyond the wheel.

"In the end, absolutely, sir." The man smiled. "Of course you get runs, now and then. I rolled seventeen straight reds, once, myself."

"In how long?" demanded Slade.

"Twenty years." The man's smile became even more kindly. He looked like an amiable priest.

Millard Slade fiddled with his pencil. The odds were against you on any bet you could invent. He saw this too clearly to waste a moment's thought on intricate combinations. But suppose you could bet that the wheel would show no great partiality between the two colors—bet, in short, against the improbable instead of on it. He meditated. He'd always had a natural knack with figures. Suppose you varied your bets so that one win would always cancel two losses. In the long run not even the bank's percentage could beat you. The only thing that you had to be afraid of was a long run against you. Of course, if you kept on playing you'd be bound to run into that, sooner or later, but it wasn't likely to happen at the precise moment you chose to play.

He experimented with figures. Presently he began to play the red, betting the sum of the top and bottom numbers in a column of five figures, crossing both out if he won and, when he lost setting down the amount of his losing at the foot of the column. When all the numbers had been crossed out he was the winner by the sum of the original five digits, fifteen chips, starting with 1–2–3–4–5. Then he began all over again.

Twice there were short runs against him and he lost all his gains, bought more counters and rewon all he had lost, always plus that fixed increment of fifteen chips.

He explained the idea to Miss Skinner. She understood it instantly.

"I'll play the black," she announced. "If it works one way it's bound to work both."

He thought this over, saw that she was right. Slowly, in front of each of them, the neat cylinders of checks were multiplied. The croupier was benevolently amused at first; he had seen too many systems, he told them. Presently he beckoned to a comrade.

"I'm cold tonight, Joe. You roll 'em awhile."

A group gathered about them. Other players left their own game to watch. The thing wasn't possible, of course, and yet it was happening – two people betting against each other and against the zeros at every spin, and both winning!

Millard Slade suddenly pushed back his chair. "I'll cash in," he said.

There was some whispering between the croupiers. One of them departed, came back with a sheaf of new bills.

"Don't spend this, sir. We're just lending it to you, you know."

Slade chuckled. "You'll have to get it back a hundred at a time, then. That's all I'll ever bring in with me. And any time I'm five hundred ahead of you I'll quit, same as tonight."

"It's the one sure winner, that system." The croupier grinned. "If you can stick to it."

Slade pushed his way through the group of envious, awed spectators, clearing a path for Miss Skinner's dispassionate passage. At the doorway he came face to face with Jim Finn.

"Hahya?"

It was Finn, this time, who harshly compressed the formula of salutation. Against his careless, condescending disfavor Millard Slade entered a defiant mental defense. Already he had discovered that it was possible to extract a mild enjoyment out of a stupid game of pitch-and-toss. Finn had no right to look at him with that amused contempt.

"Not such a bad sport, after all," said Slade, "this roulette thing. Pretty good fun when you get the hang of it."

Finn glanced at him distrustfully. "Like it, do you? How much have you won?"

"Oh, not much." Slade shrugged his shoulders. "Just nicked the house for five hundred, that's all." It proved impossible to keep his tone and look wholly free of self-approval.

Finn laughed. "Oh, that's it, eh?" He seemed, for some reason, to be pleased. "Five hundred? It was five thousand, the way they were talking over at the hotel. So you're the bank-breaker, are you? All swelled up and joyful about hitting the wheel for some small change!" He clicked his tongue against his teeth. "Once a dollar-grubber, always a dollar-grubber!" He moved on without even waiting to observe the effect of the thrust.

Slade watched him go, a figure of gracious, effortless indolence, nodding to acquaintances here and there, pausing at the table to exchange a few words with the benevolent-looking croupier, unhurried, utterly at home in these hollow lotus lands. Envy and respect, all the stronger for the reluctance against which they forced an entrance, darkened Slade's thought. He moved, scowling, in pursuit of Miss Skinner. She was waiting just beyond the outer door, moonlight turning the light wrap to silver about her throat.

Long-leaf pines whispered; the Carolina night was trying to pretend that it was winter.

"That was fun, rather," said Miss Skinner.

"Liked it, did you?" Slade spoke dully. Dollar-grubber! And so he was! Finn was dead right. He'd only enjoyed that game because he'd won. Except for the winning it would have been, he perceived, a very tedious business

"Well," said Miss Skinner, "of course it was pretty tiresome, adding and counting and measuring up those chips, and we didn't win enough to get excited about as a matter of profit, but I kept thinking, right along, that it was the hotel that owned the gambling house and I was getting back most of the extras and tips and petty piracies that they've put over on me since I've been down here. I did get rather a pleasant feeling out of that. I do hate to be swindled!"

"I guess it's what you've got to expect, all the same, if you're going to live this kind of a life," said Millard Slade. "I gave that waiter a dollar for fetching me a pad and pencil. I'll bet you that he don't get home with that dollar, either! I'll bet you they go through that coon's pants every night and pinch every tip he's collected, same as the hat-check graft in New York!" He shook his head gloomily. "There I go again. Always thinking about the money end of it. Jim Finn was right when he called me a dollar-grubber. I am."

"Was that the man who spoke to you as we came out?" Miss Skinner was interested. "I mean was he the one you said had learned to like this sort of thing?"

"Yes. And he does too. I don't know why I'm so sure of it, but I am. He's having one whale of a good time, Miss Skinner; and ten years ago if he ever had a thought outside the crookedest end of the washing-machine game, I'm ——"

"I know. But it's true that he's enjoying life." She spoke deliberately. "He was the only man in that room that looked as if he was really—really getting a thrill out of being alive. And if he can get a thrill out of doing nothing ——"

"I can get a bigger one," said Millard Slade with conviction, "out of doing less. And so can you, Miss Skinner."

"I wonder." They had come into the tempered lights of the broad lobby of the hotel. She paused and faced him, her brows drawn a little together.

"You don't need to wonder," said Slade. "Look here, we got a date to play golf tomorrow, haven't we? Well, I want to say right here and now that I'm going over there with my mind made up to enjoy it! And if you go at it in that spirit, Miss Skinner, just the same as you'd put your mind to any other kind of a—kind of a problem, why, you can enjoy it too."

She seemed impressed. "It sounds reasonable," she admitted. "I'll try it, anyway, and see."

III

"IT'S got the makin's of a grand little course," said Mactavish, for the eighth time. He clicked his tongue against wistful teeth. "It fair makes my hands itch. There isn't one hole over at Summerhills to touch that sixteenth. All it needs is ——"

"Well," said Millard Slade, "whatever else it needs, I'd say it had better begin with some customers. All the way round we've seen just two matches."

"Yes. And if there'd been any more they'd have gone through us, too," said Mactavish. "It's a sin and shame! A course like this and nobody to play it, and over yonder at Summerhills they're policing the courses to keep 'em from stepping on each other's feet! If ——"

"What's the answer, then?" Slade, pausing on a low knoll, cast an inquiring eye on a benignant landscape. Miss Skinner, at the foot of the rise, stalked grimly after a patient ball.

"No money," said Mactavish, "and less brains. These penny pinchers over here wouldn't spend a nickel if they had it, and wouldn't know how to spend it if they could uncurl their fingers. There's three of them own the links—the horse doctor and a lad that runs a place he calls a hotel, and the native that sold 'em the land. They unbelted enough to clear the fairways and build the greens, because they watched the way the coin rolls in over yonder at Summerhills till their mouths watered in their sleep, but that's as far as they'll go. Eighteen holes of as grand potential golf as you'll find this side of the water, and not even a pro to make a—to look after it!"

Miss Skinner emitted a shrill sound. Lifting his head, Millard Slade witnessed the miracle. Her ball, descending at the margin of the sand green, scuttled, back-pedaling viciously, to the cup. Plop!

Millard Slade lifted a generous, applauding shout and, inspired by example, contrived to top his own shot just enough to halt it at the edge of the green, whence four admirable putts sufficed to persuade it to the cup.

"There," he said, as they walked toward the waiting livery car. "I told you I was going to enjoy that, and I did –in spite of my hands." He exhibited a new blister rising splendidly from the ruins of more ancient ones.

Miss Skinner nodded. "It was sensible to come over here," she said. "Playing the way we do we really need a course almost to ourselves. It didn't seem like the same game at all, at Summerhills. I'm going to play over here right along."

"I guess I will too." Millard Slade glanced unkindly at the car provided, at ten dollars an hour, by the Summerhills Garage. "I'll buy a car of my own though."

Mactavish, pocketing thirty-two dollars, became a prey to conflicting emotions. "Here it comes," he said, "and there it goes! Sixteen dollars for—for those blood squeezers! If I had my way I'd leave you have the lesson at half price."

Miss Skinner's eyes narrowed. "That's not such a bad idea, either," she said. "Mr. Slade and I were thinking of playing over here right along, and of course there won't be anybody here to give us lessons. But suppose we hired you, between us—you

(Continued on Page 112)

STARTLING NEWS *about a* NEW PRODUCT

A Surprise Result
in care of your teeth

Twofold polishing* (not scouring) *in a delightful tooth paste that combines results everyone desires

ANNOUNCED BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS DR. WEST'S TOOTH BRUSH

FOR YEARS good dentifrices have sought to make teeth brighter; some to refresh the mouth; some to correct wrong conditions; all to cleanse.

Now a delightful modern tooth paste combines these results—acts quickly and positively... And adds unusual polishing, brightening action that will surprise and delight you.

Two gentle polishing agents

Each time you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste a twofold polishing action cleanses away stains, and deposits. And restores the enamel's *natural* smoothness and brilliance—by gentle polishing, *not* scouring. Two beneficial polishing agents—the finest known—are blended to do this.

Instant coolness refreshes your mouth—by a careful blend of choicest flavors. Children love this "taste." Smokers find it particularly welcome. And it *lasts*.

Gums are invigorated, protected. No harsh particles are left to lodge under sensitive gum-edges.

Pure vegetable cleansing agents dissolve and remove sticky deposits left by saliva and foods. So generous and active is this paste, in use, that every crevice is washed thoroughly clean. Acid mouth-conditions are neutralized—by pure milk of magnesia. *These combined results are complete and positive within a few seconds.* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste was made to meet the requirements of hurried modern habits.

Your present dentifrice may be a good one. But the results combined in this most modern tooth paste may surprise you. It is worth trying. For your teeth are worth the *best* care.

DR. WEST'S Tooth Brush modernized care of the teeth—and won millions by the results it gave. People urged us to provide a dentifrice as good. DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste is the result; solidly backed by our name, reputation, and resources, (valued at millions of dollars).

Try it (we have arranged a test at our expense). Perhaps you will find a new idea of how quickly teeth may be brightened—and of new well-being for mouth and gums. Let actual results tell you. THE WESTERN COMPANY, *Chicago, U. S. A.*

TO GET A TUBE FREE

(Full 25c size, *not* a "sample")

Go now to your favorite store. Purchase a DR. WEST'S Tooth Brush. You will receive, FREE, a full 25c tube of this delightful modern tooth paste

Brush your teeth with it just once. Compare results with the dentifrice you now favor. You may find a delightful surprise. (This offer good in Canada, also.)

Dr. West's Tooth Paste

An advance as great as the famous tooth brush—which has won millions by results

© 1929, W. B. M. Co

(Continued from Page 110)

wouldn't have to divide with the Summerhills management and you could board where you liked. It wouldn't cost you any forty a week, either, would it?"

"It would not," said Mactavish fervently. "Ma'am, it's about ruined my digestion tryin' to eat up to half the money's worth!"

"We'd all be better off," said Miss Skinner. "I can't have a happy moment as long as I think I'm being cheated. That's one reason I've had such a good time this morning. Let's figure the thing up."

By the time the car turned in at the Summerhills clubhouse, the bargain was sealed. Mactavish, still averring that he would be the loser, descended with a glittering eye. Millard Slade, following Miss Skinner into the hotel, enjoyed a strong conviction of having admirably combined business and pleasure. The sensation endured until, just after a late luncheon, he encountered Jim Finn. Instantly, as the man passed him, Slade was aware of inferiority; he had, to be sure, achieved a little; he had derived an actual pleasure from his morning's golf and he was justifiably in good humor with himself, too, as regarded the future, but one glance at Finn's face made these things seem trivial, petty. Here was a man who was at the heart of the secret.

Finn went by quickly, without speech, acknowledging Slade's presence only by a slight, impatient scowl. Somehow this frown confirmed Slade's certainty that Jim Finn was really happy. Only a happy man, he felt, could possibly have scowled like that. He shut his teeth upon a freshening resolve; one of these days Millard Slade was going to scowl just as happily!

IV

"THE point is," said Millard Slade ominously, "the point is—unless something's done about this hotel there's no kind of use trying to get any pleasure out of living here in Cedarcrest."

Miss Skinner's fingers drummed little dabbing stabs on the arm of her chair, but she did not speak. Dimly, for the hundredth time, she reminded Millard Slade of somebody. He paused, as usual, in a futile effort to identify the resemblance.

"We came over here to enjoy ourselves," he resumed. "We've gone to quite a lot of trouble and expense just so as to get a good time."

"Well," said Miss Skinner curtly, "what's your idea about the hotel? I'm ready to agree that it's no use trying to be comfortable there, but ——"

"Not as long as Quinn owns it, no," said Slade. "But suppose we owned it? Eh?"

Miss Skinner frowned. "Quinn won't take less than twenty-two five for it," she said. "And we've already spent ——"

Slade made a dismissing gesture. "What do we care what we've spent, as long as we've got what we wanted? What else is money good for than to swap for something you'd sooner have? I've come a whole lot nearer getting my money's worth over here, playing on my own golf course, than I ever did out of playing over at Summerhills, where it only cost me five dollars a day. I'm not a bit sorry we bought that course. It was the only way to have it run right. And the only way to enjoy owning it and having it run to suit us is to live over here. Summerhills is too far away, and besides, you know how it used to spoil things, over there, the way they stung you for everything. So I say let's buy out Quinn and hire somebody to run the hotel right. The sooner we get it fixed up the quicker we can settle down and get some fun out of things."

"All right." Miss Skinner shrugged her shoulders. "It's not a bad notion. The hotel would make money if it were properly run—especially now that we've got eighteen holes of first-rate golf within a quarter mile of the front door. Quinn doesn't realize what it's worth. I can get Mr. Fenlow, over at Summerhills, to take hold of it. He's tired of working for those people and he's a first-rate man."

"Fine," said Millard Slade. "Let's go ahead and close up the deal right away." He moved toward the new log clubhouse that crowned the low knoll above the little pond. "I've got to see Mactavish about two or three things, Miss Skinner. Suppose you see Quinn and settle with him, and then we can run over to Summerhills and see Fenlow."

"All right." She spoke cheerfully, and as she walked beside him toward the row of cars that were parked in the shadow of the clubhouse, Millard Slade was conscious of a distinct lessening of spiritual angularity in her.

"We'll have a good time before we're done with this thing," he declared. "I know we're spending a lot of money, but ——"

"What does it matter," she said, "as long as we're happy? I don't know about you, Mr. Slade, but as for me, I'm beginning to understand this game of doing nothing and liking it. If it keeps up this way I'm going to have as good a time as your friend Jim Finn himself."

Slade's face went under a cloud. "We can do anything he can," he said, "and do it better." He paused. "But he is enjoying life, dog-gone him! I saw him this morning and he certainly made me feel sort of cheap. I've been having a good time, but not his kind. No, sir. He's a long way ahead of me at this game."

"Where'd you see him?" demanded Miss Skinner.

"Over at Summerhills. Had to go over to get a check cashed, and Jim was just coming out of the bank when I went in." He frowned. "He didn't say a word—just sort of flickered an eye at me and went right on past me." The frown deepened. "It's certainly a nuisance, having to drive clear over to Summerhills every time we have to cash a check. We ought to have a bank right here in Cedarcrest, Miss Skinner. This town's plenty big enough to have one."

She nodded. "When the hotel's running properly and people begin coming down here to play our course we'll probably have to have one. And another thing; there's a lot of awfully cheap land for sale around here. Wouldn't it be just as well to pick up some of it before people get any idea that there's a boom starting?"

"A boom?" Slade scowled. "What makes you think ——"

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's almost certain to set things moving a little faster, what we've done here, and what we're going to do now. If we don't take steps to control the land around us somebody else will jump in, one of these days, and start one of these cheap, strong-arm developments right under our noses."

"Something in that." He thought it over. "We'll get hold of Fess Durie right after supper and start him out after options."

He watched her, as she drove away, with a recurring conviction that she reminded him of somebody. He could not identify the association but, as he went in to look over blue prints with Mactavish, he was aware, at least, that it was pleasant.

V

IN THE latest addition to the clubhouse there was a room set aside for the convenience of the president. Here, with a fatwood blaze hissing merrily in the wide hearth, Millard Slade addressed himself earnestly to his nephew.

"It's a lot harder than it looks, Eddie. When you come right down to it, leisure's a regular science, or maybe you might better call it an art. Yeah, that's what it is—the newest and—and most mysterious of the arts, Ed. And the thing to do is to start in to learn it while you're young, instead of taking it for granted that you know all about it, the way I did."

Eddie chuckled. "You seem to have made out pretty well," he said. "I didn't expect you'd manage to keep away from the office for more than a couple of weeks at the outside, and here it is two years since you've been near the place!"

"Oh," said Slade, "anybody can quit. The trouble is learning to like it. A man's got to train himself gradually, Ed, so that he can get pleasure out of idleness. It's a lot harder than it looks—having a good time without having anything to do."

"Well, you certainly look to me as if you were having one bully time," declared Eddie. "Say, Uncle Millard, let's go out and shoot a bit of golf. I hear you've got one of the neatest little courses this side of Summerhills."

"Summerhills!" Millard Slade spoke with just indignation. "Why, let me tell you, Ed, they haven't got any golf over there that's fit to be mentioned in the same sentence with Cedarcrest! And not only that, but this new inn we've got here puts it all over the hotel at Summerhills—yes, sir, all over it like a tent, any way you look at it! And you take water supply, Ed; why, compared to the water-supply system we've got here at Cedarcrest they might as well be hauling water from a crick, over yonder. And right this morning I got a date with an architect to go over plans for a picture theater that'll make that rattletrap shanty they call the Summerhills Theater look like nothing at all, Ed! And you take real-estate values too. No better way to find out what's what about winter resorts than real-estate values!"

"Well, well," said Eddie Dole. "It certainly sounds like a first-rate place to come to when it's time for me to quit work and have some fun. And that reminds me—how about some golf, Uncle Millard? I got to go back tomorrow night, you know, and ——"

"I can't go out right now," said Millard Slade. "I got to stay in here and see this architect, you see, and there's two-three other things I ought to 'tend to. But I'll have our club secretary fix you up a match. You're right to remind me, Ed—I'm so used to having nothing to do myself that I'm apt to forget the way you tired business men look at things."

He went to the door. At his summons Mactavish abruptly terminated a low-voiced debate with a dogged-looking fellow craftsman. He came briskly toward Millard Slade, indignation in face and voice.

"Here's a pretty thing, Mr. Slade! Here's young Alex McLeish askin' for half what he takes in on the teachin' tee! Half, mind you! But I told him, all right!"

Millard Slade shook his head. "This is my nephew, Mac. Fix up a good match for him, will you? He's only here for a couple of days and I want him to enjoy himself as much as possible." He smiled. "I've been trying to tell him he'd better learn to like golf now while he's young, instead of waiting, the way I did, till ——"

Mactavish, shaking hands with Eddie Dole, clicked his tongue heartily in his cheek. "Maybe you were late beginnin'," he said, addressing Millard Slade, "but I'm bound to say that you came closer to graspin' the essential spirit of golf than anybody else I ever tried to teach." He turned to Eddie. "It's a mistake," he said, "to consider golf as no more than just a game, Mr. Dole. To get at the real grandness of it you have to look at it as ——"

"I know," said Eddie. "It's a science, all right!"

"Science!" Mactavish refused the feeble word "Man, golf's more than that! It's a" his glance shifted to the window, beyond which on the two practice tees, young Mr. McLeish and another professional dourly supervised the earnest endeavors of their pupils—"man," he said reverently, "I'm tellin' you golf's a business!"

He ascertained Eddie's home-club handicap.

"Wait here," he said. "I know just the man for you, if he's not gone out. I'll have a look for him in the locker room."

He disappeared. Eddie exposed his back to the affable fatwood fire.

"Ever see anything of Jim Finn, Uncle Millard?"

Millard Slade's face became unwillingly respectful. "Now and then," he said. "He's living over at Summerhills, Eddie, you know." He paused. "There's the real artist for you! My hat's certainly off to Finn. He's the one that taught me all I know about this loafing business."

Eddie Dole opened wide eyes. "Loafing? Jim Finn? That's a hot one!"

"You're thinking of the way he used to be in the old days," said Slade. "You wouldn't know Jim now, Eddie. If you think I'm good at this gentleman-of-leisure thing, you ought to see Jim Finn. He ——"

"If he's a gentleman of leisure," said Eddie, "then I'm a little Swedish girl named Feinstein! Jim Finn? Are you trying to string me, or what?"

"He's the real thing," said Millard Slade. "All I've done is just try to imitate him, Ed."

"Then," said Dole, "you must be working about sixteen hours a day, that's all! Mean to tell me you don't know that Jim Finn owns Summerhills, lock, stock and money barrel? Mean to say that old pirate has been able to work his graft over there and keep it under cover? Why, young Jim was bragging to me, just the other day, that the old man was cleaning up a bigger net profit out of Summerhills than he'd ever made out of the washing-machine game in the old days. And you tell me ——"

Millard Slade, his ears full of the crash of shattering idols, ceased to listen. He did not doubt. A hundred little evidences confirmed what Eddie said. He might have known; people like Jim Finn didn't change; leopards kept their spots and a moneygrubber was a moneygrubber till he died!

He clicked his tongue against his teeth almost compassionately. "Poor old Jim!" he said. "Poor old dollar-grabbing —— It's pitiful, Eddie. Yes, sir, I'm kind of sorry to hear it."

Mactavish returned. "I've got a match for you, Mr. Dole, but I wouldn't advise you do much bettin'. You see, it's like this ——"

The voices died away. Millard Slade seemed to grope his way out to his car, to drive through a blur of fog down to the new inn, to stumble by blind man's instinct into the private office behind the elevator shaft. Here, suddenly, his vision cleared. Miss Skinner, glancing up from the whirring office phonograph, smiled a crisp welcome.

He told her his news. She listened, her fingers making, above the sheaf of letters on the desk at her elbow, the curious little darting stabbing movements which always stirred in Millard Slade that vague, perplexing sense of having known her in some previous existence.

As always, too, they served to clear and quicken his mental processes. He saw plainly, now, that his success in this art in which Jim Finn had failed had not been gained by his own unaided hand. Without Miss Skinner he mightn't have turned out to be any more of a gentleman of happy leisure than poor Jim Finn himself!

Endeavoring to put this thought into words, he found himself hesitating. Miss Skinner's pencil point stabbed and darted above her letters and suddenly Millard Slade remembered! Every good stenographer he'd ever had would make those queer little motions above a notebook as she waited upon his plodding dictation! Always he'd found it a kind of spur, a stimulating, prompting influence. That was what he'd always liked about Miss Skinner!

It came home to him that a man couldn't do anything very well unless he had behind him a first-rate private secretary. That was the real secret of Millard Slade's successful conquest of leisure, the reason why poor Jim Finn had failed.

No, sir! You couldn't do anything as well as it ought to be done unless you had a good, loyal, competent woman backing you up. You couldn't work, you couldn't play, you couldn't loaf, you couldn't —— It became evident to Millard Slade that you couldn't even live!

Miss Skinner's pencil described more of its funny little impatient darts and stabs, and, thus admonished and inspirited, Millard Slade found speech.

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!

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It never gets into the newspapers. Reformers don't make it an issue. But it probably causes more unhappiness than trumping the little wife's ace!

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By automatically *stropping* each blade before each shave —just as barbers do—this wonder-razor smooths out the agonizing needle points that cause shaving torture. It's the only razor that strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

A couple of flips on the strop—and you have an edge so keen that even the toughest stubble gives up in dismay! Gone are the sting and smart. Gone is the fear of scraping. Each stroke is sure, clean, slick. And cool as a mountain spring. You get through faster . . . your shave lasts longer . . . your face looks better—and feels it!

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Complete with strop and ten blades.
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Success is always interesting. And when a long-established business, after 20 years of steady and notable progress, suddenly bounds ahead to an increase of 60% over the previous year, the facts are worth telling and worth reading.

This truly sensational growth in HUPMOBILE sales has a definite explanation. It came with the birth of the New Century cars. A new-type car that met the ideals of two types of minds . . . the feminine and the masculine. A car with an equal appeal to both sides of the family. To the motor-posted male mind, there never has been any question about HUPMOBILE mechanical quality. For 20 years men have used the word "Hupmobility" as a synonym for never-failing motor car integrity. But with the advent of the New Century cars, HUPMOBILE acquired a new recognition. A nation-wide acceptance as the mentor of the motor car mode. Surpassing the richest HUPMOBILE traditions for mechanical excellence, the New Century cars . . . both the Six and the Eight . . . expressed a new and finer art in motor car smartness and beauty. So, today, in the typical American family, he and she are agreed. His car of matchless deed is her car of unrivaled dash. For the HUPMOBILE has been made to look as good as it is! The CENTURY SIX . . . $1345 to $1645. The CENTURY EIGHT . . . $1825 to $2625. Standard and custom . . . All prices f. o. b. factory . . . Equipment, other than standard, extra.

THE NEW
HUPMOBILE
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Baked For You, Southern Style

This Luscious Pineapple Layer

Buy it Deliciously Fresh From Your Grocer Today

NOTE THIS RECIPE!
The actual recipe of our Pineapple Layer Cake: 5 eggs, 1 cup granulated sugar, ½ cup milk, 1¾ cups soft cake flour, ¾ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Icing: 1½ cups confectionet's sugar, 1 egg white, 1 spoon grated pineapple.

Hostesses welcome it, domestic science experts praise it, so please learn at once all it offers

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

WILL you make a test that has already amazed millions of women?

It is most simple. For supper tonight serve a pineapple layer cake. *And leave the baking to us.*

We provide the same delicious cake pictured here. You get it from your grocer. Then serve it to your family. Let them judge it as they'd judge your own. We rest our case with you.

If you like a delicate, fine textured cake, with just the right amount of richness, you will be delighted. That is the way this cake is baked.

Its recipe originated with those old plantation cakes in Carolina. And as scores of domestic science authorities will tell you, our cake actually *surpasses* the original.

Below we describe for you other famous Hostess Cakes. Their ingredients. Their low cost. So read about them, and then for your own sake make a test at once.

Ingredients used. Cost

The cake offered here, together with other Hostess Cakes, is a product of the great Continental Baking Company.

It results from a solemn resolve by this company's high officials to produce cakes that even the most discriminating hostess would be *proud* to call her own.

To this end they went to tremendous expense. The ingredients used are superior, in many ways, to those you can buy yourself.

The flour is a case in point. It's milled by a special process from the choicest wheats grown in America. All carefully selected and tested by a special staff of food experts. This, of course, involves great extra expense.

The butter also. Every pound must test "90 score" by United States Government standards.

The milk is scientifically pasteurized twice. It is heated to 212 degrees. Then cooled instantly.

The sugar is 99.7 pure. The salt 99.6. Eggs are inspected not once but *five times.*

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Please try at once

In ordering, remember this. Whether you ask for a Hostess Pineapple Layer or a Hostess Devil's Food Bar, emphasize that word, "Hostess."

If you wish, I will send you FREE, my new booklet, "Hostess Hints."

In it you'll find new ideas for entertaining, suggestions for ideal menus, and more about Hostess Cakes. Mail coupon.

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FLOUR. Specially milled from the finest wheat of the Pacific Northwest; white wheat from Michigan; and the famous red winter wheat from Northern Ohio.

MILK. Every drop pasteurized twice.

BUTTER. Pure creamery butter testing "90 score."

EGGS. All eggs are inspected not once but *five times.*

SUGAR. Must be 99.7 pure.

FLAVORINGS. We make all our own flavorings.

TWO FOR FIVE CENTS

These delicious cup cakes are baked New England style; your choice of chocolate or vanilla icing. They cost only five cents for a package of two.

Hostess Cake

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Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co. (S8)
285 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me FREE my copy of "Hostess Hints."

Name _____

Address _____

FAITH

(Continued from Page 11)

"Loathed me. It wasn't just because I'm ugly, either. She couldn't stand me. She's two years older'n me too. She's thirty-four now. I don't see why she's so mean'"

"It seems contradictory, Fred. A woman as lovely as that ought to be moderately agreeable. Come on! I'm frozen."

His guests had begun to trickle down the stone steps. Ned Burdick, Lady Luria's cousin, paused to thrust a white carnation into Fred's coat, and said, "You and Abbie deserve a medal. But she's leaving on the midnight for San Francisco. All is over."

"Honest, Neddie?"

"Just told me. . . . Oh, she showed some interest in the family just now, too! Asked what became of grandmamma's diamond dog collar. I told her it was left to Mrs. Lovejoy and that she'd sold it, and Faith said, 'The fool!'"

"If Faith had a lot of kids and a lot of jewelry, she'd sell the kids to a butcher and keep the jewelry," a thin woman remarked beyond Burdick's fur coat. "I'll never forget my birthday party, when she stole all the candy and Judge Meserve brought it back. Hid it in her clothes. I think she's the selfishest animal I've ever known. She's frozen the room at that end, sitting by that open window. She's frozen, too, but she'll keep it open to make people uncomfortable. I hope her train breaks down in the Mohave Desert and she has to walk. I hope the Japanese lynch her!"

"You're bitter, Sue!"

"I know I am. A woman who can afford clothes like that ought to be human!"

Freddie grunted and went up the steps. I remembered Mrs. Lovejoy's errand and was crafty. The ring lay on the third window's sill. If I walked down the drawing-room to get it, I must crowd past Lady Luria's chair. No! I would walk along the veranda and do my duty from outside the maroon curtains. Fred shut the hall's walnut door. I strolled along and counted three red glows before I was at the frame in which the maroon silk bellied out below the sash, with curves of cigarette smoke escaping into the cold and a sound of music following. Loyal to his bargain, W. J. was playing, Brahms, and loudly.

I passed my hand down the stone ledge below the wooden lip of the window sill and then explored the sill itself. But there was no ring to be found. I stepped on it presently, where it had slipped to the veranda's floor, and stood for a moment fingering the hoop of thin metal to see if it was bent

"What on earth was that howling outside, Fred?"

"Just Snorty. Too much cake."

"Who," Lady Luria's voice clanged, "is Snorty?"

"Sammy Lovejoy. Abbie's kid brother. The youngest."

Lady Luria laughed. The noise was a triple clangor of her copper gong. "It's not a family. It's a litter. How many sets of twins?"

"Five," Fred said, in a furious, deep drawl. "That's Bill at the piano."

"Handsome enough. How vilely American lads slouch, though!"

There was a pause. I argued to myself that this was not eavesdropping. W. J. must have heard Lady Luria's words, twenty feet away at the piano. It was profoundly comfortable to hear her through the silk without seeing her sapphire stare.

"Thought about my offer, Faith?"

"No, thanks."

"Forty thousand dollars," Fred answered, "comes to quite a wad of money."

"A wad of money! Precisely as if you were a street boy!"

"Sure. Money's a vulgar subject, Faith. You husband's a business man. Ask him. Forty thousand dollars come in handy. It's three times as much as you could get for your lake lots right now."

"Fifty thousand," Lady Luria clanged.

I was now eavesdropping. Fred's drawl and the woman's clangor had dropped in tone. They were talking privately. My conscience writhed, twice.

"No," said Freddie, "I won't be stuck. That's rank piracy, Faith!"

"Fifty thousand, dear Freddie, and not a penny less."

Freddie was wanting to take her white throat in his hands and shake her.

"Isn't it—let's say—mildly ironic for you to sit here an' baw! Lutherville out for bein' ugly, when you've rented advertisin' rights on three acres of the lake shore and Solly Deever's got up posters twenty feet high?"

"And what do I care about the ghastly lake, Fred?"

"Not a thing, Faith. But you could have a lot more diamonds for forty thousand dollars."

"A little coarse," she said.

"Yes. But you're coarse, Faith. I never saw a person who had so much—so much faith in mere objects. Your religion, isn't it?"

Now she was wanting to kill him. William James began the overture of Orpheus in Hades, and some girl called, far away in the long room, "Oh, I adore that old thing!" before Lady Luria spoke.

"I've found objects more satisfactory than people, Freddie."

"Well, you're nearly thirty-five. You ought to know your own mind by this time, Faith. Forty thousand?"

"Fifty," she said. Then she said: "That'll dress me for a whole year."

"Really?"

"Of course."

She was wholly unbelievable. Her words came through the silk in this reduced clangor. Freddie stirred. He was sitting on the arm of her deep chair, I think, and smiling down at her.

"Faith, would you have the nerve to get up an' tell these people that you spend fifty thousand a year on your clothes?"

"You're wonderful in your capacity as a moral leading citizen of Lutherville, U. S. A.! There isn't a woman in the room who wouldn't do the same, if she could! And you know it, Fred!" she declared. "Run and get my coat, please. Handle it carefully. It cost six hundred guineas."

"Can't I drop it just once, Faith?"

She laughed aloud. The muddle of shadows altered. Freddie was gone. I had a notion of going in and helping him put Lady Luria's cloak of fur on her. Perhaps she was made of painted metal, of copper covered with gardenia paint. And then a hand came between the silk curtains. Its white fingers swept the ledge of the window sill. It danced and flickered in my sight. Lady Luria was leaning on the silk and hunting something on the ledge. I could bend forward and take her fingers, with four gems on them.

"You're not leaving, Lady Luria?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gross. Grandfather insists on dining at seven. One has to change, even in this wilderness."

Abigail Gross said, "It's been so interesting to have had you here."

"Thanks. And it's been so interesting to be here. I'd rather forgotten this house. It's such an expression of middle-class solidity, isn't it? The nice red curtains and the yellow-marble mantels and the lusters and the walnut."

Freddie's wife appeared on the silk in sheer profile, slim and clean.

"It is solid, isn't it? I've been looking across the street at it for twenty-two years and it hasn't changed a speck."

"Really?"

Abigail, dark and straight in her white frock, was confronting the taller woman's green velvet, and the ropes of diamond and emerald on Lady Luria's wrists, and the bar of sapphires across her breast.

(Continued on Page 119)

"... flames licked her thin dress ..."

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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

(Continued from Page 117)

"Your mother went prematurely gray, too," said Faith.

"Runs in the family. Mother," Abigail gently said, "was white-haired at your age."

"But it's not necessary! There's a very clever preparation, these days, for black hair. Go to Balise in London or ——"

"I couldn't bother messing about with dyes and all that," Mrs. Frederick Gross drawled. "Not worth it. . . . Fred, do be careful of that coat! I'm sure it's frightfully valuable. So lovely!"

Lady Luria had to draw in her empty hand from the ledge. I had been staring at its frenzy as it hunted what was in my pocket. I presume that she went with composure down the room. She was certainly composed, dead below the blue eyes, when we met in the hall. We said good-by. I recommended a pet restaurant in San Francisco. She said that she would be in San Francisco only two days before the liner sailed. I hoped that Japan would be pleasant. We said good-by again. Her flawlessly dyed red hair twinkled under her hat. The sapphires glimmered on her breast. Meshes of loosely linked emeralds and diamonds hid her wrists. She was bright fashion; she belonged anywhere save in a library or a nursery or a kitchen. It was her fidelity to objects that saved her from being fancied useful. But she was beautiful. Her grandfather's car inclosed her. The driver threw a robe across her knees. She was carried three hundred yards along Lake Place, an image of green velvet and gray fur in the lighted car.

"We are now," Fred proclaimed, shutting the door, "safe!"

A clever youth on the hearth lifted both hands and brought down an imaginary hammer. The guests tried not to laugh, and laughed. Abigail sank on the red rugs, her white skirt flooding out around her slim erectness, and said cheerfully, "'It's been interesting to be here.' . . . No, I can't do her voice! . . . 'This room's such a nice expression of middle-class solidity. . . . Why don't you dye your hair? . . . Grandfather insists on dining at seven, even in this wilderness.' . . . I like the woman, Fred."

"Do you, honey?"

"Well, I think she's odious and impossible and—and demented," said a plump girl in rose. "And I loved it when Snorty looked at her through the curtains and started crying! I was trying to talk to her, and being snubbed. Anyhow, Snorty scared her. She jumped. She rattled like a loose brake. . . . Come on, Mort. Roll me home. It's been a grand party."

"Who is Sir Whatever-He-Is Luria?" a gaunt lawyer asked.

"Member of Parliament," Fred yawned. "Sir Arnold Luria."

"He's also," I said, "owner of the best jewel shop in London—Elder & Luria, Regent Street. It costs you absolutely nothing to go in and look around. I once bought a wrist watch there, and crept down to my bank to cash the rest of my letter of credit. His great grandfather made things for the Prince Regent. They've always robbed the very best people."

"Luria's Italian, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Abigail. "And now you can all go home. We dine at seven in this wilderness, and it's half past six, and I've had a pair of new slippers on for three hours. And—oh, Roper," she called to the dreadful butler, "my ring's on the tray with the tea things. Don't take it out."

The old and worthless man put the tray back on its stand and doddered, fiddling with cups and silver kettles. All the guests were gone when he came down the room and said, "It's not there, Miss Ab—— Mrs. Gross."

"It has to be! I put it beside the lemon peel. Go and look, W. J. You always find things."

"What ring?" W. J. asked, spinning on the piano stool.

"My emerald, idiot. I've got my wedding ring on."

W. J. sauntered down to the table and began tinkling things. I do not recall the processes of my thought, just here. The table was near the chair in which Lady Luria had been sitting, and the maroon curtains trembled at the window. It might be four feet from the window to the table. W. J. had just begun to turn his scared face when I tossed the ring from my pocket on Abbie's lap and said in a hollow, joyful voice, "Let this be a lesson to you, madam!"

"You brute! Where was it?"

"On the floor, Abbie. I stepped on it. See if it's bent."

Abbie stretched out her white stockings, crossed her ankles and luxuriously wriggled her toes. The cube of green light whirled on her finger, clinging to a hoop of platinum. It had belonged to Fred's mother and the giant had passed it on to his bride.

"It's too loose, Frederick. Would you mind if I took it down to Oppenheim and had it tightened?"

"Do that, honey."

William James was looking at me. I carefully held a match to the gold end of a cigarette from the box on the piano, and he looked at me some more. I experienced a dread of W. J. He was no longer a harmless high-school senior interested in sociology, but a menace to something. He was much too shrewd. I thought he should be suppressed.

"Funny it could roll off as deep a tray as that," he said.

"Somebody knocked it off with a saucer," Abigail pondered.

Freddie Gross was now looking at me. His eyes, under electric light, are nearer beryl than emerald. So I said, "I've been suffering from a pair of new shoes, too," and, gracefully as an exhausted cow, I left the drawing-room.

Up in my bedroom I changed my shoes, for the sake of verisimilitude, and sat down on my bed. Wind now melodramatically yowled around the square house and I could look down across the lawns and the seventeenth hole of the Lakeside Country Club links at the lake itself, heaving among patches of rude ice. A few farms showed lamps on the other side of this long shallow pool and, very far away in the pale gloom, a tiny glare swung. It was the revolving light on the tower of the state's prison at Cashmere. But I had only to look through my eastern window at the gently colored windows of Lake Place, and so be soothed.

"Haven't seen you blush in a hell of a while," Freddie said, lounging in.

"I did make a show of myself, didn't I?"

"Trouble is that W. J. noticed it. The kid's too smart."

"I was just thinking that. It's unjust. We sit around and bawl about the Philistinism of American adolescence, and the rest of it, but when a sixteen-year-old boy shows signs of being really observant, it scares us."

"It doesn't scare me any," the giant said, sitting on the walnut desk and propping his feet on the foot of the bed. "The smarter they get, the better. I'm a reformer—inherited it from dad. I hope the time comes when a lot of smart kids'll tell their fool wives and daughters, 'Naw! You can't have a new motor that costs twenty thousand this year, because Mrs. Across-the-Street's got one. Naw, you can't blow in six thousand on a diamond ring. Blow it in on a ton of books for the public library an' buy Junior an experimental chemistry outfit.' I hope that happens. Sooner the better. . . . Well?"

"Well, you heard Polly Lovejoy tell me to get a ring she'd left on the third window sill of the drawing-room. Being just a dull person, it never struck me that she doesn't wear rings. . . . That was the ring! It was lying on the floor below the window. If it's of any further interest, Lady Luria was trying to find it. She had a hand through the curtains when you were getting her coat. I assume, somehow, that nobody ever told Lady Luria she mustn't have things, Freddie."

"You're wrong. Her mother used to. Judge Meserve used to. It was—her natural disposition, that's all. I suppose Polly saw her lift that ring. I've been sweatin' pure blood ever since young Snort began saying it was a woman in pants that got in his room the other night. You see," he slowly said, "I caught Faith at it when she had me engaged to her."

"The hell!"

"Yeh. Used to keep mother's jewels in a fool safe in the library. Woke up one night an' heard a noise. I told Polly afterward. Didn't know what to do. We did nothin'. She went abroad and married this Luria. A jeweler!"

"Sir Arnold's very rich. But he has grown-up children. He may not be so generous with fine emeralds as he should. He's got some daughters. I've met one. She commits poetry. You actually caught her trying to open your safe?"

"I should say it was actually! She had on ridin' clothes. She'd try to dress well if she was goin' to be hung. Know what happened? It was a hot night. I just pulled on some pants an' grabbed a gun and came down. Instead of bein'—repentant, she turned on me and bawled me out for bein' indecently dressed! She's always had nerve. Used to admire it when I was a kid." He paused. "Know what she is? She's kind of—a sort of incarnation of display. She's rude so people'll look at her. Crazy! If she was poor she'd be in the women's wing at Cashmere for shopliftin'. . . . I bet it was Faith at the Lovejoys', Monday night. She'd never have sold Mrs. Burdick's jewels. Didn't think Polly would. I bet that was her! She'd take a chance. She's protected. See? She's rich and everybody loves her grandfather. Anything happens and she's not a thief. She's a neurotic. . . . Swell, isn't it?"

It was swell, I thought. A barrier of lawyers, doctors and definitions protected Lady Luria from the revolving light at Cashmere, where this snow must be sifting down into gray courtyards. Her mania was a mania, not a crime. It might be whispered in London, where she was one of the known figures in smart restaurants. But she was protected.

"Can't say I admire her taste in emeralds, Fred. Those bracelets have big stones, but they're not very fine. If she did take Abbie's emerald, it was the size that ——"

Old Roper opened the door, but was not the customary Roper, the blithering relic, kept because he had been a servant to Fred's mother. Something had restored him. He was pristine. He towered and boomed: "Lord Edward Wandell. And Judge Hamilton."

"Who?"

"Lord Edward Wandell, sir. In the library."

Freddie said, "I hope he saw Ab in her stockin' feet!" But the habit of being himself a lord in the affairs of a big city took him downstairs at his usual pace, with Roper preceding him in a clerical pose to witness the meeting of the boss of Lutherville with the second son of the Marquis of Treffort. He may have hoped that, after the scandal of seeing Lord Edward presented by Judge Hamilton to Abigail with one of her shoes off, Fred would redeem the family. But Fred slammed the door of the walnut library as he went in. When I came downstairs Abbie was adjusting invisible objects in the drawing-room while she wondered what the British Embassy wanted of her husband, and William James had been sent home.

W. J. was thinking thoughts in the mahogany hall of his father's house. A considerable problem had been raised in his curly head by my blush, and by Abbie's misplaced ring, and his examination of Lady Luria, who, he concluded, was an awful mess. He listened to Snorty playing Nearer, My God, to Thee on a papered comb in the nursery, and halted his mother as she started up the stairs with a tray for the wretched babe.

"Ab nearly lost her emerald ring, Polly."

"Did she, dearest?"

"Yes, and a fella from the English Embassy's come to see Fred. With Judge Hamilton."

"Really?"

He admired his mother. She would have made an extraordinary diplomat or a detective. But it pulsed out of Polly to her favorite son that something was being hidden, politely, from him, and he was aggrieved.

"I think you might—I'm not a kid, Polly."

"Don't see the connection, W. J."

Neither did William James as long as she looked at him over Snorty's bowl of steaming broth, with her black eyes amused. Only there was something wrong. He hunted a way in.

"Isn't there somethin' funny about Lady Luria?"

"She's comically rude, if that's what you mean. Arrogance is stupid unless one's a genius or a maniac, son."

"But isn't she some kind of crook, mother? I mean, honest! I've never seen a good crime. I mean, a real criminal. I ——"

"If you got mixed up with one you might yell even to me for help, Billy. Criminal ladies aren't very nice, dear. I've visited Cashmere. Desperate women are more desperate than men. And don't talk nonsense. Lady Luria's a disagreeable person. Always has been. She's a very selfish, rather cruel woman. Let it go at that," the tranquil lady said. "And your hair's charming when it's mussy, sweetheart, but you might part it before dinner."

"I don't part my hair, Polly!" William said, trying to be angry.

It was no good being angry with Polly. She merely smiled at him and went on upstairs. William James, however, went into his father's library. He had an idea. There are advantages in being the child of an underpaid but eminent historian. The boy gathered a fat red book stamped with heraldic beasts and explored the family of Wandell. Lord Edward, born in 1888, had been an officer in the British Army and afterward had lapsed into diplomacy. He seemed to belong to a lot of clubs in London and Washington. W. J. was going to shut the book when a fact at the top of Lord Edward's block of print interested him again. It seemed that in 1920 Lord Edward married Marcella, daughter of Sir Arnold Luria, Bart. The mind of W. J. said, "Oh!" and he knelt on the window seat of the silent library and silently looked across Lake Place at Judge Hamilton's little car on Freddie's driveway. As he was sitting there, Freddie, in a flapping fur motor coat, came striding terrifically down the drive and over the thickening snow, his fair head flashing as he trotted under the lamp of the Lovejoy gates. Inside the house he bawled, "Hey, Polly! Mamma-in-law! Get your coat on, honey!" And W. J. knew that something was up. Because when people came for Polly it meant that complex situations had arisen among the nicest families of Lake Place.

I do not apologize for the conduct of William James, getting rabid as he watched Fred squire Mrs. Lovejoy down the street into the Meserve yard, and then bring her back after twenty minutes, to his own place. He was presently lifting his black head by inches above the window sill of the Gross library's south window. Snowflakes drifted down the back of his neck, whirled into the veranda by fresh wind. The library held Polly, of course, and Fred, and Judge Hamilton, and the tall tanned man in a brown English suit who rapped an ivory cigarette tube on the walnut table as he talked. A domed lamp swung above the table, and the table supported a case lined with white silks. Fourteen yellow diamonds sprawled on the open case, and beside it were muddled two collections of sparkling white and green stones. W. J. remembered Faith Luria's bracelets. But

Continued on Page 122

Styles in the

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Sergeant's for the HAIR

(Continued from Page 119)

she had not worn the necklace of yellow diamonds in Lutherville. The boy assumed them to be hers, not being able to hear Lord Edward explaining their relation to a Mr. Abram Wolf, owner of Laissez-Faire, Joygirl and some other horses, who had intrusted the necklace to Elder & Luria for remounting in September. But this was good, W. J. thought.

It got better. He enjoyed its stages much more than Abigail and I did, over in the warm drawing-room. W. J. pleasantly thought of Downing Street and Scotland Yard, and wondered just what the Home Office was, and hoped that Lady Luria had stolen some of the crown jewels. She became magnificent in his mind. And when she slammed open the door from the hallway and came in, all spangled with snowflakes that melted on the gray cloak of fur, and Lord Edward Wandell shed his eyeglass and bowed, it seemed the right thing. Old Roper, who had an elbow cracked trying to keep the new caller out of the library, disapproved of Faith's entrance. But the train of explosive, lighted when Polly and Fred faced the woman in her sitting room on the second floor of the Meserve house, now had reached fulmination. The voice clanged so that Abigail shuddered in the drawing-room. Lady Luria slung away her cloak, and a gown strangely made of silver tissues flared against the walnut panels of the library while she pounded her hands on the table, and the jewels hopped at each beat of her convulsed white hands. She asserted her right to anything precious torn out of rocks or fished from Oriental swamps. The coarse great diamonds and emeralds were hers—hers and hers! They belonged to her! The gong clattered in her throat. W. J. knelt on the veranda and peered with joy at this evident defense of something. She was doing just the right things! A rag of lace handkerchief was squashed in one palm. A diamond clasp in her hair shook slowly loose and glittered down on the table. She set her fists on the wood and screamed across the jewels at Lord Edward. Her voice became a beating roar that almost pierced the glass to W. J.

"She's mad," Abbie gulped to me, "and —— Roper, get out of the hall!"

We could hear, but W. J. could not. Lord Edward tried to speak once, and gave it up with the right little shrug. It was Judge Hamilton who made her listen. The burly man projected his red golfer's face into the light and shouted her into a moment's livid peace:

"Quit talkin' nonsense, Faith! We're trying to do the right thing, on your grandfather's account! Listen! You've left England with these diamonds, and you got them from your husband's place of business by a fraud on his clerks. And the bracelets are heirlooms in his family, and he's asked you to return them—this gentleman tells me—a dozen times since you left him."

"Just so," said Lord Edward. "Sir Arnold sent his attorneys to her hotel and wrote to her repeatedly. She took the bracelets when she removed from his house in Carlton Terrace. Can't—ah—we end this scene, Lady Luria?"

"No!"

"Aw, Faith," said Freddie wearily, "behave yourself!"

Judge Hamilton pursed his eyes and slapped the table.

"Faith, use your common sense! You've not got the ghost of a claim on these things. You've left Mr.—Sir Arnold Luria. You're legally separated from him, whether it's known here or not. He's handled this in the kindest ——"

"Kindest! Why don't you send me to Cashmere, then? Put me in prison! I'll tell the whole courtroom! I'll tell everybody! They're the best things I've ever had! They're mine! They're mine! I can't stand it! I won't have it! You're spoiling my life! And this fool sold Grandmamma Burdick's jewels! They should have come to me!"

"Perhaps they might have," Fred drawled, "if you'd ever come home and been decent to the old lady."

"Decent! Was she decent to me? She had that diamond collar! She had tons of things! And she just gave me a pearl pin when I was sixteen, and old enough for something real! And this ——"

"That'll do, Faith," said Frederick Gross. "An' shut it off!"

"Precisely," the Englishman murmured. "Do, please, let's have an end of this. It's so—so utterly childish, Lady Luria. Can't you be ——"

Faith lifted her white arms, so that her hands rose above the light from the lamp and seemed gray. "They—they're mine!" she said.

W. J. saw her hands swinging. Then the scene went out. He gulped. His picture show behind the silencing glass was blank darkness. Abigail and I heard the crash as the lamp and its wires came down. Fred shouted, "Well, you idiot! What good did ——" But William James heard merely something muffled. Snow was driving through the veranda in a change of wind. He stood up, wiping a flake out of his left eye's thick lashes. And then the world smashed in a medley of sensations. He heard glass crashing and voices gabbling, and something evil took him in the face. The claws of a loudly panting demon slashed him across the brow. He spun from an impact, banged an arm on a rail. Something went past him. He slid in wet snow for yards, clutching at the air.

"The fool!"

"Faith," Mrs. Lovejoy said, "do behave yourself! Please! This is—this is ——"

Light flew from the hallway, and Abigail and I added ourselves to the wildness of the library. But it was three minutes more when we knew that the yellow necklace was gone. Polly had clutched for the bracelets when she saw the hands go up.

"She's mad," said Lord Edward, peering through the smashed window.

"She's sane as a pickpocket," Judge Hamilton coughed, nursing his ribs, "and she hits like a heavyweight."

William James heard no discussion. He was earnestly plugging down the garden after a faint silvery recession among the flakes. This was good crime and he was not much scared, and when his forehead stopped hurting he was going to be most efficient. The snowflakes were melting gnats that filled his eyes with stuff. He did not know that the yellow diamonds had slashed an inch of his forehead open. He was investigating a crime of the highest type, although his head was not so clear as it should be for the occasion, and a bough of hemlock switched his face as he charged through the trees and came tumbling out on the seventeenth hole of the Lakeside Country Club course. One way was the brightness of the club itself, where people were dining in the glassed veranda, and the other was the dark stretch down to the lake. He ran, and the silver woman ran far ahead of him against the wind—a shape that was not a shape, a fugitive guess.

It struck him that this was a fearfully long process, soon. He ran, and there was no scenery except flakes, and—darn it—he only went in for pole vaulting, with some casual basketball, at school. This job would suit his elder brother Dick, or Valentine Joe, who liked distances. And then it struck him that people put the oddest value on yellow or green or white mineral substances that took a high polish. He slowed and wiped his eyes. Well, but he was being efficient! W. J. ran on. The lake now really roared and, suddenly, he was lurching around on the bowlders of the bank. A crackling and hissing from under his feet announced the water. Ice was smashing on gravel below him or scraping with a sour, crawling noise on rounds of yellow rock. He was facing the shallows thrashed by wind, and the gale ripped his coat away from his jersey. His belly chilled. He was tired of the whole business. His head hurt. The fool woman was gone and he was lost.

"Who are you? Keep away or I'll drown myself! I'll walk out and drown myself! I will!"

She screamed up out of the water. He could not see her, but she was close. William James fiddled his feet and an edge gave under him. He sat and slid, and yelped with water rushing up his trousers to the knee.

"Keep away! I'll drown myself!"

"Aw, don't! Quit it!" wailed W. J.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Bill," he said, shoving an angle of ice from between his legs.

"Then you're not ——" The voice clanged and stopped. It cried again: "Get me out of this! Where's some place we can hide? I'm in trouble!"

"Yeh, but ——"

"They're taking away the only decent things I've ever had! It's a trick!" She was nearer. "It's a conspiracy!"

"Who is?"

"A lot of people—Fred Gross and a ghastly rotter from England, and that Lovejoy woman. They're all trying to rob me. . . . Here," she said, splashing closer. "Get me away from here. I'll t-tell you afterward. Get me away! Isn't there a shed or something? You can get a car, and ——"

A light seemed to be swelling in the snow above them. Bill was aware of her. She rose from the water, not five feet away. Ice somehow shimmered around her thighs, heaving on the froth. This thing advanced. He did not like it.

"No! You're a crook!"

"I'll give you anything you want! You're a caddy or something, aren't you? Listen! I've got money—tons of it! I'm f-freezing! . . . There's a light!"

Her voice fell. He saw her put her hands on her neck. There was a light in the air. It came from above and spread without a source, as light in snow does. Freddie Gross was wheeling the big lamp to and fro as he walked, and calling, "Faith! Hey, Faith, you fool!" in an exasperated bawl.

"Keep still. . . . Wait 'til he goes," she growled, crouching in the water.

"I will not!"

"You will!"

"I won't! You're crazy! Think I'm goin' to stand here an' freeze to —— Hi, Freddie! Fred!"

She was silver and the yellow stones rattled on her neck. She came at him and he saw her cloudily, with a red mist dimming her, and her hands reaching for him. Horror grabbed W. J. as the dead chill of her naked arm met his skin. He howled "Polly!" and the woman's hands got his throat. He croaked out, "Aw, try to be a lady, can't you?" And knew that this cold woman from the ice was trying to strangle him. And so William James drew back one elbow and drove his fist into Lady Luria's face.

"What are you doing, Bill?" his mother asked, up above on the bank.

"I dunno —— By gee," he guessed, "I bet my head's cut!"

"Don't be absurd! . . . Here he is, Freddie! . . . What on earth are you doing, William James Lovejoy?"

W. J. could not answer. His head rocked. He leaned against the bank and observed the wallowings of Lady Luria, who was sitting among ice plates and holding her jaw. He wanted to tell her that it served her right. Her eyes were round blue objects in her visage. She was foolish to look at, and he did not admire her any more. His mother said, "Upon my soul! Faith, get up at once!" and the bulb shone fully down upon him, and then Polly screamed.

It was my depressing duty to hold Lady Luria's wrap around her while we walked back to the house. Abigail, in someone's overcoat, held an electric torch to guide us. Lord Edward Wandell walked in advance, keeping a handkerchief on W. J.'s forehead

(Continued on Page 124)

IT RIVALS EXPENSIVE REDECORATING

THIS tells about the fascinating modern way to re-create the appearance of a room—a way that makes it unnecessary to indulge in redecorating or expensive refurnishing. You simply introduce enlivening new color effects—choosing from the gaily hued Lloyd suites and single pieces which every good furniture store or department can provide. You place this Lloyd furniture where its coloring will have the greatest influence. All this beauty, charm and interest with which any room can be endowed costs little—so little that women the country over are buying Lloyd furniture as they never bought it before. They are telling one another of their discovery—competing among themselves for effective room harmonies. Colors, color combinations and upholstery patterns come in an almost endless range of choice. And the smooth Lloyd fibre, invisibly reinforced in every upright strand with steel wire, is exceptionally strong and virtually wearproof. This season's new Lloyd models, smartly contoured to go well with other nice things, are now at the stores. See them—and to be *completely* convinced—*price* them!

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For that tickish, upward, jugular-vein stroke, see how MOLLÉ holds the stubble erect so the razor harvests every hair, close and slick! MOLLÉ proves itself, from Adam's apple to chin, the real test for a shaving cream. Of all the reasons which have made a million men prefer MOLLÉ, *abolishing ingrown hairs* may appeal to you most.

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Try MOLLÉ. Try it with an OPEN MIND. You'll be glad we urged you to.

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MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)

for shaving tough beards and tender skins without brush or lather

A WHALE OF A TUBE—50c—AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 122)

and saying sometimes, "Incredible!" and sometimes, "It's low comedy, you know," Fred meandered to the left, clicking the diamonds on his wrist. Judge Hamilton had trotted on to telephone for a doctor. Polly Lovejoy reserved her thoughts and was shadowy behind us. It would not have been an undignified procession, except that Lady Luria kept on talking. Among other things she said, "I suppose I'll be allowed to take a hot bath before they put me in jail? Grandfather was having dinner in bed, and I dare say it's the simply abominable sandwiches this afternoon, Mrs. Gross, that upset him. He goes to sleep early. Perhaps there won't be a painful scene when the patrol wagon comes. . . . I hope there's a decent doctor at Cashmere! A woman with a broken jaw needs a little human attention. There was certainly no need for that beastly boy to scratch me after he'd manhandled me. Mrs. Lovejoy, one hears so much about your beautifully mannered sons! I could make some observations!"

"Incredible," said Lord Edward.

"It is! It is! You might as well have them send me straight to Cashmere, Fred. When a woman's disfigured and brutalized as I am it doesn't matter about formalities. You've compounded this nonsensical story about the stones. Tell it. Finish the job! I'm to be sent to state's prison for defending my own jewels! And that filthy boy will be in the penny papers for taking me alive! . . . You might let my maid do what she can for me before the policemen come. I've a little self-respect left. I don't care to appear before a police court looking like the witch of Endor. But "

"Turn it off, Faith," said Fred. "You're leaving town on the midnight. And that's all. Only, shut up!"

"Extraordinary!" she clanged. "I've been insulted, cheated, thrown out of your house into a blizzard and chased into the lake by that appalling savage, and you act as though I were in the —— But what is the use?"

"Isn't any," Fred snarled. "You're a common thief an' a burglar, and there isn't any use, Faith. Go on home and clear out of town. It's all anybody wants you to do. Get out!"

"I shall! Obviously," she said, gathering her cloak about her superbly in the lighted driveway, "one's not safe here. You can talk any caddish nonsense you like about me. But I'm out of the place . . . Good-by, Mrs. Lovejoy!"

"Good-by, Faith," said Polly. "Many thanks."

"Is that some crude attempt at sarcasm?"

"No. It was quite sincere. W. J.'s been so anxious to see some crime, and he's seen it in the best circumstances. You've been very useful. I'm so grateful, even if he did get flustered and yell for me. . . . Bill, say good-by to Lady Luria."

"She can go ——"

"William!"

"All right, Polly. . . . Good-by, Lady Luria."

"Good-by," Faith clanged, and walked down the driveway into the peace and silence of Lake Place, with her head high

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

"That's not so bad. If the first man could walk nine miles in one hour it would be twice as bad, and it would mean you could only skate for eleven minutes, fourteen and two-sevenths seconds."

"Ain't it the truth? Well, I gotta be getting home for lunch or I'll catch blazes. Even if I can travel a hundred and thirteen yards while you're traveling a hundred, you gotta remember that half of the distance to your house plus two hundred yards equals one-third of the distance to my house minus forty yards."

"Right, and five minutes after you've started your meal we lack ten minutes of beginning our own. See you later."

"S'long."

The Admirable Hen

WE CANNOT overpraise the hen,
That humble minister to men.
To her your heartfelt gratitude,
For she not only gives us food

That dietitians all affirm
Sustains each cell from epiderm-
is down to that remote, abys-
mal spot whereat man's center is,

But also neatly turns it out
In packages so smooth and stout,
So trimly curved, so brown or white
Or speckled, as her moods invite,

That they are perfect for our ends:
To keep, as wisdom recommends;
To boil, precisely as they come;
To open with the simple thumb;

To hurl, with critical intent
Or as a point in argument;
To blow and tastefully adorn;
To foist on bunnies Easter morn;

To play a stocking darner's part;
To take from hats with magic art;
In short, to fill with perfect skill
Whatever rôle we'd have them fill.

What other creature is so apt
To give us food so nicely wrapped?
It's not the sheep, the pig, or cow;
It's not the fragile fish, I vow.

The oyster, do I hear you say?
The honey bee? One moment, pray:
The former's shell requires an ax;
The latter's fills our teeth with wax.

No, no, my friends, it is the hen
That gives a perfect food to men
And shells it out in such a wise
She wins the perfect-package prize.

Gorton Veeder Carruth.

Another If

IF YOU can keep your bob when all about you
Are growing hair and thinking you a freak,
If you can know when all around shall doubt you
That skirts are in the middle of next week,
If you can slick your hair and favor sideburns
And never let it show the slightest curl—
Then you can wear suspenders till the tide turns,
And what is more—you'll look a man, my girl!

—Irma Peirotto Sellars.

Wordsworthian Version

JANE MUFFET, on a summer eve,
Perceived a tuffet fair;
She took her little porringer
And ate her supper there.
A spider by a mossy stone,
Descending from a bough,
Sat down beside the maid, and oh,
She went away, and how!

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Song in a Single Key

THOUGH the sight of fair Achille
Sore affrights the heart of Billy—
Knowing she is frail and frilly,
And a cruel, capricious filly,
With a heart that's really chilly—
Yet, in spite of reason, still he
Will continue being silly
Over fair Achille, till he
Finds that he eventu-illy
Must surrender, willy-nilly.

—Norman R. Jaffray.

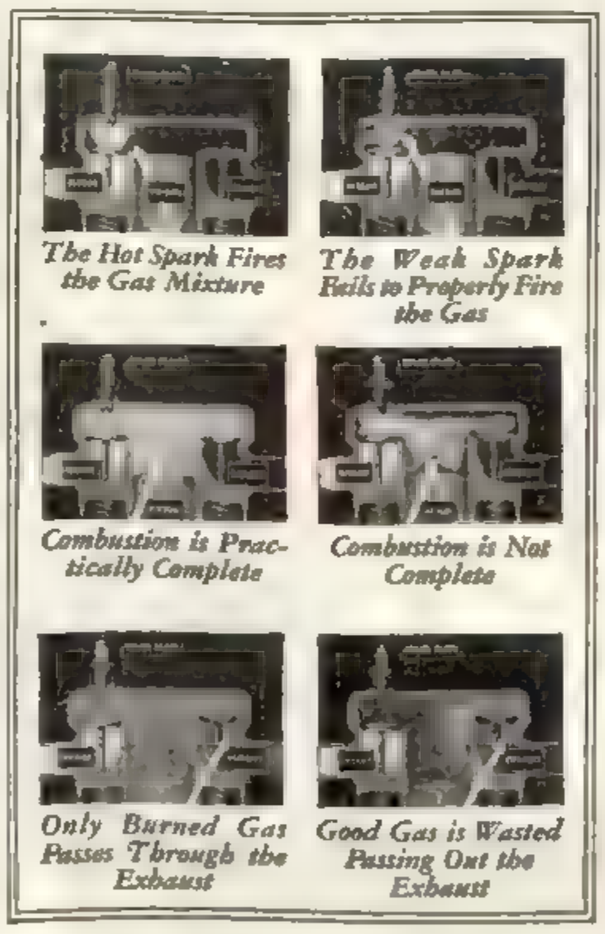
What Happens in your Automobile Engine

The flow of power which comes from an efficient and sweet-running engine is a source of great satisfaction to any car owner. If it gets away with the snap of the accelerator like a shot out of a gun; if it walks over hills as though they didn't exist; if it stretches out and with ease rolls the speedometer over to the high water mark; if it idles along with never a hitch or a buck and purrs like a kitten—then there's an exhilarating thrill and a supreme satisfaction to motoring.

But when a car does the extreme opposite of all these things, and shies at every task like an obstinate young colt, then it becomes the trial and worry of the man who owns it. No language is strong enough to express his opinion of such a car.

If you understand just what takes place in a motor it is easy to understand just how a little attention will keep it in condition to do your bidding when and as you want it to.

Thegaseous mixture from the carburetor is drawn into each cylinder, through the intake valve, by the suction of the downward stroke of the piston. On the upward stroke the gas is greatly compressed and ignited by the spark plug.


The Hot Spark Fires the Gas Mixture
The Weak Spark Fails to Properly Fire the Gas
Combustion is Practically Complete
Combustion is Not Complete
Only Burned Gas Passes Through the Exhaust
Good Gas is Wasted Passing Out the Exhaust

At this point both intake and exhaust valves are tightly closed. The compressed gas burns with great rapidity—it does not explode—and expands to many times its former volume, forcing the piston down and developing the power.

The exhaust valve opens on the upward stroke of the piston and the burned gas is forced out through the open exhaust valve. Multiply the process by the number of cylinders in your car, and you have a sequence which produces the great power of your engine.

A full, efficient spark, delivered at the firing points of the spark plug, assures rapid and complete burning of the gas, with maximum expansion and full power.

But if the spark is weak, burning is slow and only partially complete.

Unburned gas is wasted through the exhaust. Some is condensed and works by the pistons to dilute the oil in the crankcase. Power is lost. Engine performance is seriously impaired.

No matter how well made a spark plug may be it necessarily deteriorates under the tremendous stress imposed by modern engines.

The higher compression of today's engines actually delivers trip-hammer blows. The excessive heat imposes terrific strains. Destroying chemical reactions take place.

That spark plugs continue to function under the extreme conditions to which they are subjected is a tribute to the great advancement in spark plug design and manufacture.

And in this advancement the Champion Spark Plug Company has always played the major part—always pioneeredandanticipated the requirements of engine designers.

Accordingly it is a real economy to install a complete new set of Champion Spark plugs every 10,000 miles. There is a dependable Champion that is better for every type of engine.

Champion—the accepted standard for automotive use, outselling throughout the world.

Champion Aviation spark plug. Revolutionary in principle, design and performance.

New Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles give better performance

Champion Marine and outboard engine spark plug—a consistent record breaker.

Champion motorcycle spark plug—the finest available and winner of every type of extreme competition.

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Every Speed and Need

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If lower-priced tires meet your needs, you can buy Buckeye Tires, built and guaranteed by Kelly-Springfield, for no more than the price of "mail order" tires. In *their* price class, Buckeyes occupy the same high place that Kellys do in theirs.

If you want a de luxe tire, the very finest tire that money can buy, there is the Kelly REGISTERED Balloon, extra oversized, extra built throughout and engineered to run as long as the average man keeps a car before turning it in.

Each one of these represents unexcelled value and dependability.

A set of Kelly Registered Balloons will last until you are ready to turn in your car

For the man who wants the finest that money can buy

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SIX-SPEED
SPECIAL

The
2-Speed
Axle

The Only Speed Truck Built with *Two Complete Power Ranges*

This Six-Speed Special Truck will out-pull—out-climb—out-perform any truck in its class under full load

This new 1-ton truck—the International Six-Speed Special—has already rolled up a remarkable reputation, not only in this country but also in Canada and foreign lands.

Sales have been breaking records from the first and the performance of the truck has been setting new records in every kind of hard hauling.

No other truck built is like The Six-Speed Special. It has a 2-speed axle, as indicated in the illustration, giving it six speeds forward and two reverse—making two complete power ranges always available. A light shift of the auxiliary lever throws from one range to the other instantly. And there you are—as the going demands—fleet speed for the straightaway or ten times the pulling power for capacity loads in the toughest going, or for any emergency that may arise.

There are four-wheel brakes to balance the speed with safety; every chassis member is designed and built to stand the strain of the tremendous tractive power; and the engine itself demonstrates real all-around operating economy.

See this unusual truck—drive it—try it on your job. You've never seen a truck built like The Six-Speed Special and you've never seen one equal its performance. And you'll like the low price as well as the truck.

The International line also includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¼-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1½, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
INCORPORATED
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

HORSES! HORSES! HORSES!

(Continued from Page 21)

stables, but it never is necessary to warn a negro against abusing a Thoroughbred; anyone so far forgetting himself would have every pickaninny on the premises to fight. These rubbers and stable boys virtually sleep with the horses, seeing much more of them than owner or trainer, and it is strongly suspected that they can talk horse language. Grandfathers of these boys guarded the hiding place of the great sire Lexington from Union troops during the Civil War and put the horse's welfare above their own safety.

Most Thoroughbreds like music, and the stable hands provide them with about fourteen hours a day of song, banjo strumming and mouth harp concerts. There are horses, however, who are terrorized by brass bands. S. D. Riddle's Maid-at-Arms, a Man o' War filly, had to be moved to a stall as far from the grand stand as possible at a Maryland track two years ago, she was so unstrung by the track band.

Black Toney, the old negro horseman who served E. R. Bradley for a generation and for whom Mr. Bradley named two famous colts, Black Toney and Black Servant, lost his head in the excitement of Behave Yourself's victory and Black Servant's second place in the Kentucky Derby of 1921, seized little C. Thompson, who had ridden the winner, and ran down the track with the boy tucked under his arms, running the risk of disqualifying the entry, for the jockey had not weighed out. The stewards understood and smiled, and the boy was hustled back. The two Bradley horses were coupled in the betting and the disqualification of one would have disabled the other. The race had not gone just to Mr. Bradley's liking anyway, though his horses had finished one-two. He had thought Black Servant the better colt and had bet an amount on him in the winter books sufficient to have won $250,000. A winter book is made on a future event and does not recognize entries; all bets must be made on a designated horse. In the actual race all horses of the same trainer, whether separately owned or not, are entered as a unit and a bet on one is a bet on the other.

Keeping in Condition

Kentucky lost something of its Derby when the free infield for colored folk was abolished at Churchill Downs. Before that they filled the infield and put on a spontaneous entertainment only second to the race; a regular open-air circus that obscured the lesser races run before the classic.

Even a party of turf writers who attended the dispersal sale of the late August Belmont's stock at the Nursery Stud, Lexington, were not prepared for the gentleness and good manners bred into fine horses. In two fenced-off inclosures were a dozen yearlings each, the respective purchases of W. A. Harriman and J. E. Widener. At the approach of strangers, all the yearlings left their hay, walked to the fence, and several waited for a pat on the head. That done, they returned to their eating. All the while they ignored the stable hands about them.

A horse is a horse to the man in the street. Even the racegoer may think of them only as fast and slow, good-looking and awkward. If so, they miss the inwardness of the sport. Breeders, trainers, jockeys and stable boys know that Thoroughbreds are individuals as strikingly differentiated in intelligence, habit, courage and temperament as so many men and women, and are perpetually astonished that the public does not understand this. This intelligence is not merely relative; it often is indisputably superior to that of a commonplace man; though, of course, less versatile. Consider the greatest of all, Man o' War.

He now is 400 pounds heavier than the October day in 1920 when he retired from the turf with twenty victories and one undeserved defeat, and his owner, Samuel D. Riddle, gave him a going-away party at Rose Tree Hunt, near Philadelphia, marked by an outpouring that would have honored a President. At the Faraway Farm, near Lexington, Kentucky, under the expert eye of Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, he remains the athlete without a surplus pound. He gallops ten miles a day and has his old ravenous appetite, but has lost nothing of his fine proportion -has simply grown. It is possible that there are more callers at the White House day by day than at Faraway Farm, but this will be disputed; certainly no individual other than the President receives a longer line of visitors than does the horse that caused traffic policemen to be stationed on a country pike. It is a far-away and an obscure country that is not represented in the visitors' register at his court.

A Breach of Etiquette

Two or three years ago, after a long absence from Kentucky, Mr. Riddle reappeared at the door of Man o' War's stall at Faraway. The horse quit eating and bolted for his master, laying his head, much as a child might, on the Riddle white shirt bosom, not to its improvement. But any time the great horse wishes to chew up Mr. Riddle's best suit of clothes he may have it for the asking.

One of the writers was in the Riddle party and walked in front of Man o' War without a greeting. The stallion stamped a forefoot in his straw and his eyes dilated angrily.

"You failed to speak to him," Mr. Riddle reminded his guest, "and he is not accustomed to being ignored. Just call him Red; he knows no other name."

The mien of the horse changed instantly upon his being addressed. He turned his attention to his master again, trying to start a game. Off the track, he is playful and fond, though he has marked likes and dislikes in humans. Johnny Loftus, who was about him a great deal, riding him during part of his career, taught him a basket of tricks, including hide the handkerchief and find the handkerchief. He delights in both equally, but loves best of all to snatch the hat off a boy's head and hide it, returning it when he has enjoyed what he imagines to be the hatless one's discomfiture.

His sleek coat glimmering in the morning sun, he was a sight to make the blood run faster in a turnip. No fine old wood or burnished metal ever shone with such a patina. With head elevated, standing high, with much daylight beneath him, every line was music, from his unfathomable eyes and impeccably groomed mane to his billowy tail; for no self-indulgent woman lavishes the bodily care upon herself that is given a fine race horse. Ropes of muscles crossed and corded along his legs; he appeared to have no joints and his tapering ankles and well-formed feet, perfect neck and inescapable heart and lungs completed the fine product of ages of breeding.

A boy mounted Golden Broom and rode away leisurely, followed by Oceanic and Star Hampton on their morning exercises. Not so with Man o' War. All hands manned the guy lines when this flesh-and-blood Zeppelin was led out. He saw an open road, and with it, challenge. He was the race horse again and no boy could get on his back until he had calmed gradually.

The horse's attachments are not confined to his human associates. Any racer of distinction commonly has, as a boon companion, a stable pony; usually a scrub. All fields of race horses are led to the starting post by such a pony, ridden by an official in red hunting coat, and a bad actor which would fight another Thoroughbred becomes composed and submissive in the company of the matter-of-fact lead pony. Frequently racers will insist on getting out of line on the parade past the grand stand in order to walk beside the lead pony, and when the race is over the heaving Thoroughbreds are met by their stable ponies for soothing company back to the barn.

Chaperons for Thoroughbreds

Man o' War's companion was an old half-breed hunter, Major Trent. He traveled nowhere without the old Major. While the hunter slept standing up, as horses customarily do, Red sprawled on the car floor and slumbered like a child, and at the journey's end he would alight rearing and pitching, ready for a race or a frolic. He had, also, another mascot: a noisy, rascally, slate-colored parrot, one of a number that have the run of Glen Riddle. The more highly bred the horse, the more necessary he finds the association of commoners of his kind. When Papyrus, the English horse, and Epinard, the French one, crossed the Atlantic to race the American stars, each traveled with an equine chaperon.

The superhorse has other peculiarities; he yawns like a man and he sits on his haunches like a dog, a characteristic his trainers never have noticed in another Thoroughbred. In this posture he gazes meditatively about him as members of the cat and dog families do, and when he rises, he does so as gracefully as they.

Although he set five records, he did not run against time, nor was he cognizant of records. He was out to break the heart of any horse that challenged him, and he extended himself only as long as it was necessary. When he stepped on the track he took command. Whether it was wet or dry, what the weight of lead in his saddle bags, who trained him or who rode him, were matters of small concern to him. Anyone could train and anyone could ride him.

An Antidote for the Bad Spots

It was the other horses that occupied his attention; he cowed them and made them feel their inferiority. This is the inscrutable thing called class. He plunged at the barrier and was off winging, as if to say, "Try to catch me." And one by one he took in tow those which tried, and ran them into the ground. The last disposed of, he took it easy. The seat of speed is in the brain, Mr. Riddle argues, and his horse seems to have borne him out.

The owner denies that his horse ever was fully extended. "They say he was ridden out to beat John P. Grier," he says. "That is not so. Kummer rode according to his instructions. I told him to let Grier set the pace. This he did, and when called on, Man o' War came to the front and beat a good horse with ease. Max Hirsch offered to bet $5000 that the horse could run a mile in 1:33 on the Belmont track, and he could have done it. I retired him at the end of his third year solely because he was too valuable for the hazards of racing. He could never be replaced, but he may reproduce himself. Under the American system of handicapping he would have had to carry such drastic weights in his fourth year that it might have broken him down. Nothing remained for him to beat, and he is for posterity, anyway.

"He never has known but one sick day. When influenza was killing men and horses in the great epidemic, the veterinarian informed me, one night at eight o'clock, that the colt had a temperature of 105. At seven o'clock the next morning Red was well. He had thrown off a severe attack of the flu overnight." To appreciate this health record requires an understanding of the extreme fragility of race horses.

Such a horse is racing's best ambassador, an antidote for some of the sport's hangers-on. The crowds that poured out to see him established attendance records in Maryland, New York and Canada that have not been equaled since, and the horse himself converted Adolph Ochs, publisher of the New York Times, from incurious hostility to an amiable interest.

Mr. Ochs was one of a party of eight that paid a chance visit to Saratoga in 1920. No seats could be found for them in the clubhouse until Frank J. Bryan, veteran racing official, turned over five chairs in his box and found three more in the adjoining box of an obliging horseman. The publisher kept Mr. Bryan in the box asking him endless questions about the technicalities of the sport. At the end of this inquisition, Mr. Ochs suggested that the chief utility of the Thoroughbred, as he understood it, was as a gambling machine.

Mr. Bryan persuaded him to visit the paddock. There three thousand men and women were ringed about an invisible object. Bryan made a path for the publisher, and inside the ring he saw a golden chestnut being led about by a boy.

"Most of the people here today came to see that horse race in the next event," the horseman explained, "but not a soul

A Typical Group of Thoroughbred Stables at Pimlico

THIS SHOE FITS HERE

NO matter how much a shirt pleased you otherwise, you wouldn't wear it if it didn't fit neatly at the collar.

What about your oxfords—do they fit at the "collar", around the ankle?

You are assured a snug, trim ankle-fit in Nunn-Bush *Ankle-Fashioned* Oxfords. They're built to hug the ankle—no gaping, no slipping at the heel.

$8.50 to $13.50. Style Book on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold at exclusive Nunn-Bush *Stores in*

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Nunn-Bush
ANKLE-FASHIONED OXFORDS
NEW YORK • • • MILWAUKEE
SAN FRANCISCO

will bet a dollar on him. The odds on him are 1 to 100."

Mr. Ochs walked slowly around the great horse, never removing his eyes. When he returned to the clubhouse he sent for Henry Ilsley, the Times' racing editor, and told him that the paper's policy thereafter would call for printing the full details of all races. Mr. Ochs now makes an annual visit to Saratoga.

Miss Daingerfield's farm, Haylands, is three miles from Faraway, but the horsewoman supervises every hour of Man o' War's day. There is a good-humored rivalry between her and her neighbor, Mrs. Elisabeth Kane, that other surpassing horsewoman, who managed August Belmont's Nursery Stud for twenty-six years of Major Belmont's life and continues as manager for Joseph E. Widener.

"I have just left the greatest horse that ever lived," Miss Daingerfield told Mrs. Kane one day.

"So you came by Fair Play's barn, did you?" retorted her neighbor.

"You would not seriously compare Fair Play to Man o' War?" Miss Daingerfield asked.

"He's the greater horse," Mrs. Kane declared. "I ought to know, for I raised both of them."

Staging Comebacks

It is true that Mrs. Kane's superintendency began even before the old sire of Man o' War was foaled, and that she attended the birth of each. Whatever the older horse's merits, he was not sold for $100,000 in his twentieth year until his son had turned the turf upside down. That son would be worth $2,000,000 as a going concern, horsemen estimate, if Mr. Riddle wished to commercialize him in the stud. Instead, the owner accepts only a limited number of carefully scrutinized engagements, and those by private arrangement. The fee is not fixed, but the minimum is said to be $5000. In as much as Mr. Riddle would not consider selling him for any amount, the horse literally is priceless.

He was one of a consignment from the Nursery Stud sold at the annual Saratoga yearling market in 1918. Two of the group brought $12,000 each; and three more, all now forgotten, fetched larger prices than the rangy, leggy, clumsy-appearing chestnut. When he was knocked down to Mr. Riddle for $5000, Major Belmont lost the fruition of a lifetime of breeding. But the youngster's excellence was well-known before his first race, an ordinary purse at Belmont on June 6, 1919. Though he never had started, he was the 3 to 5 favorite, and only did the expected when he beat Retrieve and Neddam by six lengths.

Every year is born a new crop of stories of high-priced failures and low-priced bargains in Thoroughbreds. Sometimes bad handling explains a failure, sometimes the horse's temperament or fundamental physical flaws, but more often it is the animal's susceptibility to disease and the fearfully vulnerable delicacy to which the feet and legs have been bred. Every spring there is brave talk of dazzling youngsters who will win the Futurity. By September half have been forgotten, and two-year-old stars, over-raced in their adolescence, break down and are missing from the three-year-old picture.

When a racer breaks down, that usually is the last seen of him on a track, yet they do come back sometimes. Old Rosebud, which came out of Juarez to win the Kentucky Derby and other rich stakes in 1914, went lame in the Withers. Twice more the gelding fell lame, despite all veterinarians could do, and in 1915 he was retired to a farm at Albany, Texas. After two years, during which racegoers had forgotten him, he returned in 1917 to win fifteen out of twenty starts, including five important handicaps, one under 132 pounds. Even in 1921, when the gelding was ten, he still was winning races.

The sensational Man o' War filly, War Feathers, for which James Cox Brady paid $50,500 at the Saratoga sales—then a record for a yearling filly—was a flop on the track. The Rancocas stable's $25,000 purchase, Silver Fox, was called a lemon in his two-year-old form, but justified his price the next season. Mrs. Vanderbilt was supposed to have paid too much when she gave $35,000 for Sarazen, yet the gelding won more than $200,000, entering the circle of six American horses to win that sum or more. The $25,000 Germaine Chauvelot finished unplaced in a $1000 claiming race at Miami on January twenty-ninth. The following day Field Marshal by Man o' War-Little Flower, once a highly regarded yearling owned by Marshall Field and Robert L. Gerry, did the same in another $1000 claiming race. Mike Hall, one of the best of 1928, was a selling plater for a time, while Watkinson, once priced at $20,000, runs now in $2000 claiming races and earned about that much last year. Crystal Pennant was bought for one-tenth of what he earned in winning the Coffroth Handicap at Tiajuana not long after. Royal Stranger, bought out of a claiming race in the spring of 1928, became a stake horse overnight for J. P. Smith, winning race after race; yet failed dismally in cheap company at Saratoga while a capitalist who had agreed to buy him for $75,000 if he won, watched from the grand stand.

Willis Sharpe Kilmer, of Binghamton, New York, has been on both ends of this sort of fortune. As is his custom, Doctor Kilmer was watching his horses in their early morning exercise gallops at Saratoga in 1927. It was generally known that several of the Kilmer young ones were for sale. The more prominent of the string were Sun Edwin and Reigh Count, both of his breeding. His head exercise boy was Howard Lang, unrelated to Chick Lang, who afterward rode Reigh Count.

Lang advised a friend to buy Reigh Count, telling him that in his estimation, after much experience of both, the horse was superior to Sun Edwin. Lang felt sure that Doctor Kilmer so underestimated Reigh Count that $7500 would buy the colt. This friend was at the track this morning while Lang had both animals out, and he overheard Doctor Kilmer and the boy comparing the two; Lang insisting that Reigh Count was incomparably the better.

Kilmer patted Lang on the back and said, "Howard, my boy, that is why you exercise horses and I breed them."

Bargains in Horseflesh

Which was right, now is a matter of history. Both horses were sold that week at Doctor Kilmer's estimate of their worth. W. Averell Harriman paid around $75,000 for Sun Edwin and got a good colt. Mrs. Hertz paid $12,500 for Reigh Count and got the champion of all classes, the greatest horse since Man o' War; now winner, after much bad luck, of $168,670, and in training in England as this is written for the Ascot Gold Cup and, perhaps, other British classics.

But nine years earlier it was the Binghamton capitalist who laughed last. In 1918 his great sire, Sun Briar, then being pointed for the Kentucky Derby, went amiss in training and it looked like the Kilmer colors would not be seen at Churchill Downs. In this emergency the doctor went skirmishing in the blue grass for another eligible. J. C. Milam and his associates had a likely though ungainly three-year-old gelding named Exterminator, by McGee, which they were anxious to dispose of. With the traditional methods of horse trading, they named $15,000 or thereabouts as an asking price, in the expectation of driving a compromise at about $7500. To their amazement and delight, Kilmer snapped at the first offer. A few weeks later Exterminator won the Kentucky Derby and went on from victory to victory in the country's greatest stakes. Had he not had the ill fortune to be racing in Man o' War's years, and to be a gelding in the bargain, his name would be among the very greatest today. Among horsemen it is. Certainly "Old Slim" was one of the outstanding bargains of turf history, and his original owners have not yet recovered from the shock of what they did to Kilmer. He won fifty out of one hundred starts, bringing in $252,596

The highest price ever paid for an American-bred horse is $265,000, given by an Argentine horseman for the late August Belmont's Tracery. Mr. Riddle has refused to consider greater sums for Man o' War and rejected $300,000 for the latter's son, Crusader. Rock Sand sold for $150,000, Friar Rock for $130,000 and Whiskaway for $125,000. The record price in Europe is $300,000, brought by Call Boy, sired by the same stallion as Strolling Player. Nine other European Thoroughbreds have brought $150,000 or more.

A colt by Papyrus which was knocked down at Newmarket in 1927 for $71,440 set a record for yearlings until it was broken last season both here and abroad. A Whisk Broom II-Payment yearling owned by Mrs. T. J. Regan, of Kentucky, was bought at Saratoga for $75,000 by C. V. B. Cushman, and at the same sale the Three D's stable paid the Himyar Stud $65,000 for a yearling by Man o' War-Starflight.

Horses know when they win a race and when they lose it, and it is evident in the bearing of the sensitive ones. That grand old gentleman, Exterminator, counted up the house as he paraded past the grand stand on his way to the post, and bobbed his head in acknowledgment of the cheers that always were his; a trick no one had to teach him. He bowed his acknowledgments again after a victory, but if he lost, usually from overmuch lead in the saddle bags, he never faced his audience; though they invariably cheered him just as affectionately in defeat.

Betting on a Sure Thing

Louis Stuart loved the gelding, and every time Doctor Kilmer changed trainers, Louis would remark, "Well, I see where another trainer is going to make his reputation. Old Slim has made more trainers and jockeys famous than any other horse that ever lived." Like Man o' War, the gelding cared not who trained or who rode him; he was the head of the firm.

A horse may look forward to a pampered old age in the stud, but a gelding, unless it has the fortune to belong to a man of wealth, such as Doctor Kilmer, who, of course, maintains Exterminator in idle-horse luxury, frequently faces a melancholy future. The great old Canadian steeplechaser, Lion Heart, who won the Aintree over the stiff Woodbine course under the crushing impost of 179 pounds in 1897, retired to no fields of clover. Gus Hamilton had ridden the gelding in his long string of great victories, and when Hamilton was dead and the gelding old and full of honors, he was hawked about from hand to hand, each trying to squeeze a little more juice out of the ancient bones. A poem in lament of his fate and his rider, written by the late John F. Ryan, manager of the Ontario Breeding Bureau, is part of Canadian turf literature.

Uncle Billy Garth, one of Maryland's oldest trainers, conditioned an honest steeplechaser named Shannon River, to which he was deeply attached. Uncle Billy came riding down the track at Saratoga on a white pony one August morning and two idlers along the rail saw him. One turned to the other and offered to bet five dollars that he could make Garth cry within five minutes. The bet was made.

As Garth rode up, the man at the rail engaged him in conversation, beginning with the weather, but veering around to the long-dead horse. "There aren't any steeplechasers these days like that horse of yours," he suggested. Uncle Billy began to recite the courage, honesty and other virtues of Shannon River, and presently his voice grew husky, then tears trickled down and he clucked his pony and jogged on, shaking

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

his head. The winner called off the bet. "That was a dirty trick, but I wanted to show you," he explained sheepishly.

Of the hundreds of horses Mrs. Payne Whitney has owned, she has loved few more than the steeplechaser, Cherry Malotte. Usually there is little delay at the post in a jumping race; being longer and slower, a length or so matters little, and the horses commonly are mature and sedate. In flat races the starter's hair sometimes turns gray before he gets a big field off evenly. The field for the American Derby at Washington Park in the World's Fair Year, 1893, was at the post one hour and a half. This day at Belmont some of the timber-toppers chose to be skittish. Cherry Malotte already was along in horse years, as usual had up high weight, and the halt wearied her. After the race Mrs. Whitney followed the mare to the stall to console her. She did not know that anyone was within sound, but Frank Bryan saw them and heard the owner say, as she pressed her cheek against the mare's muzzle: "Dear old Cherry, it was cruel to keep you waiting at the post so long with all that weight."

Fred Muzante, who died soon after the Zev-Papyrus match, after years of ill health, is remembered for the affection he gave his small stable; one eventually reduced to a speedy filly named My Dear, sister to Admiral Grayson's My Own. The filly won enough to support Muzante and he repaid her in loving care. She went lame before his death, but foaled a filly, Dear Lady, which won a few purses for Mrs. Muzante in Maryland last season.

On the afternoon of the day the body of Joseph Elwell was found in his New York apartment—a murder never solved—one of his horses, Flags, was in a race at Churchill Downs. Flags had been a bad post actor and had been cured by a hair of the dog that bit him. Morning after morning he would be made to stand at the barrier while the stable boys, dressed in the loudest possible colors, blew on tin horns, beat dishpans, rattled cowbells and made pandemonium, until the horse admitted defeat. Thereafter he was a joy to the starter, but this afternoon he returned to his old ways, had to be led from the barn with a blanket over his head, delayed the start twenty minutes, and when the barrier was sprung, stood stock-still and could not be whipped away. That was a coincidence or whatever you may choose to call it, but horsemen will tell you that Flags sensed blood.

A Child the Master

A field of the most ordinary horses in the heat of a race will jump over or avoid a jockey who has fallen in their path. Jockeys have been badly hurt or killed by falls, but rarely by a horse, unless the animal fell with and on the rider.

Chuck Connors had charge of the savage stallion, Spanish Prince, a horse well remembered on American tracks, for the Canadian National Breeding Bureau at Dorval. The stall door was divided in half, so that the top might be opened to admit air, the bottom for the stable force to go and come. Connors sent two men into the stall one day, one to feed, the other to curry the stallion. There was a thunder of hoofs and out came the groom like a steeplechase jockey. As Connors was applying first aid to the groom, the second stable hand was propelled through the door. Both were painfully hurt, and in the excitement a child just well able to walk, who had been playing around the barns, entered Spanish Prince's stall, evidently with an infant intention of punishing him. A little later the terrorized Connors discovered the child lashing the savage beast with a whip. He was not hurting the stallion particularly, but the latter was backed against the wall, almost on his haunches and shivering with fear. Connors leaped into the stall, seized the child and beat the pursuing Spanish Prince through the door.

At Tijuana, since the war, a Thoroughbred escaped from a small stable and took to the mountains. The runaway was about one-third of his owner's capital assets, and he followed the animal for three days; the latter always bolting with a snort as the man closed in. On the third day on the trail the runaway was discerned grazing in a valley far below, amidst a dozen wild mustangs. While the man watched from this distance, the Thoroughbred lifted his head to the breeze, whinnied, then careened away at the head of the band and was not seen again.

Sometimes a smart horse or a lazy horse discovers what it is all about and refuses to play any longer. A great light dawned upon Sarazen toward the end of his racing career. Until then he had shared the horse illusion that he was running for the fun of it. When the realization came over him that this was a game for men rather than horses, he rebelled. Those who saw him suddenly become a bad post actor thought the gelding's temper had soured; but he was amiable enough when let alone; he merely had penetrated to the inwardness of these contests. Though he reared and plunged and delayed the start, once the barrier was sprung, instinct asserted itself and he was off with the others. Every season a few horses make this discovery.

A Long Life and a Fast One

The whims of individual Thoroughbreds are endless. Monarchist, a great one of the 70's, disliked racing colors so much that his jockeys were forced to wear coats over their blue jackets. Tom Bowling, another champion of the 70's, hated rats. He would watch a hole with the patience and stealth of a cat, and when an incautious rat appeared, kill it with one lightning flash of a hoof. Leonatus, who won the Kentucky Derby in 1883 and the first Latonia Derby the next month, had the catholic palate of a goat and would eat anything loose. When the emblematic floral horseshoe was hung about his neck at Churchill Downs he tried to devour it. Iroquois, when a yearling, would seize a cornstalk and go among his fellows at Erdenheim challenging them to try to take it away from him, and woe unto the one that took his dare.

Unless the horse happens to be celebrated, its death is not recorded and there exist no statistics on their average duration of life. It is commonplace for cheap horses to race up to their tenth year, but few continue to campaign after that. Tippity Witchet, fourteen, is the oldest horse now actively racing, and up to 1929 had started 262 times, winning seventy-seven races and $87,711, mostly in small purses. He goes back to a long-lived line. Bonnie Scotland was foaled in 1853 and died in 1880, aged twenty-seven, at Belle Meade, Tennessee, a famous breeding farm now dismantled, which entertained several Presidents—the last, Mr. Taft. His line was carried on by Bramble, who lived to be twenty-six; then by Ben Brush, who died at twenty-five. Ben Brush's greatest son, Broomstick, was foaled in 1901, and the grand old horse which won the Brighton Handicap twenty-five years ago in a tremendous finish from Irish Lad, was alive on January 1, 1929. Tippity Witchet is his son.

There are other American strains noted for longevity. Himyar was foaled in 1875 and died at thirty, outliving both his great son, Domino, and his grandson, Commando, another celebrated horse. The French stallion, Rabelais, died recently at twenty-eight. All, of course, retired from racing years before.

The running of a ringer is one of racing's rarest crimes. It is the entry of one horse under the guise of another, and is seldom attempted, because there is nothing anonymous about Thoroughbreds. As all Chinamen look alike to the American tourist and all Americans look alike to the Chinese tourist, so may all horses look alike to those who have not looked much upon them. Those who have tell them apart as naturally as they distinguish their friends.

The Jockey Club, nevertheless, has made sweeping changes in its registration blanks this year as a further precaution against masquerade balls on the tracks. The outline of each side and the head of a horse are printed on the blanks, and every mark of a colt when foaled must be indicated on the diagram. The fuzzy hair at the muzzle now determines the official color of the animal's coat, in which as many shades are recognized as in women's silk hose.

The two most celebrated instances in the records both occurred in 1902 –one at New Orleans, the other at Hot Springs—and the former is as puzzling as an unfinished detective story. A newcomer to racing started a chestnut gelding named Hiram Johnson by Flambeau-Charm in a seven-furlong race, Jockey Hoar up, and won at 8 to 1 in the good time of 1:28⅘, on the day before Christmas.

The favorite, Major Tenny, owned by Sam Hildreth, ran second, and it was said that Mr. Hildreth had bet heavily on his horse. He immediately filed charges with the stewards, Frank J. Bryan, Clarence McDowell and Sheridan Clark. The paddock judge was J. L. Hall.

The plaintiff's case rested upon these suspicious circumstances: The man who owned Hiram Johnson was unknown to horsemen. He said he had bought Hiram Johnson for $200. The animal ran like anything but a $200 horse. It vanished soon after the race. The owner said he had sold it at a large profit, but he was unable to trace the new owners, nor was the horse ever seen again—under that name, at least—on a track.

The stewards upheld the entry, however, after a nationwide inquiry. They could do nothing else, for the man's story stood up at every point capable of verification. The gelding had been windbroken when he bought it in California, he said, explaining the price. He took it to Montana, where, in a high altitude, it recovered its wind after a year and a half. He sold it because he was offered such a profit he could not afford to refuse. He volunteered to go to St. Louis and endeavor to trace the animal, and detectives who watched his every step reported that he did appear to search diligently. He produced the horse's registration certificate and a bill of sale from the previous owner.

Catching Up With Ringers

The stewards took up the sheets of the track bookmakers and the New Orleans pool rooms, and found that the largest bet made with either was eight dollars, wagered by the owner. The greatest bets that could be found anywhere in the country were one of $200 in Chicago and one of $100 in Butte, Montana, each easily explained. The horse had worked out publicly at the New Orleans track for several weeks prior to the race and had run in nearly as fast time as in the race. The horse's owner said he had worked for a mining company in Montana. The company not only confirmed this but testified earnestly to his character. And the intervening years have shed no new light on the case.

There was no doubt, however, in the Hot Springs case, where Mr. Bryan also was serving as a steward. A horse purporting to be The Rake was started there, and, having every natural mark of the actual horse of that name, might have escaped detection except for the fact that the true horse, when a colt, had lacerated its shoulder in a barbed-wire fence and bore a deep scar there, as the breeder, J. O. Keene, was ready to testify.

The ringer not only was barred from racing for life but was ordered branded The owner sued out an injunction in the Arkansas courts, finally replevined the animal and slipped across the Texas line. He now is dead. It is a curious circumstance that he once had saved the lives of Mr. Bryan and T. K. Lynch when a conspiracy had been formed to murder them. Bryan was forced to ignore this personal obligation in punishing the fraud.

A horse called The Fiddler was run once at Belmont as a ringer and the fraud was not discovered until too late. A mare named

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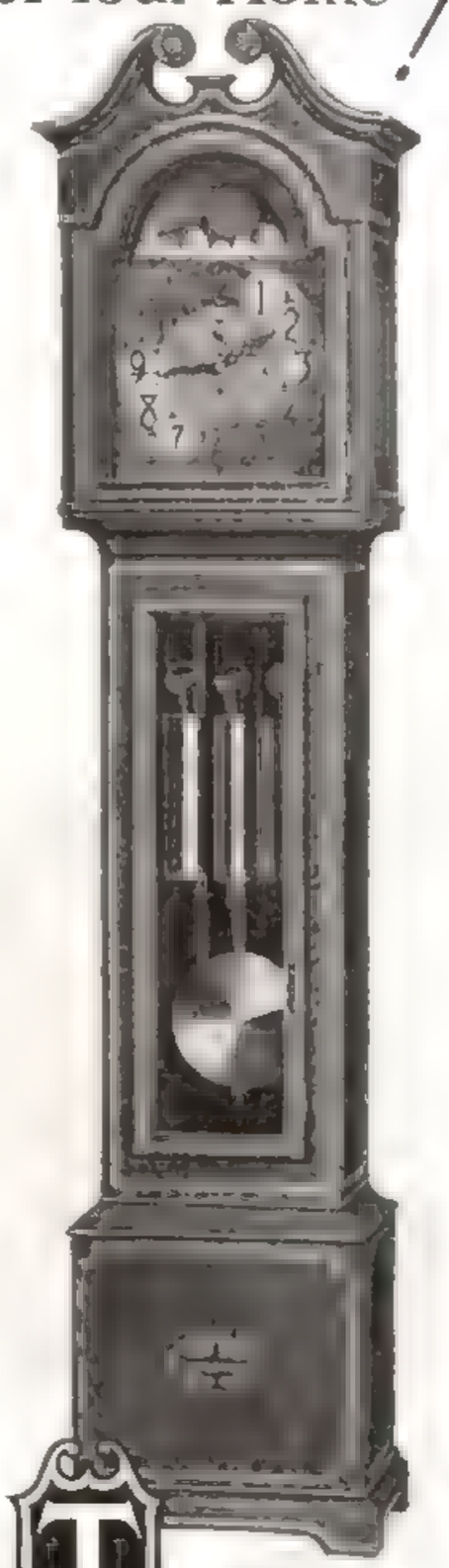

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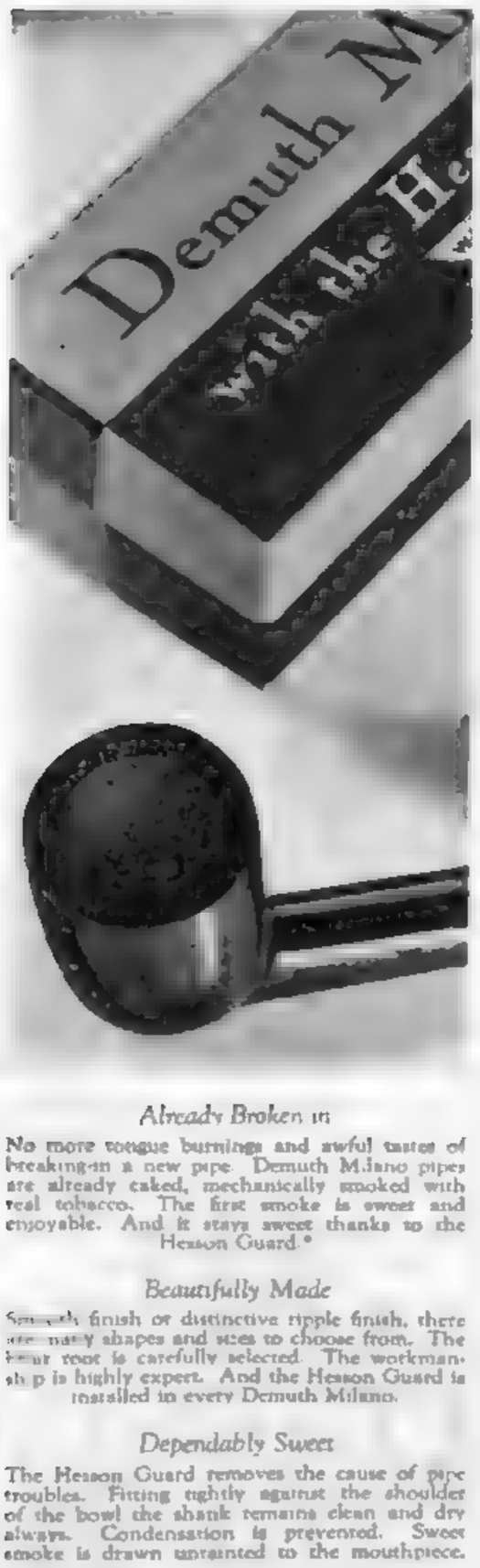

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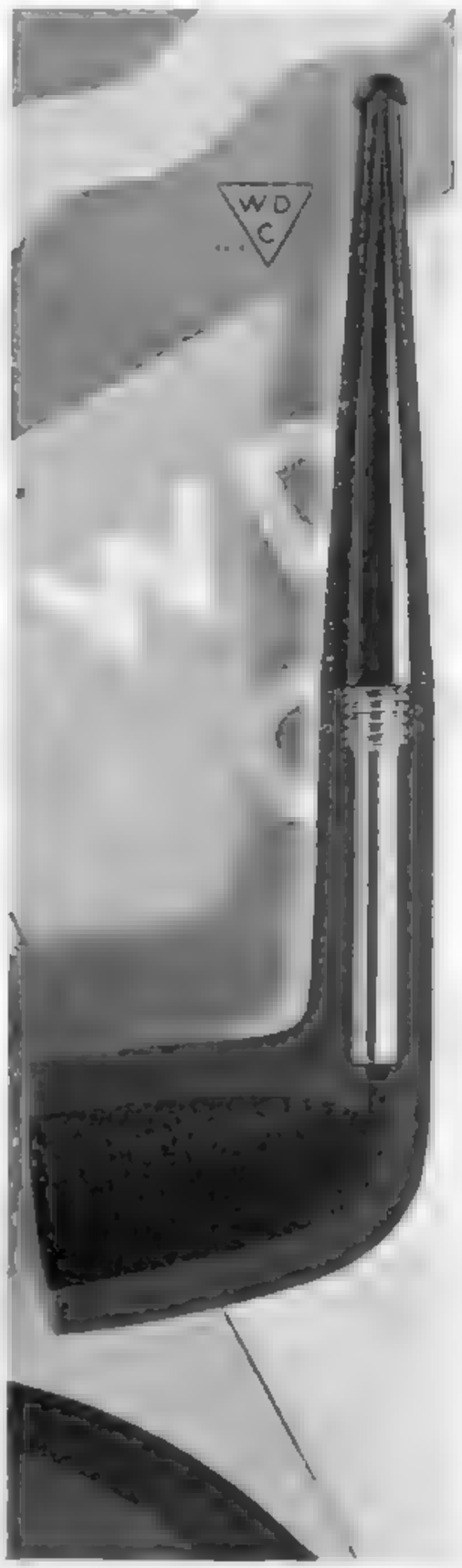

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Useful Lady was barred at Pimlico as a ringer and a similar attempt at Aqueduct under the alias of Cataract also failed.

Johnny Walters, who died in Paris in February, was the clubhouse commissioner on New York tracks and the king of American bookmakers. He is said to have handled $50,000,000 a year in wagers and enforced no limit. His pencil wrote $10,000 as evenly as $100. When the Prince of Wales was here several years ago Walters was his betting commissioner by royal appointment and paid the prince some $1200, mostly won on J. E. Widener's Duettiste. In 1904–5–6 when Davy Johnson was winning a fortune on his good horse Roseben, he was betting through Walters. Roseben had run up a long string of wins and Walters opined that the horse was due for a defeat. Johnson offered to bet him $100,000 to $25,000 that Roseben would win his next, an apparently easy one. Walters took the bet and never batted an eye when Comedienne nosed out Roseben at the wire.

When Walters fell ill last season, Tom Shaw took his place as bookmaker to the wealthy. Last fall Shaw took an accommodation bet at Aqueduct which he said was "more than $2000 and less than $5000" on the Sagamore Stable's Coin Collector, running that day at Havre de Grace. Shaw intended to lay the bet off with Jersey, but someone calling him into the clubhouse bar for a cigar, he forgot the matter. When next he recalled the bet it was one minute past post time in Maryland. Rushing to the telegraph office he learned that Coin Collector had won at $31.90 or $14.95 to 1. The bet must have been at least $2500, in which event his loss would have been $40,000—a costly cigar.

In so rambling a yarn on a rambling subject, these unrelated anecdotes may do as well as anything to wind it up. Marcus Cartwright, who later was a power in Chicago racing of the 80's and 90's, owned the Climax saloon, restaurant and gambling house in Nashville when it was a racing center. The Howard brothers, running a modest stable, sat in a game at the Climax one night at which Cartwright himself was presiding. When they cashed in, the younger took his money and turned to admiring the gallery of oil paintings without which no gambling house was complete. The elder upset a large stack of yellow chips he was turning in and Cartwright disputed his count. Dropping the usual cold suavity of the professional, he insinuated that the elder Howard had tipped the stack over purposely. All the while the younger brother continued to be absorbed in art. The gambler paid the claim after some bluster, and the Howards departed.

Judgment Reversed

"Know who they are, do you?" inquired one who remained.

"Just a couple of tin-horn horsemen named Howard," said Cartwright, resuming the deal.

"Yeah?" A meditative pause followed; then the information, "Well, in Missouri they're well and favorably known as Frank and Jesse James."

It is said that Cartwright messed up the deal so badly that he called to a house man to relieve him, and retired to the seclusion of his apartments. Racing in Tijuana has survived several Mexican revolutions, but Baja California is a detached and virtually independent Mexican state. Juarez, across from El Paso, the original Mexican-American track, was in the direct line of fire of all Mexican disorders and it eventually succumbed to too many coups d'état.

In the days of Pancho Villa a well-known American horseman was ruled off the Juarez track for a startling reversal of form. One of his horses that had been lost repeatedly in the dust of the others, abruptly came to life one afternoon and led them all home without taking a long breath. It so happened that Villa was honoring the races with his presence and, surely as a coincidence, had bet $500 on the winner. When the owner—call him Richard Whipple had been summoned before the judges and instructed to go elsewhere, he took his troubles to Pancho.

Shortly the playful Pancho and a bodyguard, all armed to the eyebrows, galloped down the track, stopped at the judges' stand and saluted Matt Winn and Charles J. Price.

"Meester Wheeple iss reinstate? No?" asked Villa politely, his henchmen at the same time firing a volley into the ground

Price had been a printer on the Louisville Courier-Journal in the old hand-set days before turning horseman. He peeked cautiously out and in a shrill voice declaimed: "There never was a scintilla of evidence against Dick Whipple. Reinstated!"

At Arlington, the old electric-light merry-go-round opposite Pimlico, the judges' and stewards' stands were reversed, the former being on the inside of the track instead of, as customarily, on the spectators' side. Infuriated by a decision of the placing judges in a close finish, an angry mob of losing betters formed and charged, and it was not immediately evident whether they knew the stewards from the judges.

One of the former decided to make the distinction apparent to all. Leaning far out of his coop, he cupped his hands and shouted across the track: "Oh, judges! Are you sure you were right?"

A Rival to General Grant

When a new track was inaugurated at Buffalo some years ago, the Jockey Club sent a group of officials there to preside, and instructed them to give the place all the dignity and éclat they could command. In pursuance of this policy, the clerk of the scales, in reporting to the presiding judge at the finish of a race that the jockeys' weights were correct, would, by direction, step into the latter's vision, click his heels together and salute, not speaking until the judge had gravely returned the salute.

Early in the inaugural meet, Romanelli, a well-known jockey of the time, was beaten on the favorite, Animosity, and there were those who thought the ride a peculiar one The judges, however, let it pass. After the race the clerk of the scales noticed a venerable old man with a long white beard watching the weighing out of the jockey interestedly. When Romanelli had been permitted to leave the judges' stand unquestioned, and the clerk and the judge had exchanged salutes, the old gentleman clicked his heels, too, saluted and in a booming voice addressed the judge as follows.

"I saw Grant take Richmond and I have seen Romanelli take Animosity, and to whom belongs the honor I do not know."

Executing a military about-face, the white-bearded one walked off. The infuriated judge turned purple and white by turns. "Who is that old fool?" he cried shrilly; and, not learning, called the track detectives and ordered them to escort his insulter off the property and to keep him off

The next day a squad of deputy sheriffs met the arriving race crowds and shooed them away. The old gentleman, it seems, was a king bee in upstate politics and there was much explaining and apologizing done that day before the race meet was permitted to resume.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Stout

The *first* name and the *greatest* name in Electric Refrigeration

The difference between Kelvinator and all other refrigeration is that Kelvinator embodies every worthwhile new feature of performance, *plus* a longer record of proven reliability.

It is natural that Kelvinator engineers should incorporate all the desirable features, because Kelvinator is the pioneer. Kelvinator inventions, and improvements, and experience have influenced the whole trend of this industry since its beginning.

From the outset, in 1914, Kelvinator manufacture has never lost sight of the ideal of unfailing reliability. Test and inspection devoted to every part and process in building Kelvinator are applied to the purpose of insuring dependability before ever a single unit may leave the factory.

Broadly speaking, the seniority of Kelvinator represents the fullest experience anywhere to be found. And because Kelvinator has unceasingly dedicated its best ideas and efforts to the program of unfailing reliability, your choice becomes very simple.

You will be better served by the reliable Kelvinator.

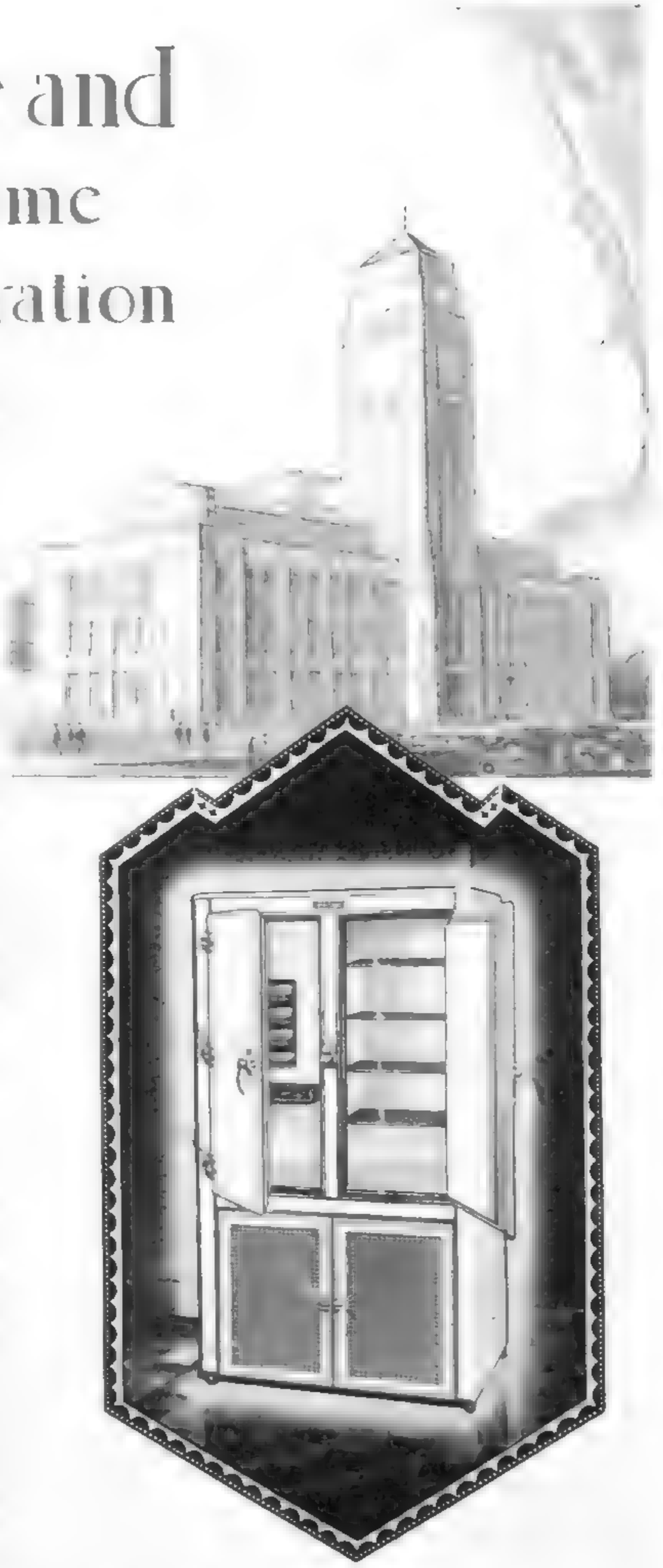
. . .

In the New 1929 Kelvinator

Silence—Positive and Permanent . . . Completely Automatic Operation . . . Flexible Rubber Trays for Ice Cubes

The new 1929 Kelvinator is the latest word in modern electric refrigeration—true and lasting silence of operation, the wholly automatic and reliable operation which the name Kelvinator has consistently meant for 15 years, and a new method of handling ice cubes. Flexible rubber ice trays enable you to extract the ice cubes in a flash, simply by bending the tray. Beautiful new cabinets—any one of them a gem in any kitchen. Do not wait to buy your Kelvinator. Enjoy it now on Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan. Be sure to see the new 1929 Kelvinator at the nearest Kelvinator display room.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



THE RELIABLE

KELVINATOR

The Kelvinator manufacturing plant pictured herewith belongs to the greatest group of plants in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of refrigeration.

WHEN YOUTH AND AGE
AGREE SO READILY
. . . IT MUST BE SO

"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"

WE *tired* business men. What makes us so tired? What gives us aching backs and touchy tempers? Too much work? Sometimes—but more often than we think—*the wrong shoes.*

Shoes—can they be so important? No doubt about it. Your feet carry the entire weight of your body. If they are tired you are tired. That's why doctors say "It is the only part of your body that must be fitted perfectly."

If you believe in keeping young
learn about modern Footsavers now

Footsavers are new. This product of modern, skilled shoemaking combines scientific principles never before available in men's shoes. The result? A shoe thoroughly stylish—yet completely answering the modern needs of healthy feet.

WE STARTED WITH THE "LAST"

Old "lasts" wouldn't do. If the last isn't the counterpart of the foot, it means "breaking in" the shoe—a needless misery.

That's hardly possible with shoes made over Footsaver lasts. Why? Because they were designed only after the most painstaking study of hundreds of actual feet. Each curve and hollow of the normal foot is duplicated.

HEELS

. . AS THEY WERE AND SHOULD BE

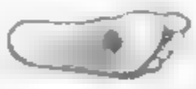
As an instance of Footsaver thoroughness—select heels "Ready-made" lasts have sharp, L-shaped

heels. Have your feet? No. Neither have Footsaver lasts. They have normal heels—heels that curve in—then out—and in again. Easy enough to make such heels, even though it does cost more But Footsavers were the first to do it.

ARCHES . . OLD IN FEET, NEW IN "LASTS"

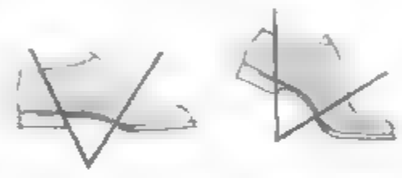
Ever since men have walked, healthy arches have been the same. And they have made the same healthy footprints—down along the outer surface, arched along the inner edge

Now compare the bottom of the Footsaver last with the normal footprint. You can hardly tell which is which, for both tread firmly on the outer edge. It was Nature's idea, but Footsavers' invention.



HOW'S YOUR LITTLE ARCH HEALTH?

It's about time shoes recognized this arch, little though it be. It crosses your foot behind the ball, and it needs attention. Footsavers haven't forgotten it. Nature's support for the little arch was soft earth—Footsavers', thin layers of soft, flexible leather, arched to fit it perfectly. If you think this is theory, slip into Footsavers and let your feet be the judge. Some day look at your footprint on a sandy beach, have Footsavers duplicated the yielding, conforming support of soft sand? Yes exactly with "The Saving V."



THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

You can't see it, this springy piece of steel, giving and taking, exactly like soft earth, absorbing the shock of your weight, lifting your arch with a springy support. It's like walking on air—to walk *in* Footsavers.

COMFORT, PLUS FIT, PLUS STYLE

Because Footsavers are correctly built does not mean they are not smartly styled.

Footsavers are. They were designed for active, modern men—who demand distinctive looks no less than perfect fit—who know value. Footsavers are priced from $12 to $14.

Look over the smart new Footsaver styles

Our booklet tells the complete "Saving V" story The new Footsaver styles for Spring? They will be included. We'll gladly tell you where you can buy Footsaver shoes. Use the attached coupon. It will only take a minute to fill it in—now.

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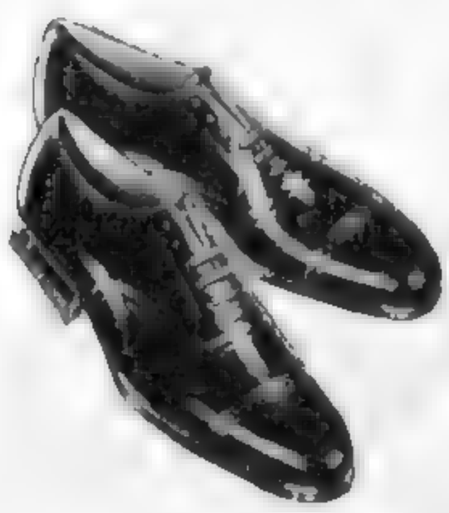
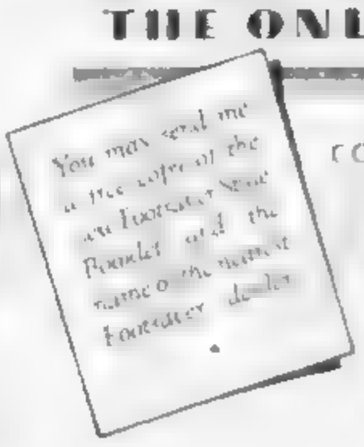
Makers of Men's Quality Shoes for Over 50 Years

FOOT SAVERS
THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

Women's Footsavers are manufactured by Julian & Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio





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Street .....
City ..... State .....

THE RISE OF THE DOLLAR

Continued from Page 15.

$3,500,000 in a year. During 1914 only nineteen foreign government or corporate issues were offered in the United States. They had a par value of $37,722,750, of which $29,794,000 were government, state and municipal bonds. The countries involved were Greece, Norway, Cuba, Panama, Porto Rico, Canada and Mexico. Although our goods had penetrated the world market place, we were country bankers in comparison with half a dozen European countries.

The war reversed the situation with dramatic suddenness. We turned from plowing capital into our own vast furrows and planted it first where battle raged and later amid the ruins of battle. In 1915 we lent $1,275,857,000, mainly to foreign governments. Great Britain and France got a total of $620,000,000. Like Kitchener's famous First Hundred Thousand, those millions were the forerunners of many more.

As the Continental tumult rose higher and higher the flood of foreign dollars increased. Postwar dislocation continued the demands, until by the end of 1928 our total active foreign commitments of all sorts had reached $15,911,000,000. These are the figures of Dr. Max Winkler, the well-known banker economist. The Department of Commerce put them at $14,800,000,000. The difficulty in arriving at the exact amount grows out of the fact that many American millions are in the form of so-called direct investments—that is, money put by corporations into branch factories. The public has no part in much of this kind of financing. Hence it is more or less a private matter.

Following the Flag

Compare our present total with the $2,625,000,000, the amount of our capital employment overseas in 1913, and you see how far we have traveled. Today our annual turnover in foreign securities is more than $1,000,000,000. The nineteen scattering foreign loans floated during the whole of 1914 are sometimes duplicated in number in a single business day. New York emerged from financial suburbanite to vie with London as an outstanding fiscal center, thus changing the world money map. Prestige as creditor nation has been steadily enhanced by the mounting volume of bankers' acceptances made possible by the rediscount privileges of the Federal Reserve System. It has put a big dent in the old commercial-paper business and bulwarks our foreign trade.

Through a mighty productive offensive we not only settled that adverse capital balance of $5,000,000,000 which stood on the books against us in 1914 but created a credit balance of roughly $10,000,000,000, the par value of the Allied debt to us. We have been lending abroad at the rate of from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 a year. Practically every European government is our debtor. No major conference anywhere is complete without the dollar sitting at the table.

But this represents only part of the achievement. Trade, like the Constitution, follows the flag. We have run the whole gamut of economic penetration, bulwarking investments everywhere with commercial penetration. Last year our exports passed the $5,000,000,000 mark for the first time since the boom year of 1920. The American product is in the market place wherever the trade winds blow.

A detailed analysis of the international dollar and its ramified functions will be made in the final article of this series. I refer to the growth of our world investments here because they fit into the consecutive narrative of the larger American money advance. We can now see what our capital resources did in the war as well as in the disconcerting post-Armistice era miscalled peace.

Because people are apt to forget the economic terror of yesterday in the tranquillity of today, it may be well to rehearse briefly the business situation when the war broke. Despite eruptions in that chronic volcano, the Balkans, and the subsequent upset of business in Central and Southern Europe, the commercial skies in 1914 were clearer than they had been for some years.

In Britain immense bank reserves had been piled up; deposits in the Big Five banks were of record size; discount rates were low and foreign trade boomed. During the first half of 1914 John Bull had invested more than $500,000,000 abroad, which had rounded out his over-sea stake to $20,000,000,000. France was no less prosperous. The crop outlook was favorable and she had ample resources. As was the case with Britain, she was a strongly intrenched creditor nation with expanding foreign investments. During the earlier part of the year that was to begin her long travail she had invested considerable sums in Greece, Turkey and Serbia. Russia and Italy were sound, although in the former the harvest had been reduced by drought.

In every way Germany was in a stronger position than any of the other European countries. Commercially she was riding the wave. Her economic penetration was at the peak. She was sitting no less pretty in capacity to meet armed eventualities. With her the war chest was no idle phrase. Instituted by Prussia in the days of Frederick the Great, it had been considerably augmented since the formation of the Empire in 1871. Its nucleus was a large part of the indemnity of $1,000,000,000 wrested from France as one of the fruits of victory in the war of 1870–71. The German army was in perfect trim, straining at the leash.

Despite sword rattling across the Rhine, there was a general feeling of calm. Europe had paid a tremendous price for security destined to be a transitory thing. What was called "the armed peace" extended from 1873 to the outbreak of the World War. It cost a total of $37,768,000,000, the overhead on the armies and navies of France, Italy, Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary. These figures representing the outlay of forty-one years seem large, but they were less than half the gold cost of the war of wars.

Among the Assets

The curious irony is that with a Europe armor-plated, as it were, from the North Sea to the Adriatic, the outbreak of the war should have come as a surprise. War always has the element of surprise, no matter how much it may have been anticipated. In this respect it has been compared with death. Besides, economists had insisted that no major European upheaval could be precipitated without the aid or consent of international bankers. These gentry were busy forging business ties. Hence the usual financial unpreparedness. This is why early measures were of the emergency kind. Only Germany could cope with big immediate fiscal demand. Britain had ample resources at the start, but the subsequent plight in which she found herself was due to the prevailing optimism that the war would be of short duration. The "business as usual" slogan was to exact a large price, as unfounded optimism always does. War and sacrifice invariably march together. When the time came for financial, as well as other sacrifice, no country was found wanting. In the same way, valor had no racial limitations.

This is not the place to discuss war guilt. The big fact is that the tocsin sounded and the most stupendous conflict that the world has ever known ensued.

Since America was to bear so much of the financial burden, it was peculiarly fortunate that her house was in order. Chief among the assets available was a reorganized banking structure. The Federal Reserve System, which gave us a consistently elastic currency, provided for mobilization of credit, and made the dollar bankers' acceptance possible, was in full swing. We had geared our industrial production, especially with motor cars, to an immense mass output which later enabled us to feed supplies into the gigantic maw of destruction. We were in a prime position, therefore, to mobilize our resources, come what would.

The dollar, however, was a rank outsider in the international financial game. As you have already seen, our foreign loans were trifling. We leaned heavily on commodity exports, as the increase from 1900 to the first war year showed. In 1900 our exports were $1,394,000,000, with imports of $850,000,000. In 1913 exports registered $2,465,884,000, while imports had shot up to $1,813,000,000. We had discovered that we could not sell without buying. Mass production consumed an ever-increasing flood of raw materials, especially rubber. The motor age was well under way.

Made by Acceptances

There is no need of rehearsing in detail the immediate financial reaction, once the guns began to bark. War is the greatest of all derangers of business. It sends gold into hiding, freezes credit, dislocates business and puts panic into the stock exchanges. The outbreak hit London the hardest, because the British capital was likewise the center of international trade and finance.

Huge debts scattered throughout the world were due or about to become due there. One of the first of the many emergency measures was to clamp down a moratorium—an instrument which postpones the payment of debts. It gives business a chance to catch its breath in the midst of pressing alarms. This procedure was not only followed in most of the warring countries but in some of the neutral countries as well.

The British moratorium requires a word of explanation, because it has such significant relation to acceptance, soon to become a vital factor in the rise of the dollar. It was the acceptance that helped to make London the world banker.

When you know precisely what an acceptance is you can realize what it meant to the supremacy of London's position, why it had to be safeguarded, and also why, in recent years, it has contributed so much to our new international position. Though the acceptance can be both domestic and international, its most important function is in world commercial transactions. Stated in the simplest terms, it represents a process which enables a seller of merchandise to get his money before the buyer is ready to pay for it. The buyer's bank gives the seller a guaranty of payment on a given date. This guaranty, in the form of a draft on the buyer's bank, is stamped "accepted" by the bank. It then becomes a negotiable document and is regarded as the most desirable of liquid assets next to actual cash. If a financial institution needs money to meet an unexpected demand, it is only necessary to offer a block of acceptances in the market and get funds on them.

Until the outbreak of the war the world acceptance market was London. This made it mandatory that the paper involved should be in pounds sterling, no matter how remote the transaction. It meant that if a Southern cotton grower disposed of his product to Bremen, the Brazilian coffee planter his crop to France, or the South African his fruit to the United States, the operation—that is, the settlement—was routed via London. Putting it in another way, a New York purchaser of Japanese silk would get a London bank to pay for it through a sterling acceptance. A transaction that began in terms of dollars inevitably found itself translated into pounds sterling. The British banks skimmed off all the cream. London was the hub of the international-trade movement.

Now you can see one reason why the pound was the yardstick of world money. When our acceptances came into the market the dollar rose up as a medium with which to finance world business. In consequence, our money market became international in scope for the first time. Henceforth the pound sterling had a rival which grew steadily in strength and authority. It is interesting to note in passing that, at the time I write, the value of dollar acceptances in foreign trade alone aggregates $1,100,000,000, which is almost equal to the London total.

It was imperative that London safeguard her acceptance market the moment the war crashed. Since the operation involves technicalities, let me quote the explanation of the procedure given by Harvey E. Fisk in his book, English Public Finance:

"When war, involving so many of the great mercantile nations, was unexpectedly declared, the banks suddenly found their assets 'frozen'—entirely unavailable. Worse than this, there were bills in transit which they and the acceptance houses were obliged to accept upon arrival, and there were millions in value coming due day by day which they were obliged, on behalf of clients, to pay. Manifestly this was the great financial problem requiring instant attention. This situation was met first of all by providing a market with the Bank of England for the premoratorium bills. A few weeks later, on September fourth, this was followed by a further provision whereby acceptors who were unable to meet the premoratorium bills at maturity received the necessary funds from the Bank of England at 2 per cent over bank rates. By this process indorsers of the bill were released. The loans made to the accepting houses were, for the most part, to constitute a second and not a first claim upon their assets. This greatly increased the negotiability of postmoratorium bills accepted by the same houses."

Prior to the time that we struck our stride with the acceptances the dollar had nosed into the international field because of the immediate dislocation of exchange. We were the one great neutral power with a stable money. It followed that foreigners, whether in belligerent countries or otherwise, began to pile up dollars.

A New International Stature

What became a Continental frenzy in foreign-exchange operation and speculation soon struck New York. The foreign-exchange broker sprang up overnight, capitalizing Europe's desire for a money immune from war tempest. As a matter of fact, the dollar did not escape the storm. In 1916 its purchasing power was only eighty-four cents, while the following year it was fifty-four. As many of us have some reason to remember, it shrank to thirty-seven cents in 1920. The point to emphasize is that demand, which increased as the war spread, gave the dollar a new stature in the international exchange.

Before we go into the part that the dollar played in the war and after, let us first see what those fifty-one months cost in money. At the very outset you are up against the usual divergence of authorities. As every investigator comes to know in time, statistics are necessary evils. I believe it was Talleyrand who once remarked in his cynical fashion that language is merely a medium to disguise thought. If he had been called upon to deal with statistics generally, and war costs in particular, he would undoubtedly have extended his epigram to include figures.

The computation of war costs is further complicated by the fact that all moneys underwent depreciation in varying degrees from 1914 until last year, when, with the

(Continued on Page 141)

SOUND PICTURES

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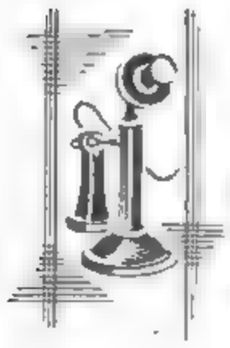

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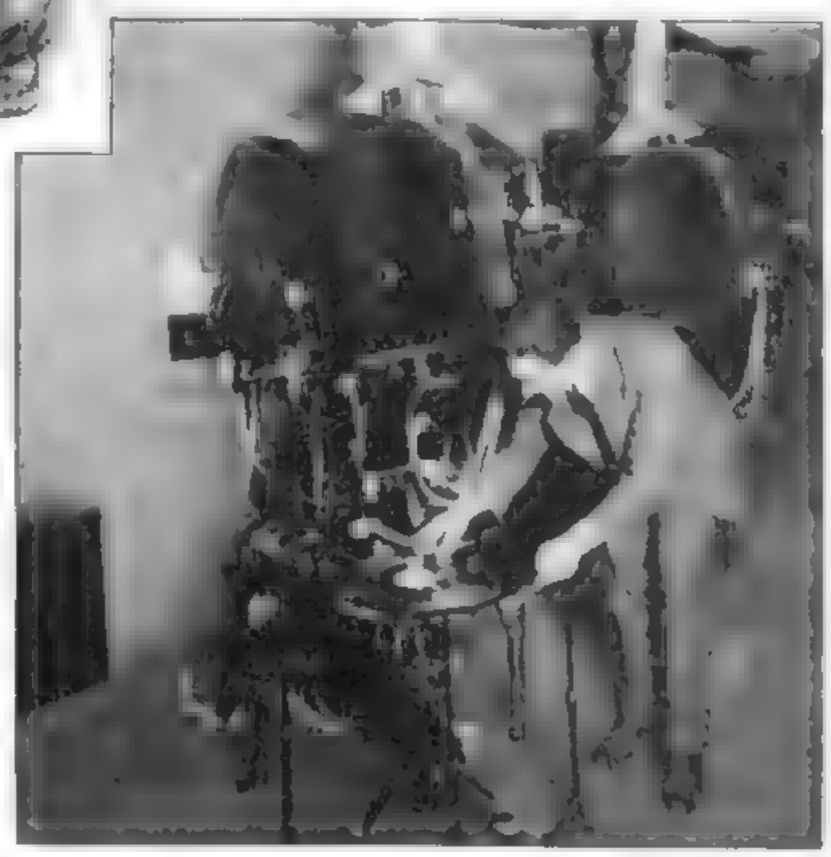
What was yesterday's dream is today's fact. And tomorrow? Here is an art now in the early stages of its development which is revolutionizing the field of motion picture entertainment.



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Distinctly modern and incomparably beautiful is the All Porcelain Senior Line of Cabinets by Seeger. Excelling in perfect preservation of food, compact convenience and lasting construction qualities, these Cabinets are presented in sizes to fill requirements from mansion to bungalow.

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(Continued from Page 137)

stabilization of the French franc, the major currencies came back to normalcy. Hence war costs are figured two ways. One is in terms of the 1913 gold dollar—that is, at par. The other is in currency, which means much larger amounts.

A second matter to be considered is the distinction between direct and indirect war costs. The direct cost of the war is the actual outlay for the prosecution of the conflict. This means guns, ammunition, aeroplanes, banks, clothing, as well as the upkeep of armies. Since this represents actual outlay, the totals are not so baffling.

With indirect costs the problem is not so easy, because the domain of conjecture is invaded. Indirect cost is defined as the capitalized value of lost human life, both civilian and soldier, property losses on land and sea, loss of production, losses to neutrals, depreciation of capital, dislocation of trade and kindred items.

With 57,397,000 men mobilized and the bulk of the civilized world in action, it is not surprising that the World War rolled up bewildering money costs. Out of the great mass of figures which lend themselves to analysis, we will take only two estimates. The first, by Harvey E. Fisk, puts the total direct expenditure at $80,687,000,000 gold—the 1913 dollar—or $208,600,000,000 in currency. Of the huge gold sum, $56,190,000,000, or 69.64 per cent, was the share of the Allied and Associated Powers, including the United States, while $24,497,000,000, or 30.36 per cent, represents the price that the Central Powers paid for defeat and disintegration.

It has been reckoned by Harvey Fisk that this eighty-billion gold cost would reproduce all the railway mileage of the entire world and leave a surplus of $20,000,000,000—an amount sufficient to reconstruct the whole railway system of the United States. The gold cost is also equal to the combined prewar wealth of both France and Italy, and is $10,000,000,000 more than the wealth of Great Britain at the outset of the struggle.

Taking a comparison not so far away, it is disclosed that the entire expenses of the United States Government from its inception in 1791 through 1913 were $24,500,000,000, which was less than one-third of the gold cost of the World War. The American total just given includes the cost of the second war with Great Britain, the war with Mexico, the Civil War, Indian campaigns and the war with Spain.

The Cost of War

Another estimate of costs is that of Prof. Ernest L. Bogart. In his study for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace he puts the direct cost of the war in currency at $186,333,637,097. His appraisal of the indirect cost is $151,612,542,560, making a grand total of $337,946,179,657. These figures do not include any attempt to put a money value for injury to the soldier and civilian population. Such an estimate, of course, would greatly increase the indirect toll.

Compare the cost of the World War with other wars that have made history and you realize how stupendous was the outlay. It exceeded the cost of all wars since the dawn of the Christian era. The cost of the Napoleonic Wars, for example, was $3,070,000,000. The Crimean War set the participants back $1,700,000,000. Our own Civil War put a dent into finances ranging from $6,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000. In the Franco-Prussian War both sides were mulcted $3,210,000,000, while the Russo-Japanese War stood the warring countries $2,100,000,000. These are all direct costs.

Wherever you turn in a consideration of World War costs you encounter amazing contrasts. It is estimated that between March 31, 1914, and the corresponding date in 1920, Britain spent £11,268,000,000, which was more than her total expenditures for the two and a quarter centuries preceding 1914. The day-by-day outgo would have almost paid the entire cost of previous small wars. At the peak of the conflict Britain was spending $38,000,000 every twenty-four hours; France, $28,407,339; Russia, $20,696,357, and the United States—this was in September, 1918—$55,168,366.

The United States expenditures are of particular interest to us. In his Armistice Day speech last year, Mr. Coolidge made a striking statement in this connection, worthy of reproduction. It shows how the cost of war during the actual struggle is sometimes just the beginning of a burdensome postwar obligation. This is what President Hoover's predecessor said:

"Our own outlay had been and was to continue to be a perfectly enormous sum. It is sometimes represented that this country made a profit out of the war. Nothing could be further from the truth. Up to the present time our own net war costs, after allowing for our foreign-debt expectations, are about $36,500,000,000. To retire the balance of our public debt will require about $7,000,000,000 in interest. Our Veterans' Bureau and allied expenses are already running at over $500,000,000 a year in meeting the solemn duty to the disabled and dependent. With what has been paid out and what is already apparent, it is probable that our final cost will run well toward $100,000,000,000, or half the entire wealth of the country when we entered the conflict."

Out of the Bankers' Hands

In confirmation of Mr. Coolidge's assertion is the record of what happened after our Civil War. Taking the total direct cost at $6,000,000,000, it has been worked out that for every dollar spent during the war a dollar and a half was spent later. Our pension roll of $9,000,000,000 bears this out. Hence the Coolidge estimate of $100,000,000,000 will eventually be rolled up because of veteran disbursements of all kinds including pensions, interest, and other obligations arising out of the war.

How was the immense war outlay met? The answer to this question reveals the most stupendous piece of financing that the world has ever known. But size was not the only precedent established. The underwriting reversed every tradition of emergency war paying on a big scale.

War financing presents a peculiar problem not always appreciated by the layman. A war must be waged with goods produced at the time. Energy, money and output are all dedicated to the need of today. There can be no thought of the burdens built for the peaceful tomorrow. Self-preservation, which does not admit of haggle, is the first law of expenditure.

An observation by Professor Bogart in his War Costs and Their Financing is not amiss here, because it bears directly on the subject. He says:

"If the war expenditures were met out of current production, whether by enlarging the national output, or by economies in personal consumption, or by noninvestment of capital in industries not contributing to the prosecution of the war, or by all three methods, then the whole cost of the war would be borne by the people who waged it. At the end of the struggle all the bills would have been paid. But such a pay-as-you-go policy was manifestly impossible in the World War. The costs equaled the total annual national prewar income of many of the belligerents, and in some cases even exceeded it."

The really revolutionary aspect of the World War financing is in the part played by the great mass of the people involved. You will recall the reference already made to the economists' theory that a great world struggle was impossible without the aid or consent of international bankers. This was contended as late as 1913, and not without ample basis for projection.

For many decades houses like the Rothschilds and the Bleichröders were the arbiters of war and peace. They were government fiscal agents and held the purse strings that led to national treasuries. To the credit of the Rothschilds, it must be said that they constantly labored for peace. In the 60's Disraeli wrote to a woman friend that the peace of Europe had been "maintained not by statesmen but by capitalists." He referred to the time that the Rothschilds had prevented France from joining with Poland in a war against Russia. The Bleichroders, on the other hand, financially aided and abetted Prussia's successful determination to crush France in 1870–71.

The Great War exploded the economists' theory. The banks and bankers had a big rôle, but the star performance was enacted by the dollars, francs and pounds that came from socks and savings accounts. Never before had a conflict drained the reservoirs of hard-earned wealth to such an extent. It reëmphasizes the age-old fact that a nation derives its power not from its rulers but from the mass of the people.

Nearly 65 per cent of the entire war expenditure was met by borrowing. Though huge international loans, such as our credits to the Allies, Britain's borrowing from us, the financial help given to France and Italy by England, and other transactions, rolled up a total of $28,000,000,000, the really significant contributions came from direct appeals to the masses. We have not forgotten the tumult and shouting that attended the putting over of our $10,000,000,000 in Liberty Loans, when the humblest vied with the richest in doing their bit. British and French bonds issued by private bankers before we entered the war were also bought in huge quantities. They enabled the Allies to buy supplies.

The fourth Liberty Loan, aggregating $6,993,000,000, was subscribed in three weeks. Britain's second loan of $4,811,000,000 and the great French loan of $6,000,000,000 were disposed of in record fashion. France had one advantage over all her allies in that her people, from peasants up, were educated in the employment of money in *rentes*, the government securities. The war simply increased their investments.

Between 1914 and 1919 Britain borrowed a total of £7,368,000,000. Of this £6,011,000,000 came from her own people. In the same way France raised $24,250,377,000 and Italy $10,145,000,000. Germany's war loans reached $24,640,419,925 and Austria-Hungary's $10,000,000,000. The funded debt of the United States for the war alone was $21,292,000,000, of which the people, by voluntary security purchases, bore more than half the brunt. Thus the average man on both sides provided a considerable portion of the real sinews.

Paying the Bills

But savings represented only part of what might be called the popular sacrifice. Taxation represented another toll. With this phase another big reversal is encountered. Theoretically a war should be financed by a tax policy aided by credits. The World War did the exact opposite, because it was a case of credits assisted by taxes.

The United States and Great Britain were the only two powers to impose drastic taxes. They made up for what the others failed to do in this respect. The French have always had a peculiar complex about taxes. They will cheerfully go forth to war, but they stick at paying taxes. The flight from the franc of 1926 was not due to lack of inherent resources but to the failure of vacillating governments to exact taxes.

British and American taxation which began in 1914 and 1917, respectively, shows the extent to which this price of war was carried. Between 1914 and 1919 British revenue receipts reached the equivalent of $16,000,000,000, whereas France paid only $5,000,000,000 in taxes. In 1917 our revenue receipts were $1,118,000,000, while in 1919 they had grown to $4,647,000,000.

Do not forget that the war was also paid for by inflation methods. At the very mention of the word "inflation" people conjure up the picture of printing presses turning

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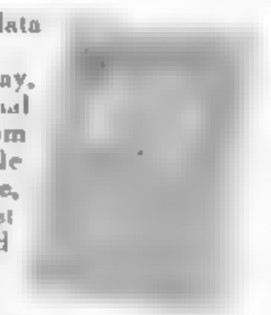

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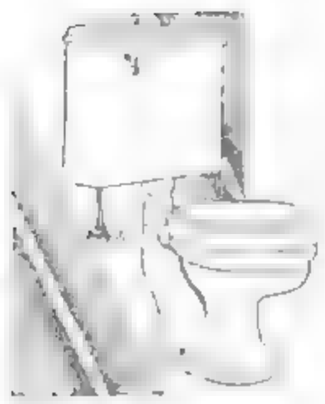

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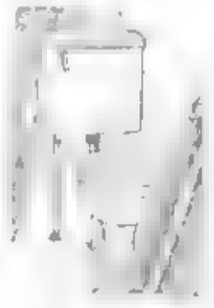

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loose an avalanche of depreciated paper money. Such was the type of inflation resorted to by France and Germany after the war. It was also employed by Britain, France, and for that matter, most other belligerent countries during the period of hostilities. The kind of inflation, however, that helped to pay for the war was obtained through the use of bank credits.

Since we were the fountainhead of credit, we now reach the point where we can discuss the advent of the United States as world banker. It was not until 1915 that the dollar began to figure in the international financial scheme in a large way. Within two years the weight of money was to be matched by a kindred weight of men.

Our participation falls into three eras. The first was from 1914 until April, 1917, when we were the great neutral power. The second spans the duration of our active intervention, while the third is the post-Armistice period, with its hang-over of debt complications. Throughout these various stages our capital and commodities loomed increasingly large in the picture.

The fiscal activities which made the Great War a war of loans began at the very outset. Until we got into the fray, Britain was the banker of the Allies and her dominions, just as Germany was the treasury of the Central Powers throughout. In August, 1914, Great Britain's position was similar to ours in 1917. She made up for immediate inability to provide troops by furnishing the wherewithal to enable her associates to fight. By the time April, 1917, rolled around the intergovernmental borrowing by the Allies had reached $8,000,000,000. Of this sum Britain furnished $6,000,000,000, her biggest creditor being France. We took over Britain's financial job as soon as we declared war, and officially spilled money from that time on.

Until April, 1917, our help to the Allies was therefore a private proposition. In other words, the huge total of credit sources was from private bankers and not the United States Government. Through these channels foreign loans amounting to $2,912,305,287 were made. Of this, $1,250,000,000 went to Great Britain and $686,000,000 to France. It was during this period that our bankers became acquainted for the first time with billion-dollar negotiations. Typical of the financing that we entered into was the great $500,000,000, 5 per cent Anglo-French bond issue of 1914 floated by an American banking syndicate under the leadership of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Wiping Out the Debtor Balance

The first Allied loans were secured by the good name and paying capacities of the borrowing countries. As the war advanced and needs increased, the demand for American credits multiplied in proportion. The American banker had to do what any other good banker does—ask for collateral. Now began one of the most interesting mobilizations of the war. It had a direct effect upon our position as debtor nation and was the first step toward securities self-sufficiency. The case of Great Britain will illustrate.

In 1914 the amount of foreign money invested in the United States was considerably more than $6,000,000,000, the bulk of which was held in Britain. The funds were largely in our railway securities as well as in corporate stocks and municipal bonds. The British Government appealed to the owners of these holdings to sell them and invest the proceeds in the national-defense bonds or lend them as collateral for American credits. France made the same overtures to her holders of our stocks and bonds.

In both instances the response was spontaneous. Billions of dollars' worth of American securities found their way back to our shores and were either deposited with the great private bankers or sold. In this way we began to wipe out the huge debtor balance that stood against us.

Some inkling of the extent of the about-face that happened may be gathered from the turnover in railway securities alone. In January, 1915, it was estimated that $2,704,402,300 worth of American railway securities were held abroad. During the six months ending July 31, 1916, $500,000,000 had changed from foreign to American ownership. During the following fiscal year there was an additional transfer of $800,000,000. Between August 1, 1916, and January 31, 1917, we received $230,000,000 by purchase. From that time on, transfers were comparatively negligible. It showed that Europeans in the fighting countries were getting to the bottom of their boxes as far as railway securities were concerned, and that the ownership of our vast transportation system had largely passed back into our own hands, for the time being, at least.

Our period of neutrality also marked the beginning of our rôle as world commodity purveyor. Practically all the stupendous credits granted by our banks were for the purchase of necessary supplies. The whole American productive machine was concentrated on an output that came into good stead once we were in the war.

An End to Profiteering

Our foreign trade began to boom. In the ten prewar months our exports of such items as mules, horses, automobiles, chemicals, iron and steel, canned goods, zinc, explosives and woolen fabrics amounted to $497,823,000. For the ten months from August, 1914, to June, 1915, they rolled up $1,798,300,000. Our favorable balance of trade soared. From $470,653,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, it leaped to $1,094,419,000 for the next twelve-month period. The 1916 figure reached $2,135,600,000.

For a time the Allied buying was as haphazard as were the agencies of production. The supplying of war needs was a comparatively new business to us. Munition factories sprang up like magic. Nearly everybody with an empty factory and a line of credit started in to get war contracts. Now was born the crop of so-called "war brides." This was the name given to stocks of what in many instances were fly-by-night munition companies. Some proved their worth, but many were mere speculations to lure the gullible.

There was another phase of this hectic rush to turn out shells and other products. The Allied powers engaged in competition with one another in the American market. The hour brooked no bargaining. Prices skyrocketed because needs were urgent.

Out of this riot of prices and costly competition emerged the idea for a system of centralized noncompetitive buying. It originated with the late Henry P. Davison, then a member of the Morgan firm, and was subsequently put in charge of E. R. Stettinius. As a result of this scheme all the Allied purchases were concentrated, with the Morgan house acting as fiscal agent. It put an end to profiteering, because only a reasonable margin of profit was allowed. Before the books were closed the amount of business that passed through this channel had reached $9,000,000,000.

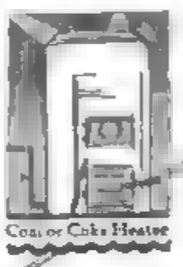
When the United States entered the war the whole process of Allied financing changed. As someone has well remarked, we ceased to be "a merchant in munitions" and became a consumer. We had to produce what we consumed, and a great deal more. Uncle Sam took over the task that the private bankers and Great Britain had performed for thirty-two weary months of travail and dug down into his own coffers. From then until the end of the war the flood of credits for supplies had his hallmark on them.

The first Liberty Loan Act in April, 1917, authorized a $3,000,000,000 loan to be issued to countries "engaged in war with enemies of the United States." The other three Liberty Loans—September 1917, and April and July, 1918—provided a total of $10,000,000,000. The proceeds were used for the benefit of the Allies.

(Continued on Page 144)

WHERE THE ERA OF AUTOMATIC HEATING BEGAN

— *and why its leaders still stand at the helm of this great national movement*



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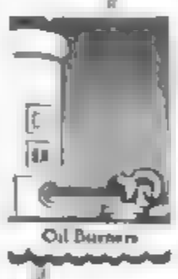

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(Continued from Page 142)

In view of the allegations of the debtor countries, when the time came to fund the debts, that they were "a joint contribution to a common cause," an explanation of the origin and the disposition of the money is timely, although it deviates for a moment from the consecutive story. Here are the plain facts:

The Liberty Loans represented money that had flowed into the national treasury on a spontaneous wave of patriotism from the pockets of the great mass of people. Therefore the debts originally, as now, were not to the United States Government but to American citizens. The United States was the intermediary and operated the machinery for collection and disbursement. Here its responsibility ended.

The Allied governments signed an I O U for these Liberty Loan billions. There was not the slightest hint at any stage of the transaction that the funds embodied a gift. They were framed as loans for which provision had to be made for future payment.

The operation thus became a commercial transaction governed by the fundamental laws that prevail in business. If you borrow you are expected to pay back. The Allies were perfectly willing to use this money when they had need for it, but some of them objected when the time came to put it on a definite business basis. As I remarked on another occasion, Europe may not want to pay for a dead horse, but it is well to know that she had that horse when it was alive and kicking.

The advocates of cancellation labor under the delusion that all the interallied debts were for specific war purposes. Such is not the case. Great Britain, for example, borrowed a large proportion of the debt to us for purely commercial usage as distinguished from war usage. Some of the proceeds were employed to meet commercial obligations maturing in the United States, to furnish India with silver to buy food to be resold to the civilian population, and to maintain exchange. As Secretary Mellon pointed out: "Our loans to England were not so much to provide war supplies as to furnish sterling for home and foreign needs and save England from borrowing more from her own people."

The Contributions to the Cause

Another fact may well be taken into consideration at this juncture. It shows that the shoe is really on the other foot. The United States purchased supplies and services from France and Great Britain to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars. In reference to these purchases and because his comment bears directly on the financial situation at the close of the war, I will again quote Secretary Mellon in this wise:

"We did not get those francs and pounds on credit. We paid cash for them, except possibly in a few comparatively minor instances. In other words, we paid cash for the goods and services necessary to enable us to make our joint contribution to the common cause. Our associates got the goods and services purchased in this country necessary to enable them to make that part of their joint contribution on credit. Here is the fundamental reason which explains why we ended the war with everyone owing us and our owing no one.

"We are now urged to cancel these debts because it is alleged that they were incurred in a common cause, but neither abroad nor in this country has it been suggested that if this is to be done we are to be reimbursed the dollars actually expended by us in France and Great Britain, so that the goods and services they sold us might constitute their contribution to the common cause."

Dollar authority consolidated its position with peace. It faced a situation almost as acute as war eventuality. Hostilities had ceased with the same suddenness with which they started. We found ourselves at the peak of an immense production of all sorts which had to find an outlet. Europe, with the exception of Holland, Switzerland, Spain and Sweden, was economically prostrate. Again the dollar was put to work, this time to enable the once embattled nations to take supplies off our hands.

The second dollar invasion meant reconstruction. More than a billion was employed to heal the wounds of war and bring sustenance to the innocent bystanders—that is, the civilian populations.

Postwar financing increased the old governmental debts to us and added new names to the list. Austria and Hungary got the wherewithal with which to revive national life. Self-determination had to be reënforced in new states like Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Finland, Latvia, Estonia, Jugo-Slavia and Lithuania. Our total advances to foreign powers under Liberty Loan authorization had reached $10,338,000,000, of which $7,077,000,000 was advanced before the Armistice and the remainder during the two years following By 1923 we were a net creditor to the extent of $11,850,000,000.

A World-Wide Panorama

Physical rehabilitation represented only one aspect of big American financing Everywhere currencies were debased. The dollar now took up the task of stabilization. The sorest spot was Germany, where the mark had slumped to well-nigh unbelievable depths. The orgy of inflation was matched by a kindred frenzy of spending. Here, as elsewhere throughout the Continent, thrift got a jolt which had destructive social reactions. We not only aided the mark to return to the gold standard—we took half of a $200,000,000 German external loan in 1924—but contributed our brains to the framing of the Dawes Plan, which authorized this grant.

The return of Great Britain to the gold standard in 1925, following the funding of her war debt to us, gave the dollar another lift on the road to premiership. When the British decided to fortify the pound sterling they had to close the London markets to foreign capital issues, since any outward flow of funds would have endangered the project. London therefore ceased to be a source of credit. New York became for the moment the outstanding money market.

Just about this time Uncle Sam very wisely let it be known that he would not countenance any more foreign loans to countries which had not settled their debts to him. Within a year Belgium, and later on Italy, came in under the funding umbrella and signed on the dotted line. This let loose a new flood of money to Belgium and Italy. France, as far as any governmental help was concerned, forfeited her right to borrow for a time. This was because the French Parliament refused to ratify the debt settlement, which still hangs fire, although interest is being paid on it. A show-down is inevitable this year, since the French debt of $406,000,000 for war supplies purchased in 1919 comes due in August.

The operation of the Dawes Plan in 1924 set up another milepost in the dollar march. Once reparations were put on a business basis, the stream of American capital into the Reich began, until by the first of this year it had reached $1,147,020,000. We largely made the rationalization of Teutonic industry possible. The joke on us is that we helped to finance German competition with our own products in many essential markets, especially South America.

The chronology of our foreign investments discloses a steady and imposing increase. In 1923 they were $543,639,764. By 1925 they had grown to $2,206,018,650; in 1927 they rolled up $2,071,954,109; while in 1928 the record was $2,175,396,000. This brought the grand total to roughly $15,000,000,000, not counting the Allied debt of $10,000,000,000. For a one-time timorous financial soul it is, in popular parlance, some advance.

Recapitulate what the dollar has done throughout its rise and a panorama incorporating the whole world is unfolded. Beginning as a formidable weapon to help accomplish the defeat of the Central Powers, it has extended its service to practically every kind of financing. Among other things, it aided Japan to rebuild after the earthquake, established fiscal order in Latin America, installed hydroelectric plants in Scandinavia and Italy, gave Spain an adequate telephone system, strengthened industry in Germany, Britain and France, and, as you have already seen, brought European currencies back to normalcy. The bestowal of such vast and ramified credit helped to create much of the confidence that inspired a war-weary world to pick up the threads of economic life again.

We have not only become internationally conscious in finance but in commerce as well. This followed from the close affinity between exports of capital and exports of goods.

Obviously mass output as such is almost as useless as inert capital. In each case the product, whether money or merchandise, must be distributed. By 1920 our manufacturing capacity reached the point where profitable operation demanded an outlet beyond our confines. One way to obtain this was to tie up the proceeds of our loans so that they must be spent in the country of their source. This was particularly necessary in the case of locomotives, freight and passenger cars, rails and other railroad equipment, and of electrical, mining and heavy machinery. Both Britain and Germany owed much of their foreign expansion to this procedure.

As everybody knows, the big volume of our war business was self-selling. We stood alone at the universal trade counter because the great European producers were busy at the task of self-preservation. Any kind of commodity had a market because demand exceeded supply. So, too, during the earlier postwar era, when European production was still harnessed to soldier and sailor needs and insistent local requirements.

When Britain, and later Germany and France, got back to some degree of output, we had to prove our mettle, and we did. By the close of 1925 we dominated the South American market and forged to the front in Canada.

Playing the Game Hard

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Such, in brief, is the evolution of our capital from a casual participant to a dominant factor in the international fiscal scheme.

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with international finance. The next will be devoted to the evolution of American banking

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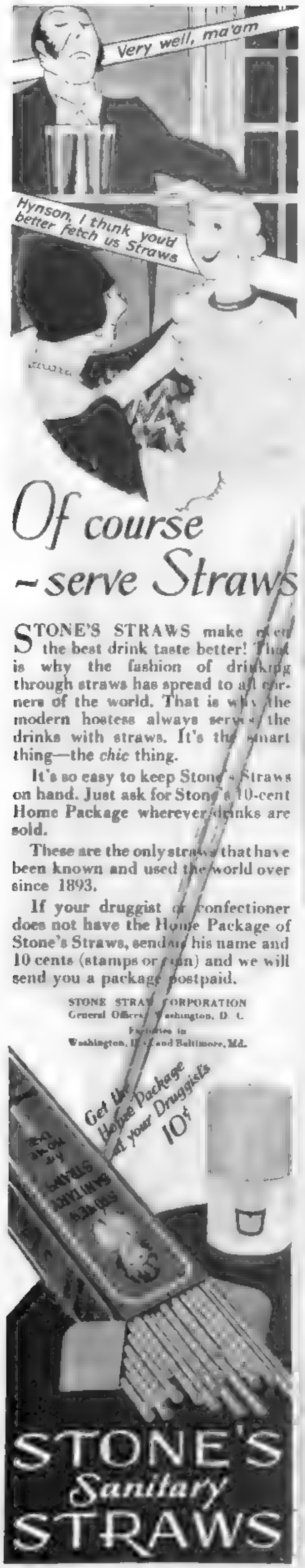

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LOVE ON A FARM

(Continued from Page 13)

running water, so that Eddie was knocking on all the bathroom doors, and James was following him with tar paper and a hammer and tacks to cover up the window. And the farm hands had already led out the bulls for the big bull scene, and they'd broken down a hedge and were having sport in the asparagus bed. And Charles Francis Morris had got into the sideboard, and Sam Allen had tried some parlor acrobatics and was telling everybody that if they'd only kept out of his way he wouldn't have broken either of the chairs. And both Charlie and Sam gave me the marble stare; and Eddie, entirely forgetting that he'd specially asked me to go riding with Miss Booth, wanted to know what I meant by being late.

Well, by ten o'clock we were all made up, and the cameraman asked Eddie for a shooting script, and Eddie didn't know what he meant.

"But I can direct the picture all right," said Eddie. "Didn't I write it myself? We begin where I—I mean Jack—wooes Lucy on the lawn."

"O. K., baby," said the cameraman indulgently. "I need six men to hold the reflectors."

So the farm hands took the bulls out of the asparagus and escorted them back to the bull cote, and then came and held the tin-foil reflectors. Then the cameraman squinted through a piece of blue glass, and Eddie wooed, and Dimples and I watched him for nearly two hours, but we didn't learn much.

Sam Allen said to me, "Say, I wanted to go out and bag some game this afternoon. How long does it take to make a movie anyway?"

I said, "Well, judging by the speed, so far, I'd say about eleven years."

Charles Francis Morris walked up to me and said: "Say, I'm not in this till Dorothy hooks Eddie out of the creek and you swindle him. So why should I hang around here and watch Eddie and Dorothy act all over the grass? And he went.

And after that, Lucy began to be dazzled by Osborne, and the cameraman said Osborne wasn't the type, and Osborne said he admitted that the cameraman looked more like a dastard than he did, and there were about ninety thousand dollars' worth of barns that they could settle it behind. So the cameraman said apologetically, "O. K., baby," and went on cranking.

It was now time for Lucy to elope with Osborne, so the farm hands put down the reflectors and started to get the bulls, and the cameraman said that maybe we could get along without the bulls, but he'd be hanged if we could get along without the reflectors, so the farm hands would have to come back. So they came back just as the butler announced luncheon. Osborne wanted to do his big poltroon scene first, so that he could go out after luncheon and bag game. But Eddie, who was getting a little nervous and nippy, said no, we'd probably all feel better if we had some food.

Charles Francis Morris was missing, so that only eleven of us sat down to eat. I told Dimples that she reminded me of an Arizona sunset, and she told me to go and roll in some catnip.

Then Miss Booth turned to me and said, "Well, what kind of a village maiden do I make?"

I said, "We're all in love with you, and if necessary, I'll vote twice and buy a farm."

And it was true; the scenario was rancid, but Miss Booth was gorgeous.

At this point, the butler said in my ear, "Telephone for you, sir."

I went and took a telephone message, and just as I'd taken it there was a tremendous riot upstairs, and Morris, in a dressing gown, put his head over the banisters, and said: "Cross my heart, Eddie, I didn't do it on purpose!"

And the camerman put his head over the banisters and said hoarsely, "Do you know what he done? He come busting in this here bathroom that I had all good and dark, where I had a whole magazine in the hypo in the tub, and he switched on the light and spoiled every foot we shot this mornin'!"

"Well," said Charles Francis Morris, "can't a gentleman forget which bathroom? And can't a gentleman wash to wish the goo off his face, so it didn't spoil his beverages—such as they are? I cross my heart! And his developer stuff in the bathtub smells just like Eddie's brandy. Calls it hypo. I call it a disgrace to cilivization!"

So Eddie explained to the company that we'd have to do the morning's work all over again, and not one of us rose and sang, For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. But eventually we plodded back to the lawn, where there was such a lengthy bicker that Miss Booth and Sam Allen went and sat down in the shade of Riverside Spreading Chestnut XXIX. And Eddie gave me a frantic high sign, so I remembered my promise and loitered over to take care of her.

Sam's greeting was rather anæmic, but Miss Booth was quite civil.

"Well," she said, "what's the verdict?"

I said: "Why, the cameraman won't go in the field with the prize bulls unless Eddie builds him a dugout. And if the men build it they can't hold the reflectors. And we can't do my scenes in the village because Mr. Morris is—er—resting. And Eddie doesn't want to do the drowning scene, because he thinks that you and he have done enough for a while. So——"

Here, with consummate diplomacy, Eddie shouted: "Oh, Sam! Come here, Sam! We want to do some close-ups of you!" And Sam, muttering something in an underworld undertone, got up and slow-motioned away.

Well, Eddie had told me to keep her amused, so I said: "Them was harsh words he spoke, Miss Booth, and I fear his lips was besmirched with a horrid oath. But I don't blame him. No, I sympathize with him. Because personally I'd rather be here with you than to—to—well, almost anything."

She said, "Really? And Dimples?"

I said, "Dimples is a pure, sweet girl! And when I was a stranger at the banquet, she told my fortune and put me at my ease and swiped my salted almonds. I like Dimples. But why reproach me with her? Do I reproach you with Eddie and Mr. Allen and Mr. Morris?"

"I'm not altogether sure that Sam and Charlie," said Miss Booth meditatively, "are as irresistible as their mothers thought they were."

And from her accent I imagined that I saw the handwriting on the wall paper, as far as Eddie's two rivals were concerned. I told myself that this was uppity-uppity for Eddie. Still, I couldn't very well pan Eddie's guests, so I cleverly changed the subject.

I said, "My! That's a pretty ring you're wearing! Can I look at it?"

So she let me look at it; and then we talked about this and that, while the afternoon drifted graciously onward.

At five o'clock the cameraman said that if we kept on in that light we'd all look like a burnt-cork minstrel show on the screen, but Eddie said that only last week he'd taken snapshots with his own camera until six o'clock, and they came out fine. So the cameraman said "O. K., baby," and went on cranking.

We knocked off work at six and went to our rooms through an appalling reek of hypo in the hallway; it was so bad that four of us said they'd rather sleep in a hen-coop. And while I was coaxing the crêpe hair off my face Eddie came in.

He said, "Bill, old boy, I'm a bit upset. Some of these folks don't seem to appreciate the idea, and they're kicking because it takes up so much time, and they're kicking about the smell. And, Bill, old boy, I don't know what's gone wrong with the darned thing! The whole scenario's only two pages long, and still we've only done the first seven lines. So I've got to sit up tonight and rewrite it. So will you take care of Dorothy and not let those hijackers grab her?"

I said I would do that, and Eddie shook me by the hand and said he'd never forget it.

So, after dinner, when Eddie had withdrawn to hack and slash his brain child, I took Dorothy out to stroll leisurely 'neath the balmy summer sky, and to hearken to the voice of drowsy Nature and count the moon. And if looks could have killed me—I mean the looks of Sam and Charlie—I wouldn't have felt safe even if I had as many lives as a couple of cats.

So we strolled and hearkened and counted. She said, "This is awfully nice—to come out here where it's so calm and peaceful, after the day we've had."

I said, "It's a good deal nicer for me than I could very well tell you."

"Truly? But why don't you try?"

I said, "Because you wouldn't believe me." And we looked at each other and kept on walking.

Then, in the due course of events, she said, "But think of poor Eddie back there all alone, working on that scenario."

I said, "Yes. Poor, poor Eddie!" And we looked at each other again and had Christian sentiments for Eddie.

Nevertheless, there wasn't any vital reason to hurry back to the wigwam, so we didn't. But when we finally got there, everybody'd just decided to go swimming in the river; so we all went swimming. And Dimples stepped on a live and collapsible frog, and swooned in my arms, and Polly swam into a healthy eel, and the chaperon playfully threw a lump of mud at her husband without realizing that a rock was wrapped up in it, and by a miracle it hit him on the ear, so that there was no slump in the general gayety. Except that on the way home Dorothy assured me that at age six she could have given a far better imitation of swooning than Dimples could at age nineteen. And she wasn't a bit cheered when I said that we had to give Dimples credit, because, after all, Dimples was the one who'd paraded on the frog.

At midnight we went to bed, and in the morning we all got up with ferocious headaches on account of the hypo fumes in the house, and Charles Francis Morris scoffed at us, because, he said, his own headache wasn't any worse than ours, but he'd had fun getting his and we hadn't. And everybody felt even worse when we found that there weren't any Sunday papers. Not that anybody actually wanted a Sunday paper; it was just a question of efficiency and service.

Eddie told us, with a note of pathos in his voice, that he'd fixed the scenario. He'd cut out the livestock, the drowning, most of the wildwood, two-thirds of the village scenes, half the villainy, everything that had to do with the railroad and the sawmill, and also the eight or nine educational reels showing how he raised rutabagas and alfalfa, and how he fed his poultry so they would eat the most. He said that if we would stop fooling and take things seriously we ought to get it done by dusk.

So, to please Eddie, we tried to be serious and speed it up, and we took everything on the run, with no rehearsals or retakes, and the cameraman said "O. K., baby," to anything Eddie suggested. But now and then the cameraman got ruddy in the face and made a peculiar noise. But by one o'clock we'd accomplished a lot and felt that we'd earned our victuals.

We were just finishing luncheon when Miss Booth asked me if I'd go out on the veranda with her for a minute. So we went out, and

(Continued on Page 150)

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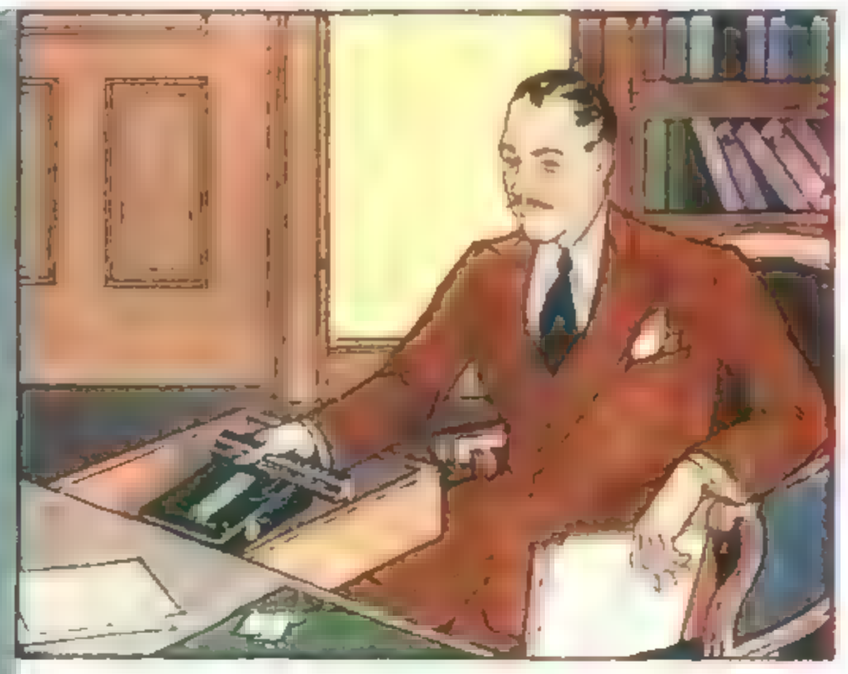

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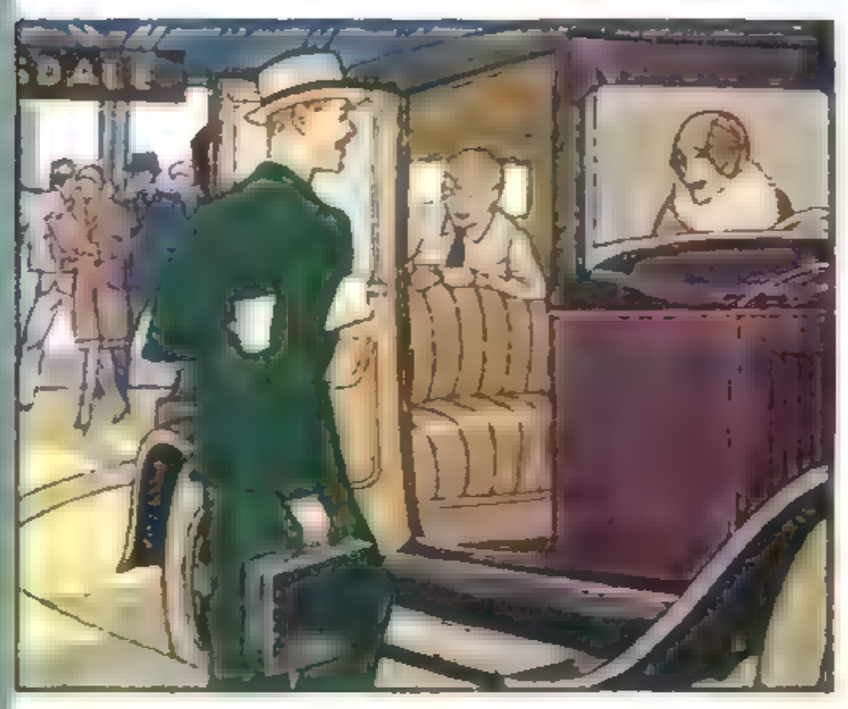

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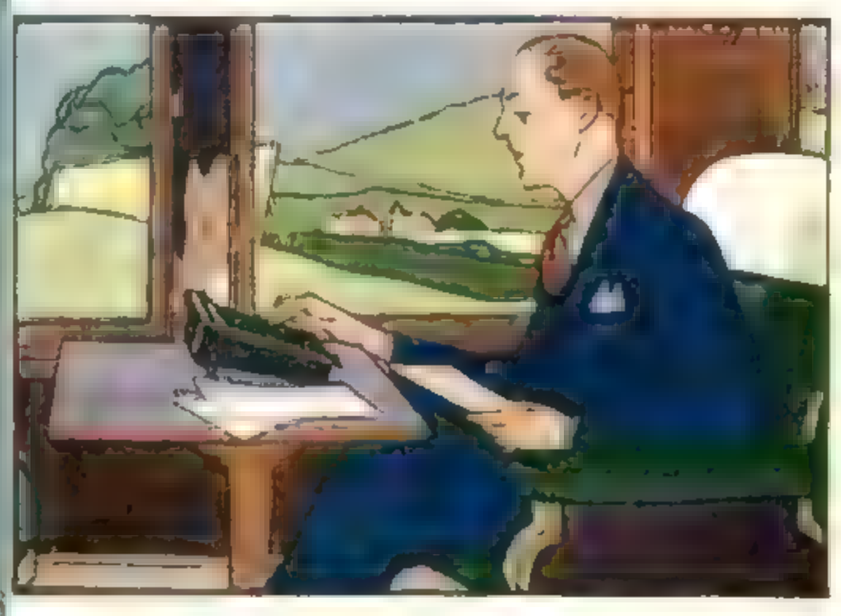

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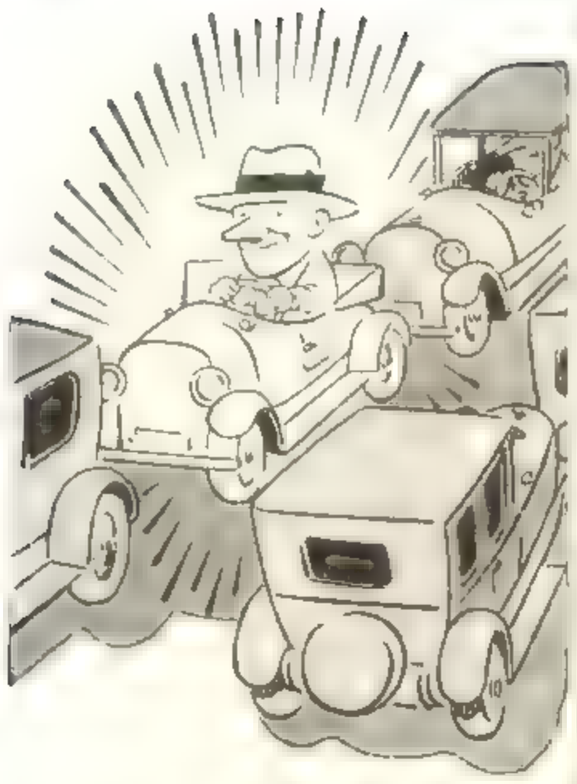

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(Continued from Page 146)

she said abruptly: "Mr. Gordon, did you know what Eddie's idea was for the end of this picture?"

I said, "Why, I saw the scenario."

She stamped her foot. It was either the right foot or the left foot. I didn't notice. She said: "Oh! You did know then! . . . Do you know how many of these other people know it?"

I said truthfully, "Why, no, I don't."

Even through her make-up, she was white. "What am I going to do? He didn't tell me until just at dessert! But even if I were going to marry Eddie—and I never even dreamed of it!- you don't think I'd do it in an amateur movie, do you? What does he think I am? Do I look like a girl who'd do that? A stunt like that?"

I said: "Oh, but it doesn't have to be a real wedding, does it? That wasn't anything but Eddie's hope. He intended to go ahead with the picture anyhow. And why not? There's twelve of us in it, and we've wasted most of a week-end and all Eddie's money already, and ——"

She said furiously: "That's immaterial. But if I knew that he'd been telling everybody else about his bright little scheme, as he's obviously told you ——"

I said: "Now listen, my dear. I don't know whether Eddie's broadcast it or not. But before you say another word I wish you'd sit down quietly with me for about fifteen seconds and get hold of yourself. Then we'll talk it over. And you know I'm going to see you through this, don't you?"

We sat down on a wicker divan in front of Eddie's private office, den, library and lair. Then, just inside the open window, we heard the voice of the cameraman.

He said, "Say, Mr. Guild, you just hold these here strips of fillum up to the light."

Eddie said, shortly, "What's wrong with 'em?"

"Well, in that footage I shot late yesterday evenin', all of you look like coons, just like I said you would. Then see this test I pulled on Miss Booth."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Well, I knew the first minute I see her, her camera angles was all wrong, but ——"

Eddie said throatfully, "You mean it isn't going to be a good picture?"

"Oh, the picture ain't too bad," said the cameraman kindly. "I shot lots worse in Hollywood. But the girl's a washout."

Dorothy's fingers gripped my arm spasmodically.

Eddie cleared his throat and said, "Don't be silly! She's so good that Kinemart's giving her a test next Wednesday!"

"Oh-ho, and oh-ho, and har-har!" said the cameraman. "So this is that Booth, is it? Well, burn my clothes! Well, that's kinda funny, because I got the job to make that selfsame test on her, Wednesday, myself! Well, Mr. Guild, I'm about the best man they is for screen tests, and I do all Kinemart's, and I tell you she's a washout. I got the proof already. If we hit her with arcs, her eyes'll go white; and if we don't give her all the light in the place, her face'll gray clean out of the picture. Look at them strips. Same old story: The prettier they are off the screen, the worser they photograph. So, if I was you I wouldn't waste another nickel on this here horse opera—even if I make you mad to tell you. And you couldn't finish it now in less'n a week, anyway. And if you did she'd be rotten just the same."

"Gug!" said Eddie. "Well, I'll let you know."

"O. K., baby," said the cameraman without emotion. And the next moment Eddie came dazedly out on the veranda and saw us.

"Gug!" said Eddie. "How long have you [illegible] been here? Did you hear anything? Did you ——"

Dorothy went over to him. "Eddie," she said, "did you tell anybody else about your happy thought for a romantic movie wedding?"

Eddie was soothing his own fevered brow. "Why, I don't know," he said, through the fog. "I guess I told Bill, Friday night, and Mr. and Mrs. Nash this morning—we're all friends here, aren't we?—and maybe one or two of the girls—Eleanor Morton

Dorothy was icy. "Oh! And you didn't tell the farm hands and the butler? . . . Well, Eddie, I think I had a wire about five minutes ago, calling me back to town. Isn't that the best way out of it? You've made me ridiculous enough anyway; but if there isn't going to be any more picture—why, then for me to stay here with everybody laughing at both of us ——"

"Why, what is there to laugh about?" asked Eddie with great sincerity. "And why should you go away? If you didn't enjoy making the picture, I'll think up something else just as good, or maybe better."

At this juncture a yokel in blue denim came around the house

"Excuse, please, mister sir," he said respectfully to Eddie, "but Riverside Finsteraarhorn Rupert, she is awful seek. Could you came qvick?"

Eddie started. "Good Lord!" he said. "You'll—Dorothy and Bill you'll excuse me a few minutes, won't you? This is darned important! It's—it's serious! Please don't settle anything until I get back! Please don't! . . . Take care of her, will you, Bill?" And he scuttled around the corner with his yokel.

Dorothy looked at me. "I think," she said, "that that's my exit cue. First, I'm mistaken for a tabloid bride; then I'm told I'm a rotten actress; and now, of all moments, he prefers the society of a mere pig!"

I said, "Well, if you're going back to town you don't think I'll let you go by yourself, do you?"

She said, "But I've got a reason to go, and you haven't."

I said, "I've got a better reason to go than I had to come. And didn't Eddie just tell me to take care of you? O. K., baby."

So presently we went in and went upstairs, and I rang for James, and for ten dollars he did a marvelously fast job, and didn't leave out anything but my pajamas and a razor and one slipper and two shirts and three socks and a comb and brush and a flask and the contents.

We went downstairs, and one of the station wagons was stalled at the porte-cochère to meet us. The chauffeur nurtured it and by and by it went. And everybody crowded around us as if it were the big farewell scene in a sentimental drama. Which, if they had only known it, it was.

Charles Francis Morris, stretching out both arms, said, "But, Dorothy ——"

Sam Allen said, "But, Dorothy ——"

Dimples said tragically: "But, Bill——"

Nevertheless, we tore ourselves away, and it wasn't until we had jolted a mile down the bulbous boulevard that we both realized something. Neither of us knew when there was a train to New York.

There was a train to New York at 4:56, and we nearly missed it. That was because we were still sitting on a baggage truck and talking about Eddie and Dorothy and me. And Dorothy had cried on my shoulder and I hadn't pushed her off.

She said: "But don't you see? It isn't just Eddie—it's everything I've always been told. Everybody always said I could go into the movies. My friend who knows the man in Kinemart said so. And I believed him. And then, when this cameraman—and the way he talked, I know he's right—so what chance would I have at Kinemart on Wednesday? And then Eddie ——"

I said "My dear ——"

She said, "Oh, you told me you had money in the picture business. I suppose now you'll tell me you can pull strings and ——"

"No, dear," I said, "but I can tell you something today that I couldn't have told you yesterday. I told you I was interested in the stock of one or two companies, didn't I? Well, I was on the short side of the market, and my telephone message at luncheon yesterday was from the office. Kinemart Film had dropped forty points by closing, and that means ——"

Her eyes widened. "What that means? Why, you don't know what that means! Why ——"

"What it means," I said, "is that today I've got about seventy-five thousand dollars more than I had yesterday. And on that basis—because with that and what I had before and my salary, I'm good for about twenty thousand a year—can I come and see you?"

It must have been at about that time that we didn't hear the train whistle.

She said, with a gasp: "But then—but then I've lost as much as you've made! I'd bought Kinemart stock on margin! Oh, if I'd only had a paper this morning I'd have —— Are you sure? Because if I've lost that much—why, then I've got to go into the movies, and—and now I can't!"

Then I perceived that the train had stopped with a Pullman in front of us. I collected Dorothy in one arm and two suitcases and two bags and an umbrella in the other, and made for the Pullman.

"Oh, what difference does it make, darling?" I said. "It's all in the family, isn't it? We've got everything we had before, haven't we? Only I've got you and the money, and all you've got is me and the experience!"

About halfway to New York she said, "But, Bill, you can't ever be friends with Eddie again, can you?"

I said, "Huh! You don't know Eddie! He'll be one of my ushers, and he'll probably give us one of Rupert's progeny and a gallon of dandelion rum for a wedding present."

But he didn't. He couldn't even come to the wedding; he was up in Canada, learning how to breed Kashmir goats for a profit. But he sent us a silver meat platter which Riverside Lady Elderdown had won at the county fair. And I was deeply touched, because I knew what that platter meant to Eddie.

So about a year later, when I had occasion to write several telegrams, I wrote one to Eddie first. I just said: "Park Avenue Apartments William Gordon II arrived today and all's well."

And Eddie came back with a telegram that contained the only humor I ever knew him to perpetrate. His answer was simply: "O. K., baby."

Hand Finished BLADES

The supply *is* limited

On the shores of a beautiful Alpine lake is the home of a famous family of fine razor makers. For generations, their products have won medal after

medal at expositions from Lucerne to Melbourne. The fine razors of these master craftsmen have triumphed over the best from all the world.

Here at last we found the master craftsmen who could make the super blade we wanted.

These painstaking, conscientious Swiss are now members of the Twinplex family. Their skill and "razor sense" are being employed in making Twinplex blades for Americans who appreciate a truly fine razor.

The supply never will be large, for their methods are slow and unhurried. Quality, not quantity, is their ambition. They would rather make one perfect blade than a thousand that do not measure up to their standard.

for Tough Beards *and* Tender Skins

Have you ever shaved with a hand finished blade? If not, you'll enjoy a delightful shaving surprise the first time you use a Twinplex Blade.

Twinplex Blades are made in Switzerland by a family of skilled craftsmen. The finishing touches they patiently give the edges of these blades produce a velvety smoothness that cannot be duplicated by machines.

Skilled razor making experience, handed down from father to son for generations—and their carefully guarded secret of tempering—go into keeping Twinplex Blades super-keen for many shaves.

Without stropping they shave better than ordinary blades. They glide over tender skins and leave them smooth and clean. *With* stropping they are superb—and last for days and days of perfect shaves.

They cost more—$1.00 for 10—50¢ for 5. They're worth far more than the slight extra cost because they shave better and last longer.

Ask your dealer for them. If he can't supply you, write us. We'd like to have you test a Twinplex Blade. Send 10¢ and we'll strop one with a Twinplex Stropper and mail it to you.

Twinplex Blades

Twinplex Stropper

All blades -even the fine hand finished Twinplex Blades—shave better and last longer when stropped regularly with a Twinplex Stropper.

Under the microscope the edge of every blade is an irregular row of tiny, sensitive teeth. It is impossible to keep these teeth in perfect alignment for any great length of time. You should strop these teeth smooth before you use the blade, if you want the coolest of cool, clean shaves. Twinplex strops quickly and thoroughly in one operation. Strop 5 seconds, save five minutes in shaving

Ask your dealer to demonstrate this time and temper saving aid to smooth shave comfort.

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Send me a Twinplex Blade that has been stropped with a Twinplex Stropper. I enclose 10¢.
Name
Address
City State

Kraft Grapefruit Salad

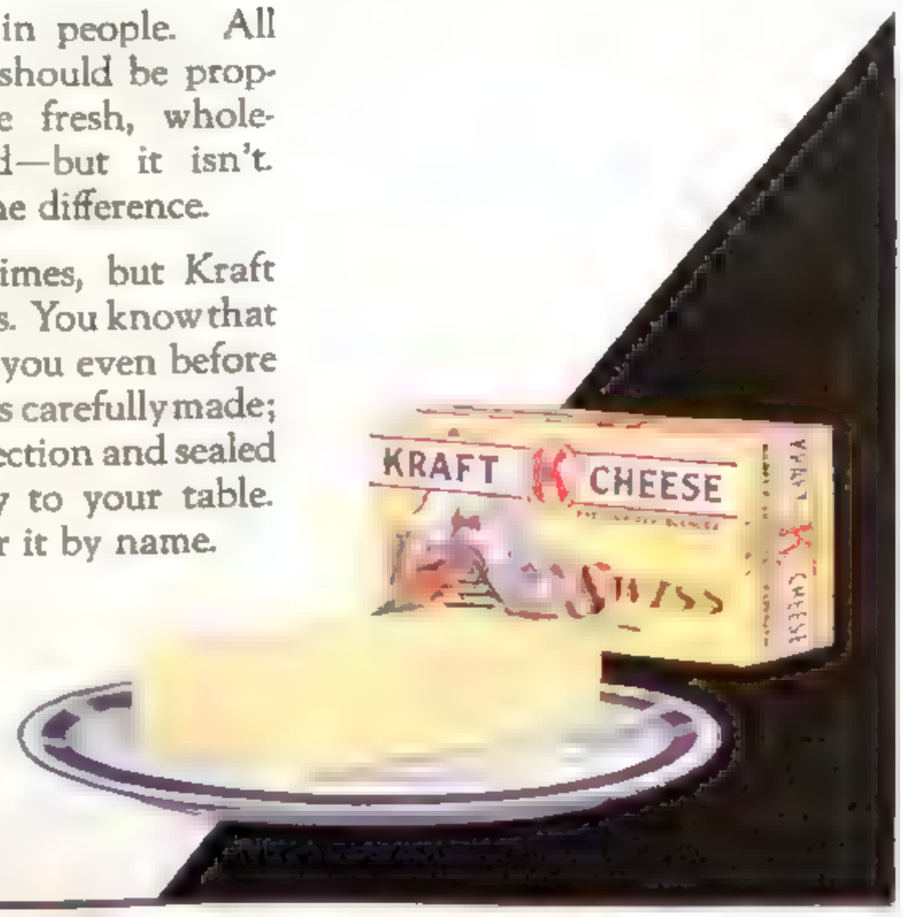
Peel grapefruit and remove the pulp, carefully keeping each section whole. Arrange these sections petal fashion on leaves of crisp lettuce. Place a heaping tablespoon of grated Kraft American Cheese or Velveeta in the center of the flower. Garnish with a maraschino cherry in the center, and serve with French dressing.

Cheese is a high-powered food—

Cheese is also one of man's best and oldest foods. Many of the world's greatest producers, mental and manual, have been sustained by a diet whose principal item was cheese. No other food—save milk—contains so many vital food elements as cheese, while no other food contains them in such volume.

Nearly everyone likes cheese. It's a natural food—milk, and nothing else. But it's a mistake to think that all "cheese is cheese." There's as much difference in cheese as in people. All cheese should be good, should be properly ripened, should be fresh, wholesome and full flavored—but it isn't. Kraft Cheese *is*; that's the difference.

All cheese is good at times, but Kraft Cheese is good at all times. You know that Kraft Cheese will please you even before you taste it. You know it is carefully made; pasteurized for your protection and sealed for its own, all the way to your table. You have only to ask for it by name.



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Address

IN HEAVEN A LITTLE WINDOW

(Continued from Page 7

As to Don Ursulo's means of livelihood it did not occur to anyone to inquire: they ask questions in Madrid, but not this sort of question. They are too accustomed to such relics of a period when earning a livelihood was a thing unheard of among men of caste; hungry-eyed elderly gentlemen, subsisting on the income from mythical estates, who crawl out into the sunshine like winter flies, lingering about places where free warmth and free food may be accepted without loss of dignity, haunting inconspicuously the thieves' market along the Rastro where certain opportunities offer themselves to those who have bargains to buy—or sell. He inhabited, it was known, a tumbledown old barracks of a palace in Madrid's once fashionable quarter, whose long-empty lower salons had been rented out unaware, as it were, by thrifty Concepcion for very humble requirements, such as those of the wigmaker, the tallow chandler, the dealer in artificial limbs. Since the *marqués* no longer received, naturally he no longer went into society. It was many years since he had broken bread with friends or taken advantage of his inherited privilege to appear at court. Yet so inextricably was he part of the social fabric of Madrid -of its public park, that Buen Retiro around whose ornamental water children of the aristocracy and of the people play so contentedly together; of its Escuela Taurina, where amateurs of the bull, peasant and noble alike, are taught to flaunt death professionally; of the Puerta del Sol and the Paseo de la Castellana and other pleasant boulevards where gentlemen still make the daily promenade in their high-heeled shoes and yellow gloves and Don Quixote capes, appreciatively eying such women as wear the veil over the head, appreciatively bowing to those who wear the hat -that when his gaunt, worn elegance disappeared from these familiar haunts and his courteous little quiet cough was no more to be heard among them, people spoke of it with concern.

"What, then, has become of *el señor marqués?*" *Madrileños* asked one another, who had done no more than exchange elaborate bows with him for thirty years.

"He has gone upon a journey," noncommittally replied the proprietor of his favorite café, when such questions were put to him. "He has gone to America of the South, in order to recover a legacy"—which sounded well, and was no more, if a little less, than the truth.

For Don Ursulo had indeed gone upon his contemplated journey, having robbed the cash box of the café for the required supplement to his savings; but he had also returned with his legacy, and was at the moment in strict retirement at the Madrid jail, where he might well have died of his little cough before his case was brought to trial, and been buried in a potters' field, having given, with the tacit consent of the café proprietor, a name quite other than his own. This sort of thing also is possible in Madrid.

Indeed, Don Ursulo might never have been under the necessity of going to jail at all; though it was well suspected who had made so free of the cash box on a certain occasion when the proprietor, together with all the patrons of the café, had rushed out into the street to see an escaped bull making havoc along the thoroughfare. A man of the proprietor's station in life hardly cares to put an ex-grandee of court in quite so awkward a position. But, unfortunately, the *marqués* felt it incumbent upon his own station in life to make, as promptly as possible, full confession and reparation; and since his reparation could not of necessity take the form of money—the lottery still continuing to disappoint—and since the café proprietor quite visibly blenched at the thought of taking satisfaction upon the person of his patron, either with pistols or with swords—naturally enough, since the good fellow had not been trained in gentlemanly arts of self-defense—there was nothing for it but to allow, regretfully, the law to take its course. So the *marqués* retired to jail as plain Señor So-and-So, and would have shortly died there, having first arranged what future he could for his legacy, had it not been for the desperate efforts of his servant Concepcion.

She knew better than to betray such a situation to friends of the *marqués'* better days, she who ostentatiously carried home from market two eggs, perhaps, and a bunch of carrots, in a basket whose size would have better accommodated a roasting kid; she knew that among the *señores titulados*, whatever happened, face must be maintained. Besides, very few of the Don's former associates could have afforded a rescue, being hard enough put to it to maintain face themselves. Undoubtedly the *marqués* knew this when he preferred to accept his required loan from the café's ample cash box—a necessary operation which he regarded much as he had regarded the impromptu borrowing of the stranger's cigarette case.

But there were friends, fortunately, in humbler circles. For example, the young bullfighter, Bombilla—illustrious, it is true, but still a man of the people, of Concepcion's own parish, in fact—before whom face was quite unnecessary. It was he to whom, on occasion, Don Ursulo had presented his father's watch fob; and possibly for that reason, possibly for another, the matador rallied to Concepcion's need with the generosity of a true sportsman, reimbursed the café cash box, speaking his full mind to those who had permitted so unfortunate an incident to be necessary, and restored the deeply embarrassed *marqués* to the bosom of his family. Concepcion took in another washing in order to pay for candles of gratitude; and as for the girl Marequita, Don Ursulo's legacy, she cut off at least a foot of her soft crêpe hair and laid it at the feet of her favorite Madonna, out of thankfulness because she had not to cut it all off and retire permanently to the convent of Las Huelgas—that one sure refuge for young ladies of rank who find themselves with neither a livelihood nor adequate male protection from the perils of the world. Marequita herself had little fear of the perils of the world; it was not to seek any such safe refuge that she had accompanied her old relative so joyously to the wonder city of which her dead papa had talked during all her childhood. But naturally the *marqués* had to make what provision was possible for a lady of his family before abandoning himself to the rude clutches of the law; and in his late predicament the thought of Las Huelgas, where a sister of his own had once been abbess, gave him a certain comfort.

It was not his late predicament which now embarrassed him—that had passed, as unpleasant things do pass; it was the thought of his obligation to Bombilla. How was he ever to repay the fellow, now that he found himself no longer able to attend the *cercles* and casinos? For once, faith in the imminent miracle of the lottery began a little to waver. "And as you see, my friend"—his spread hands indicated with helpless candor the cavernous emptiness of his apartments—"there is quite nothing left to sell." For education—even such education as suffices for a woman child—cannot be acquired without a certain expenditure.

The young bullfighter laughed, his bold, free laugh of the people which caused the sensitive ear of the moribund gentleman to flinch. "*Carai, señor don marqués!* Between friends there is no talk of obligation! What do I want with money? That will never lack so long as one has bulls in the *racados*," he proclaimed boastfully. "But if you prefer, *señor*, you can quite easily repay a favor with a favor."

"You have but to name it, *señor*," said Don Ursulo courteously.

Bombilla, however, appeared to have some difficulty in naming it. He blushed, he hesitated, he scrabbled with his foot on the bare tiles. Finally he said in an uncertain voice: "If *el señor marqués* would deign to accept the use of my private box at the next Sunday's *corrida*—for himself and—and the ladies of his family ——"

Don Ursulo started. There were no ladies in his family except his niece, Marequita. The thing met the eye; Concepcion had shown herself a careless duenna, this fellow had been actually allowed to catch a glimpse of the girl. What misfortune! He drew himself up as haughtily as was possible to one unable to leave his bed Yet, the *marqués* found himself tempted—sorely tempted. Where his nephew's child was concerned, he was as ambitious as another. It had been part of his ambition to make one grand final public appearance in the company of a young woman who was undoubtedly the most beautiful in Spain—the ladies of Don Ursulo's family were invariably the most beautiful in Spain. And what better place for such an appearance than the Sunday *corrida?* After that, one would see what one would see! Perhaps after all it might not be necessary to place the *pobrecita* in the novitiate at Las Huelgas. But to reenter society as the guests of the bullfighter, Bombilla?

The *marqués* hesitated. "You would not, naturally, expect to be presented to the ladies of my family?" he inquired sternly.

"Ah, no, no, no, no, no!" protested Bombilla with anxious sincerity: one would have thought this intrepid fighter of bulls even alarmed by the idea. "To know that they were there, and watching, would be honor quite sufficient!"

The *marqués* nodded relieved approval of so Castilian a sentiment. "Ah, my young friend, what a pity you are not a gentleman!" he said kindly, laying a hand on the other's arm; and granted Bombilla's favor. Yet still, being a man of very delicate sensibility, Don Ursulo suffered a certain discomfort, as of undischarged obligation.

One glimpse of Marequita, and the whole world—which is to say Madrid—concurred in her uncle's confident opinion of her. Spain, with its Moorish tradition, holds no prejudice against the darker strains of blood. Attended suitably by Concepcion as duenna and the moribund *marqués* as cavalier, the white mantilla of ceremony making vivid contrast with her sloe-black eyes and the warm, rose-tinted apricot of her skin, there was a curious exotic charm about the little Creole which brought passers-by to a full stop before Bombilla's box, with candid Spanish exclamations of pleasure: "*Ma, que gracia! Que virgen soberana! Hermosa como los angeles!*" although Marequita's beauty was not at all that of an angel, but of a very human young girl who greatly desired to be married, since immediate marriage seemed to be the only escape from a religious life for which she felt no particular vocation.

So when the *caballeros* stared at her thus politely, with congratulatory side glances for her male relative, Marequita eyed them back again—not boldly but most wistfully, as one who would say: "Please, please, kind *señores*, find me a little desirable, for the love of God!"—which gave to her dewy, velvet gaze a singularly soulful expression. Bombilla, aware of that innocent, beseeching gaze in the box above, did all his killing immediately beneath it, performing deeds of valor that day which equaled only those of Saint George with the dragon. Marequita was not unmindful of these, but her thoughts were on matters other than bullfighting.

"Ah, ah, Tia Concepcion, you think they admired me, all those *caballeros?*" she whispered to the old woman as they walked home; for, though Don Ursulo felt that the occasion demanded a carriage, he was not quite able to compass the extravagance of

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it. "You think that some of the *caballeros*, or even one of them, will speak to my uncle now—perhaps tomorrow? So that I shall not have to go away to Las Huelgas?"

"*Que say yo?* If they do not speak, the men of Madrid have become moles, cabbages, sacred imbeciles!" replied the *muchacha*, who was a hearty partisan.

And the *marqués* also permitted himself revived hopes; was upborne by them far more strongly than by the cane upon which he found himself obliged to lean so heavily. For him the age of miracles had not yet passed; he had always kept himself in a receptive mood toward them. For example, he never bought his day's lottery ticket or placed his modest nightly stake upon the red or black, without first saying a little prayer of reminder and admonishment to his patron saint, Ursula.

But it is possible that, like so many of her sex, the saint disapproved of gambling; for that night Don Ursulo died of his little cough and his recent efforts, so that there was nobody to receive proposals of marriage for Marequita, even had there been *caballeros* desirous of making them.

Bombilla, the matador, who was neither a mole, a cabbage nor a sacred imbecile, was most solicitous with proffered assistance to arrange Don Ursulo's affairs, but got no good of it, since there were no affairs to arrange. Matters had reduced themselves to the ultimate simplicity. The Madrid property must be sold to pay its mortgages; of other property there was none, since the *marqués* had given to Marequita's father, his nephew and sole heir, whatever valuables he could dispense with when the young man showed a most un-Castilian determination to go to a newer world and remake the family fortunes. That he had failed to do so, that he had left, in fact, no tangible result of this bold venture except the child of his marriage with a pretty native, had not surprised his uncle. Gentlemen, he reflected, were doubtless not intended by the good God for the purpose of earning money. All of which old Concepcion was able to explain to the solicitous matador without any necessity for him to see again the *marqués'* niece.

"But, *vieja*, what will become of you when the house is sold over your heads? How will you live—you and the *señorita?*"

Concepcion shrugged her sturdy peasant philosophy. "Eh, my son, this is today and tomorrow is far off! It may be long before a purchaser is found for a property so dilapidated. As for how we shall live—the *señorita* costs no more to feed than did *el señor marqués*—not so much, since she has the appetite of a bird and requires no wine with the *comida*. And is not my back strong enough for other washings?" Thus one of the *marqués'* mysterious sources of income revealed itself; and Bombilla perforce retired, discomfited, to strut in vain among his followers up and down the street below Marequita's window, with a flower at his ear. If she saw him there, through her shuttered *mirador*, she made no sign.

For Concepcion had given her to realize that it would be most unseemly for the stricken relative of the late nobleman to pay the slightest attention to so low a person as a bullfighter, no matter how intriguing were the scars on his handsome face or how the fine ladies in the boxes had cheered him by name when he came into the ring. They might cheer him, yes, said Concepcion; but did they not also cheer the bull, those *damas*, crying, "*Palmas a toro!*" whenever he showed valor? Yet they did not encourage the bull to strut and posture below their windows. On the contrary!

Perhaps it was the touch of alien blood in Marequita, that strain which gave her such soft, submissive eyes, such languid Creole grace, such a golden pallor of bloom on which the few brown freckles showed like beauty spots, which made her wonder why a young man who trod the sands like a conquering hero, all embroidered with bullion, and shrugged his shoulders as if it were nothing at all when all the arena went mad over him, and yet blushed like a girl if he caught one looking at him sidewise, would not serve as well as any *caballero* to save her from forcible retirement to the company of the pious ladies at Las Huelgas.

But undoubtedly Tia Concepcion knew best; if her uncle had intended her to make the acquaintance of his sporting friends, she would have made it. Marequita was an obedient and trustful child, with something of Don Ursulo's simple Christian belief in miracles; though she felt that the time was at hand for the miracles to begin to occur, if ever.

But though Concepcion knew very well how to protect her master's niece from such unsuitable connections, she knew less well how to provide her with ones more suitable. Useless to exhibit the girl further at the *corrida*, even if that could be arranged how was an old servant woman to manage proper introductions for the polite gallants who stared and complimented and passed on? Nor could she take little Doña Marequita, as she would have taken a daughter of her own, to stroll demurely up and down the *alamedas* in her protecting company, since such young *majos* as came there nightly to sigh and ogle were not—no more than was the bullfighter—of the sort whom a maiden of such noble lineage could receive later at the *reja*.

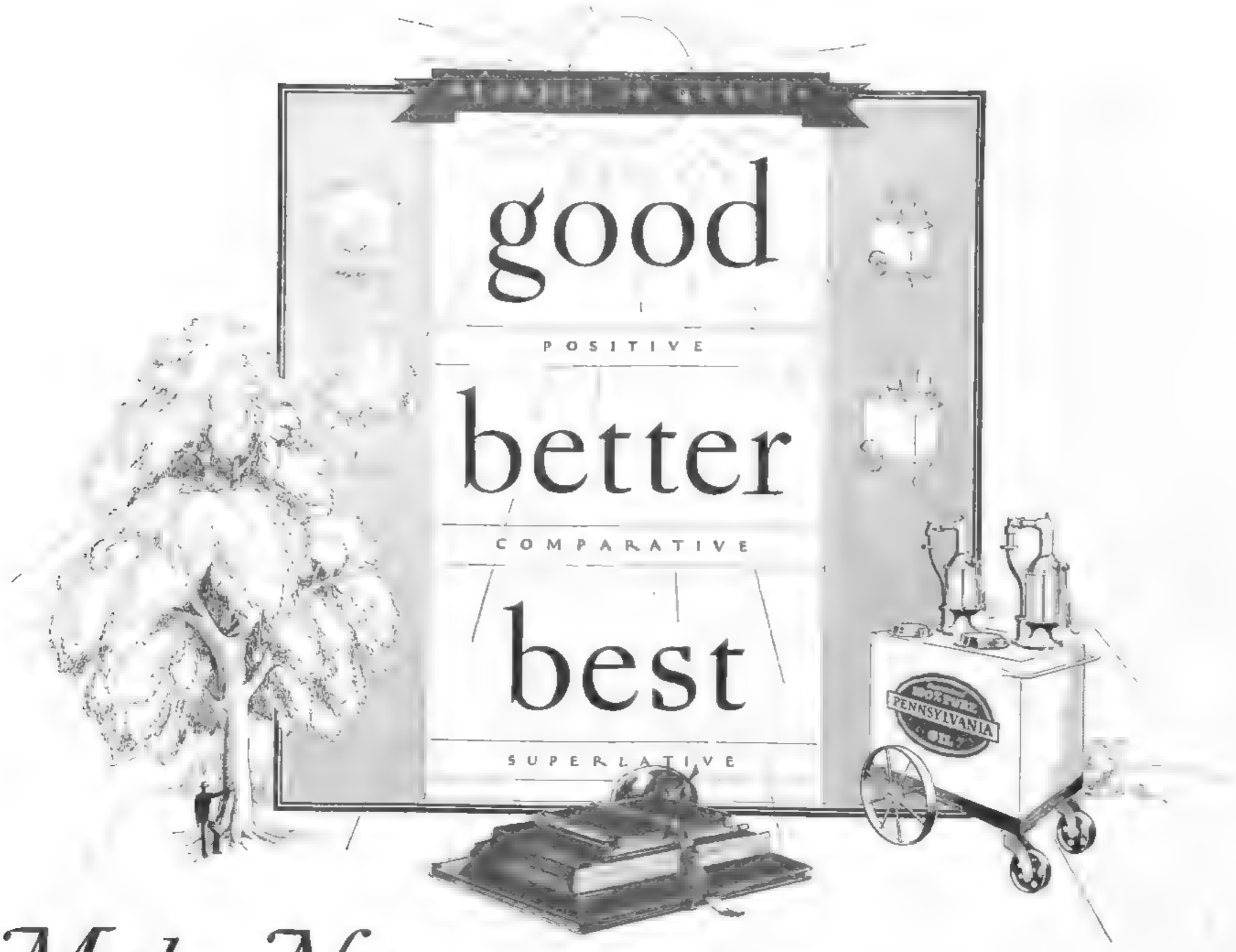
All the neighborhood knew and sympathized with Concepcion's dilemma; all the neighborhood sighed when the priest was seen coming daily out of the house, since they knew for what renunciations he was preparing the little Marequita; and to think of the child's soft curling hair cropped close and hidden under snood and wimple, her pretty, unkissed lips curved only to the pattering of rosaries, her graceful little hands folded resignedly to the habitude of prayer, was singularly distressing even to the most devout.

"Eh, eh, had *el señor marqués* only lived, he would have managed something!" they said, knowing, as only neighbors know, the full extent of that gentleman's resourcefulness; and gave the girl friendly advice, such as to carry a pin daily to the shrine of a certain Madonna who was good about finding *novios* for her devotees; or to hang an image of powerful Saint Anthony head downward in the well until he came to her assistance, since no saint enjoys the ignominy of being hung face downward over water.

But though she faithfully followed out these suggestions, still no *novio* appeared for Marequita; and the neighborhood, being a poor and simple one, could offer no further assistance. The wigmaker, indeed, whose profession threw him somewhat into the company of artists of the stage, eyed thoughtfully the girl's slim, adolescent body as she moved about the inner patio, watering her flowers, playing with her kitten, sometimes dancing there for the pleasure of herself and of their tenants. Marequita's mother had been a *bailarina* of some renown in the Argentine, and the dance steps came to her naturally. Odd steps they were, and even odder movements, unlike the vigorous Aragonese *jotas*, or the languorous *Sevillanas*, or the elegant *boleros* familiar to Madrid theaters; they had in them some suggestion of the jungle, the savage, more than a hint of the *danse Congo*. The wigmaker told Concepcion of certain cafés and small *teatros de variedades* where *zarzuelas* were performed—a sort of variety show, where amateurs are sometimes given the opportunity to show their skill. If she wished, the wigmaker would speak to a certain patron of his, who might arrange such an opportunity for the *señorita*—perhaps at one of the vermuth performances, in late afternoon, where there would be fewer people than at night to boo a possible failure and stamp the feet of disapproval. Doubtless the freshness and extreme youth of Doña Marequita would protect her from the Madrid audience, which is sometimes a very cruel audience.

Concepcion almost struck him for the suggestion. Was he speaking of the niece of *el Señor Marqués Estañy*, or of some

(Continued on Page 157)



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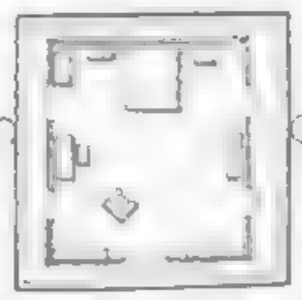

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THE DETAILS OF THE WANAMAKER ROOM

In arranging this room the decorative staff of John Wanamaker specified the following: Woodwork, including cornice mouldings, in cream colored in restful contrast to the old white of the painted and stippled walls and ceiling. Floor of natural finish white oak boards, the edges keyed together with black walnut. Floor coverings are small domestic rugs in Oriental hues and patterns. Hand-blocked linen window curtains in Jacobean floral design (flowers in old red and violet on old ivory background)—with French headings and linings, hang from a pole beneath a light wood cornice, painted to match the window frames. A bedspread of antique violet satin with applique of cut velvet in darker shade provides a harmonious and animating touch, which is repeated in the scarf of the dressing table. The frieze-carving of the limestone mantel duplicates the design in the strapwork of the Verney Suite. Lighting fixtures and all metal and toilet articles are of silver mat finish. Accessories include a firedog of hammered iron and silver on the slate hearth, and a white porcelain lamp on the night table. For the relative position of the various pieces, consult the floor diagram above.

These suggestions typify the contents of the 1929 edition of the Berkey & Gay "Furniture Style Book," which includes a new chapter on Art Moderne applied to furniture and is endorsed by leading national authorities on home decoration. Send fifty cents in stamps or coin for your copy

Berkey & Gay Furniture

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN. FOUNDED 1853
NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM, 115 WEST 40TH STREET

(Continued from Page 154)

vulgar *maja* at whose youth and beauty people paid money to boo or stamp the foot of disapproval?

Marequita herself, however, pricked up an interested ear. In the New Spain of her birth, caste and tradition were of necessity less rigid than in the older country; and it seemed to her innocence that to earn money with one's young beauty was a thing quite as respectable as to accept it at the hands of a tired old servant woman who earned it with her back. Also, the prospect appeared to her more interesting than a pious life in the company of noble, cloistered ladies. Also, something within told her in all modesty that the cruelest of audiences was neither going to boo at her nor to stamp the foot of disapproval.

So the wigmaker, all unknown to Concepcion, who, when she left the house for certain duties in the neighborhood, believed her charge safe at the devotions young ladies must practice in order to acquire a religious vocation, took Marequita himself to interview the manager of a certain café of the dance; where she was featured almost immediately, not only at a vermuth performance but at the midnight performance as well. Soon the overgrown village of Madrid buzzed with the charms of the new dancer, La Negrita, whose eyes looked out over the footlights with the trustful innocence of a little saint, while her pliant body writhed and twisted rhythmically with the sophisticated abandon of a little devil. It was a combination singularly titillating to the jaded palate. In Brazil the jungle lies very close; and Madrid shared with most overcivilized communities a certain nostalgia for the jungle; so that Concepcion, on guard nightly in the wings, told her beads anxiously and muttered dazed prayers for the continuance of her charge's virtue.

Marequita herself did not quite understand what Concepcion meant by all this admonitory muttering about virtue. She was no paragon; she had, like other people, plenty of *frioleras* to confess—her little sins of envy, and of greed, and of vanity—but she was far too busy just then, trying out half-remembered steps, learning new movements of the body, committing to memory certain songs to sing in her high, pure treble, whose innuendos meant as little to her as the imitative, naïve wrigglings of her body, to take much thought of so abstract a thing as virtue. That, she supposed, was the affair of one's guardian angel; and doubtless Marequita was right. Certainly she continued to gaze out across the dazzle of the footlights into that haze of eager, appraising, flushed men's faces with eyes of an anxious wistfulness, which said very plainly to those who had hearts to understand: "Please, please, kind *señores*, find me a little desirable, for the love of God!" Since what a girl wishes more than anything, of course—more than sudden fame or adulation or even money to buy new dresses—is a *novio*, a man of her own to be her husband: and so far neither the Madonna of the Little Pins, nor unfortunate Saint Anthony, still suspended in the well, had seen their way clear to provide such a one for Marequita.

True, there were plenty of *caballeros* hanging about the exit of the theater, friendly gentlemen who flung their hats to her, and cigarettes and coins; but Concepcion, though gathering in both cigarettes and money with some avidity—the hats served merely as excuse for their owners to come and reclaim them—knew how, with furious looks and hissing insults, to disperse the most temerarious; so that nothing came of it. Her defenses, too, were strongly reënforced by the nightly presence of Bombilla, the matador, who attended all three performances, asking no reward other than the privilege of staring and shouting "*Anda!*" with the rest, trembling in his thoughts at what must happen when his duties called him away from Madrid.

Constant fighting of bulls makes the heart very tender toward women and children; and though he made no effort to speak to Marequita, content to stand, politely staring, with uncovered head as she passed, his burly presence near the stage exit seemed to have a somewhat deterrent effect upon the *majos* who crowded there, pushing and growling at one another as dogs may be seen to push and growl and crowd at certain seasons. Also, the attendant youths who invariably follow at the heels of a popular matador made a very useful claque for Marequita in the theater, so that her salary was raised each week quite regularly.

She grew accustomed to having him there, and wished that it were possible to know so strong a man, and looked each night to see his scarred face standing out clearly among the blur of other faces; but she never smiled at him, partly because he did not smile at her and partly because she had not yet learned to smile at anybody when engaged in amusing the public; it was far too serious a business.

Officially the season was not yet open; officially La Corte, which is the city's little-name among *Madrileños*, did not exist, since *Los Reyes* prolonged their royal holiday elsewhere. But late one night, while Marequita was dancing her odd, jerky rhythms to a monotonous, savage thumping that sounded like the beat of tomtoms, three gentlemen entered at the back of the little theater who caused some stir. People craned about at them, leaned over from the boxes above to make sure. One was a young duke, known to be a favorite sporting companion of the king himself; another was a *titulado* equally recognizable to the Madrid public; while the third, an athletic-looking, slender gentleman dressed inconspicuously in English tweeds—— Suddenly the audience turned about again and carefully ceased to stare; for when certain personages prefer to remain incognito, to recognize them is impolite. But an excited murmur went the rounds, together with a respectfully indulgent smile.

And while, as usual, Marequita was shyly receiving her gifts and plaudits and complimentary insults, and while, as usual, the bullfighter Bombilla took up his stand near the stage exit where he could watch his inamorata safely to her carriage—for nowadays she and Concepcion afforded themselves the luxury of a rented hack—the manager of the café came back into the wings, rubbing hands of great satisfaction.

"*Ca'*, old mother, the little one flies high tonight!" he said to Concepcion in passing. "She sups in very fine company indeed!"

"My *señorita*, as you well know, does not make the midnight *cenar* with *caballeros*," replied the duenna shortly. "She is young and requires her sleep."

"*Claro*, that is for your *señorita* to decide!" laughed the manager good-humoredly. "I but deliver the invitation—from el Señor Duque de ——, no less, who tonight selects certain favorites of the varieties to entertain his guests at supper."

Her eyes widened incredulously; alone, perhaps of all the people there that night, she had failed to recognize the late-comers. The long-expected miracle, then, was at last about to occur! "*Madre de Dios!* If only *el señor marqués* lived to know what honor arrives to his little one—what opportunity!" she babbled in growing excitement, and suddenly paused. She had small knowledge of the world, this old Concepcion; but common sense, that shrewd, infallible instinct of the humble, made her wonder all at once whether her late master would after all quite welcome such an honor as was about to be paid his relative. Perhaps it was not in such fashion that the ambitious Don Ursulo had hoped to accomplish the induction of his niece into her proper sphere of society.

The servant's lips trembled with anxiety. "*Madonna mia!* I may go with her, *señor*—they will not prevent me from accompanying her, these fine gentlemen?"

"Do not be a fool," said the manager impatiently.

Concepcion fell to her knees and prayed, weeping more than she prayed. But only for a moment: there was no time to waste.

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Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . . Real Beauty . . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

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That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

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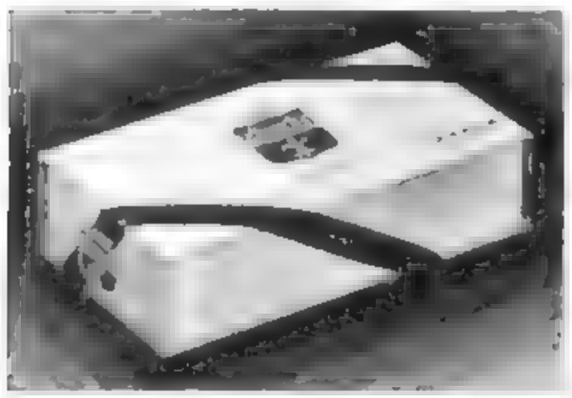

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GILBERT

CHOCOLATES

She ran out to Bombilla, whom she knew where to find, as always.

He listened, rather pale over it himself "Things might have been worse for the little one—far worse. These great gentlemen after all are gentlemen!"

"That is why I weep," she replied distressfully. "If they were but as other men, one would know well enough how to send them about their business. But *titulados—ay de Dios!* There is a pricking of the thumbs, an aching in the bosom which tells me that if she goes with them tonight, we lose her, *chiquillo*, son—we lose her!" she sobbed; forgetting that he at least had very little of her to lose.

He replied stoically, "It is probable. She returns naturally to her own. Yet, since it is an invitation that cannot be refused, what is to be done?"

"By me, nothing. I am only a foolish and ignorant old *muchacha!* But you, do you call yourself a man, a *valiente*, and stand there like a vegetable taking root?" she cried, pushing at him. "If you love her, you will follow her, Bombilla; you will go with her and bring her back again!"

"I?" said the bullfighter in some alarm; except in the arena, he was a modest fellow. "You expect me, uninvited, to present myself at the entertainment of the duke?"

"And why not?" she urged, still pushing at him. "They are all *aficionado*, these noble gentlemen. Why should not the company of a fine young matador with hair upon the chest be as agreeable to them as the company of a little *gringa* who knows only to dance and sing?"

Bombilla could think of reasons he did not care to mention; reasons which in the end determined him. Aloud he muttered only: "We shall see, *tia mia*, we shall see!" But into his face came a look of wary, thoughtful determination well known to patrons of the arena, where it was said that young Bombilla killed bulls with his brain rather than with his sword.

Beside a car parked inconspicuously near the stage exit of the theater—a car which had eluded anxious pursuit by a series of rabbitlike twists and turns—stood a gentleman dressed inconspicuously in English tweeds, with two friends beside him, awaiting in democratic fashion the arrival of an overawed and flurried Marequita. Now and again he smiled amiably in response to the respectful, quickly averted glances of passers-by; and once he turned his head to ask the burly footman standing close behind him for a cigarette. One of the passers paused at that—he was a tall old man, wrapped in a shabby cape, though the night was mild—and offered, with a fine, courteous gesture, his own open cigarette case of tortoise shell. The other, not to be outdone in courtesy, was about to accept, when one of his friends stepped in front of him with a curt "Move on there, you!" The man in the cape bowed deprecatingly and passed

"Ah, you should not have done that!" said the gentleman in tweeds regretfully 'I know that man! Though for the moment I cannot recall his name."

"The Marqués Estañy," murmured the friend on the other side, whose business it was to prompt an overburdened memory in such matters. "And by the way, the little Negrita here is said to be his relative." He repeated himself in rather a puzzled tone, "Yes, it was certainly Estañy; I cannot be mistaken! Yet, one has surely heard that the old chap died!"

At that moment something occurred, suddenly and rapidly. Two of the waiting gentlemen and the manservant found themselves suddenly pinioned from behind and overpowered by a group of ruffians, with handkerchiefs over the lower face, who had surrounded them silently as shadows. The chauffeur leaped from the car, only to be felled, like the others, by a blow in the solar plexus; and the gentleman in tweeds, backed against the car door, was hard put to it for a moment to defend himself.

"Ha, do you expect to kill me, gentlemen, or to abduct me? Either will take some doing!" he cried out, laying about him vigorously.

Concepcion, staring aghast from the stage exit, thought that she recognized several of the assailants. "*Dios mio*, is the fellow mad? *Que bribonada*, what imbecile rascality!" she gasped, and would herself have rushed to the rescue, but that another was already before her—a heavy-shouldered, powerful young man who charged into the mêlée head down, as a bull might, arms working like flails, feet kicking right and left, distributing curses and blows with equal vigor; so that the miscreants broke suddenly and fled, disappearing as they had come, like shadows, into the shadows of the nearest doors and gateways.

"It appears," said the object of the attack, "that we owe you something more than the pleasures of the bull ring, Señor Bombilla! I believe that you prolonged for a while a life which I could ill have spared!"

"It was nothing, a mere trifle!" stammered the blushing bullfighter, suddenly overcome with his own temerity.

"Not to me, my friend," said the other, laughing. "But how is one to express suitable appreciation of this 'nothing,' this 'mere trifle'?"

It was, of course, the moment for which Bombilla had stayed his little coup; for Concepcion had been right in thinking she recognized among the assailants certain of the bullfighter's own devoted following.

But coups do not always result as they are planned. The incognito, despite his democratic taste for the company of fellow sportsmen, failed to invite Bombilla forthwith to the evening's entertainment. Instead, his eyes going beyond to the girl Marequita, who stood, wide-eyed and singularly childlike of appearance, staring over the shoulder of old Concepcion, the gentleman in tweeds fell oddly silent.

"Eh, child, I am told," he said thoughtfully, "that you are of the family of our old friend Estañy! That is so?"

"*S-si, señor!* The Marqués Estany was the uncle of my father, at your service and God's."

"Was?" repeated the other sharply. "You mean that he no longer is so?"

"My uncle has been with God for these three months," explained Marequita, her eyes filling with tears; for, although she had not known the old man well enough to love him, hers was a heart peculiarly susceptible to gratitude.

The other gave a slight start, and crossed himself. A memory suddenly became vivid to him—a quite unimportant memory—of a careless request, a proffered cigarette, his own acceptance of it. "So," he said, slowly and gently. "So! In that case, *señorita*, your mourning will no doubt disappoint us of the pleasure of your society tonight? Which is as well, perhaps, since at the moment our company appears to be somewhat unsafe! We must see to it, at least, that you are as valiantly protected as ourselves. We owe that to the relative of so regretted an old friend. Bombilla, *amigo mio*, one has a favor to ask of you. May we trust you to guard this young lady most carefully to wherever it is she may desire to go?"

"With my life!" declared the bullfighter, so eagerly that a little smile of sympathetic understanding passed from up to lip.

The girl accepted his proffered arm with a shy upward glance of content.

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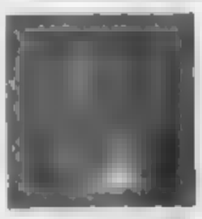

Untouched photomicrographs Left: ordinary floor paint, note imperfections. Right: flawless Koverflor surface; super-sealed

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BUT try Koverflor yourself. You will find it in a wide choice of glowing colors, or in the clear (for use when a varnish effect is desired). If your paint or hardware dealer should not carry it, we will gladly supply you direct. But remember there is no Koverflor substitute.

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TOMAHAWK RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 5)

him outside with the Indian boy of the household and several other naked urchins.

They spoke to him in a strange tongue and their advances seemed friendly. When they signed him to accompany them to the creek he followed, and when they took to the water he peeled his buckskins and joined them. He was as much at home in the water as an otter. The Indian boy took him for a precarious ride in a tiny elm-bark canoe and allowed him to shoot two blunt arrows from his bow.

Rod slept again in the lodge and left it next morning without hesitation at a summons from his dusky companion. A group of hunters returned during the day, bringing a black bear, a dozen deer and several turkeys and raccoons. One of them took up quarters in the lodge as head of the household and seemed to accept Rod's presence there as a natural thing. The boy afterward learned that he had been adopted to fill the place of a son that had died. Kill-cat, the Shawnee warrior, presented him with a small bow and a bark quiver filled with arrows. Winnebanca, his foster mother, lavished affection upon him. In every way he was treated with the same consideration as that accorded his foster brother, Standing Bear.

He accompanied the Shawnee youth on long hunting excursions in the forest, stalking birds and small rodents and launching many shafts without doing much execution. These hunts became almost daily affairs. The vibrating rattle of a woodpecker, the strident shriek of a flicker, the plaintive call of wood pewee, sprightly conversation of a chickadee or the sneering clamor of a jay would serve to transform them into miniature images of the wilderness hunter, stalking with utmost caution toward the sound. The Indian lad would hold up his hand and pronounce a strange word when the voice of some bird reached them and presently, with the natural imitativeness of youth, the white boy repeated these words after him. In a surprisingly short span of time he learned the names of all the wild things, also of the various utensils and articles of food in common use.

One day the Indian boy lifted his voice in imitation of the call of a crow that was winging high overhead. Rod did likewise and the dusky youth was surprised at the accuracy of the white boy's rendition. There was admiration in his glance as he petitioned Rod to repeat the call. For several minutes the forest rang with their alternate vocal efforts. Rod's imitation was by far the better of the two. Expanding under the other's approval, he suddenly gave the piercing liquid whistle of the cardinal and received a prompt answer from a leafy thicket. The young Shawnee was elated. From his earliest recollection Rod had amused himself with imitating the notes of the birds and had acquired an astonishing degree of proficiency. Such matters were part of the schooling among the young of the Indians and they were amazed that this newcomer, so little skilled in their games, should excel in this particular. He was called upon for frequent performances and so, day after day, perfected the art for which he had been gifted with a natural aptitude.

He rapidly picked up a smattering of the Shawnee tongue and a workable knowledge of the sign language common to all the tribes of the Indian Confederacy. When the snows came and the streams were frozen over, he fished with the other youths of the village in holes cut in the ice of lake and stream. The warriors, between protracted spells of loafing, indulged in hunting excursions and returned burdened with meat and hides. By spring Rod had become proficient at the various sports of the village youths and had mastered the Shawnee tongue.

Much of their play had to do with war. But it was conducted much more realistically than the war games of civilized youths. The scouts were expected to do real scouting. There was no calling back and forth When within sight of one another, comrades in arms communicated only by sign language. When separated they signaled by means of prearranged bird notes. Rod was easily the master of this latter means of communication and he rapidly acquired proficiency in all branches of the game. He could glide through the forest as noiselessly as a shadow. His quick eye detected the slightest movement in thicket or tangle of down timber ahead. He could move from one bit of cover to the next, writhing along on his stomach with almost the expertness of a snake. There was no hurry in these games, the whole day being allotted to one such raid if deemed necessary, as there were no duties to which the Indian youths must hasten. This being the case, they acquired a patience that could scarcely be emulated by white youths of the settlements, whose play wars necessarily must be staged in the brief intervals between periods of labor and brought to a termination before the time that such duties were required of them.

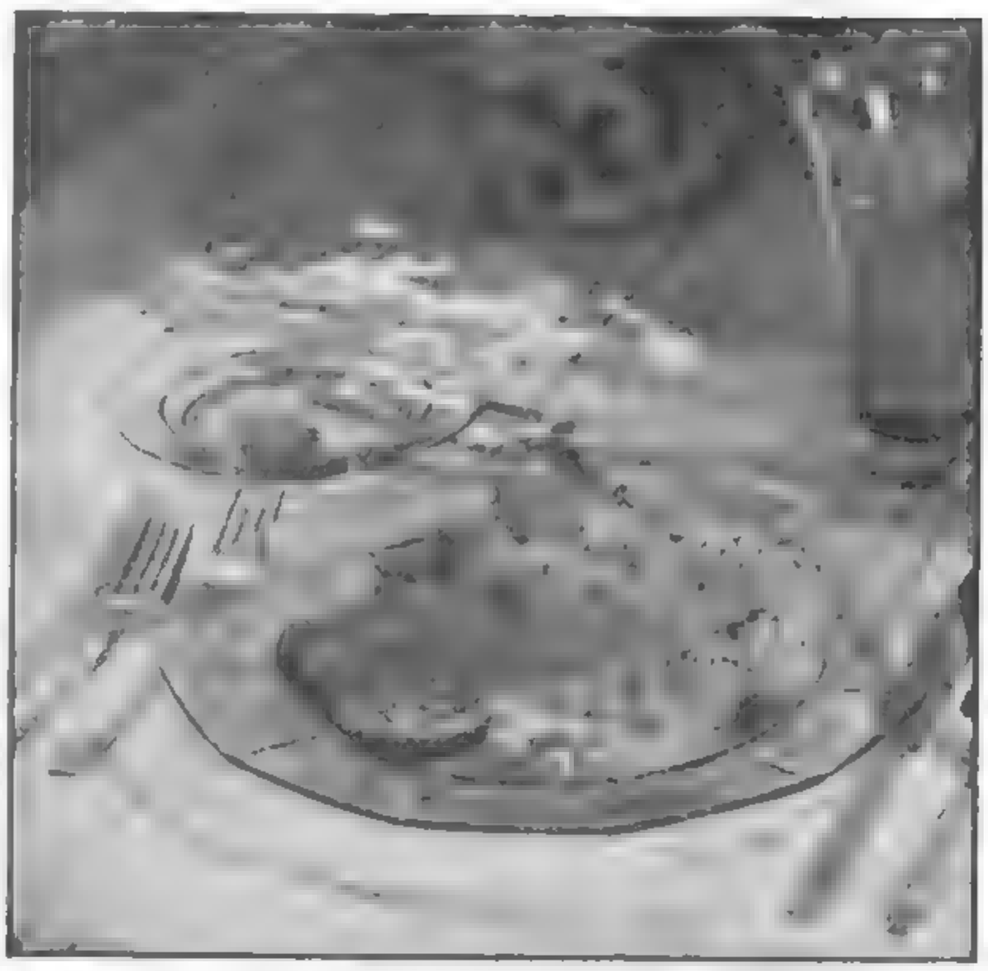
Relieved of this pressure for time, such as had characterized his games with Johnny Aiken, Rod now found himself with ample leisure in which to cultivate the incredible patience of his companions. He learned the art of remaining absolutely motionless behind a down log or ensconced in a tree, concealed by a tangle of wild grapevines, or perhaps to lie flat in the merest depression of the forest floor while his enemies of the day prowled past almost within reach of him, then to glide after them with utmost cunning.

From his foster brother Rod learned that in this one small Shawnee village no less than six of the inhabitants were white, though the closest scrutiny would not reveal that fact. One was an ancient squaw, another a young woman who was the wife of a subchief among the Shawnees and mother of two children. One of the captives, a young warrior of sixteen named Gray Wolf, could remember a few words of English. He had been captured with his three brothers when he was eight years old, he told Rod, but they had been separated and he had seen none of them since. Rod inquired what his name had been. Gray Wolf reflected for the space of a minute, then replied that his former name had been William Herne.

Rod's Shawnee father, Kill-cat, had bestowed upon Rod a many-syllabled name meaning Talk-with-birds, from his proficiency in the art of bird imitation. One night during his second year among the Shawnees, a war party of Wyandottes stopped overnight in the town and Kill-cat instructed his foster son to demonstrate his talents for the benefit of several who had gathered outside his lodge.

The boy sounded off with the call of the crow, then the liquid whistle of the cardinal. From the extreme back of his throat came the quavering falsetto of the screech owl, then the querulous yelping of a hen turkey. The warriors gave voice to loud "Hos!" of approbation and signed him to proceed. He gave a perfect imitation of the quail, both the bobwhite note and the more difficult muster call by which scattered coveys reassemble. From the seductive cooing of a dove he broke suddenly into the shrilling chorus of young frogs on a spring night, the metallic whir of cicadas on a July afternoon, the chattering bark of a red squirrel; the plaintive cry of the phœbe, the hoarse rasp of the bull bat, the thunder-pumping notes of a bittern far out in the marshes, the silvery notes of migrating plover and the surprised cry of the killdeer.

Several other Wyandottes had come up to join the group, accompanied by a French trader. Roving Frenchmen were no novelty in the Indian towns and the boy, engrossed in his performance, paid small heed to this one until, standing almost at the



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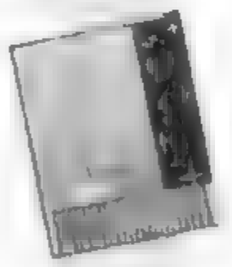

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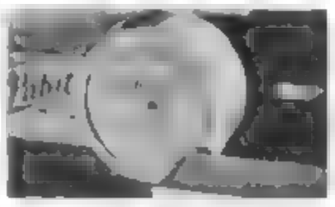

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man's feet, he glanced up into his face. He found himself confronted by the features of Benoit, the face that was associated in his thoughts with all that was monstrous—indelibly linked in his mind with that ghastly occurrence on the Muskingum. The bird notes were frozen on his lips, he sprang back as if from the strike of a rattler, uttered a shrill yelp of terror and fled. The light was none too good and Kill-cat, the Shawnee, believing that Benoit had struck or pinched Talk-with-birds, leaped to confront the man with uplifted tomahawk and angry demands for explanation.

The man fiercely denied the accusation. When the protesting youth was haled before him Rod said that the man had not touched him, but in his manifest terror of the trader his denial did not quite convince Kill-cat. The man scowled upon Rod and declared that he had never before set eyes on him. Doubtless he believed the truth of his own utterance, having no recollection of the cowering little captive that had crouched in the dim shadows of the lodge that night on the Muskingum. He came to the Shawnee town on several occasions and was vastly annoyed at the fear and dislike evidenced toward him by the foster son of Kill-cat.

During temporary periods of peace American border woodsmen also came occasionally to the Shawnee town. These woodsmen, a wild and roving lot, led a life that was even more nomadic than that of the savages themselves. Their lives were spent roaming alone or with a few companions far beyond the most isolated frontier posts. In common with the roving French traders, the restrictions of even the smaller settlements were irksome to their wild and unrestrained natures. It was, therefore, quite easy for them to understand why a large majority of the white captives who had been long among the savages had become so accustomed to the free-and-easy life in the Indian towns as to have abandoned all thought of returning to civilized ways. Such captives as did desire to return, however, were often able to send word of their whereabouts to frontier posts by these men and so were ransomed ultimately by their families.

Suddenly the Indian towns were again inflamed with war talk. To the south lay the vast region of Kentucky, swarming with every variety of game, a veritable hunters' paradise. The Cherokees of the south had made a treaty with the northern tribes of the Indian Confederacy of the Ohio whereby it was mutually agreed that this area between their respective habitats should be set aside forever as the common hunting ground of them all, to be permanently occupied by none.

Now the Long-knives of Virginia, so named from their habit of fighting with the saber, were violating this ancient hunting ground. Under the leadership of a man named Boone small groups of settlers were crossing over the Cumberlands with a view to establishing themselves on the fertile lands of Kentucky.

Runners came from other Shawnee towns and from other tribes of the federation. Rod heard much fierce oratory round the council fires. He was particularly impressed with the eloquence of one old Shawnee warrior as he sketched the wrongs of his people.

"My brothers," he began, "my eyes have looked forth upon the passing of a hundred winters and they have seen that the way of the bird who calls the sky his own yet shares it with his fellows is not the way of the porcupine who lives in a burrow in the ground which no other can use. Every Indian owns much land and shares it with all. Every white man owns a little land and shares it with none."

"Ho! We have seen it!" a warrior shouted.

"I have known the day when the red man owned all the land toward the rising sun and shared it with the white men," the sachem continued. "Who owns it now? The mighty Ottawas are gone save for a few. The Wyandottes and Ojibwas are but a handful. The Senecas number but few warriors now. The great nations of our grandfathers, the Delawares, no longer own the rivers that run to rising sun and put forth in their canoes upon the inlets of the eastern sea. Most of those remaining now sit in their wigwams on the Muskingum and pray from the white man's medicine book. The once mighty nations of the Pottawottomis, Eries and we Shawnees all are crowded here with those others beyond the Ohio. The great Spirit has opened my eyes to the future as they have looked upon the past. What has been will be again."

One after another the ablest warriors rose to declare fiercely that the Long-knives—white men—should never get foothold in Kentucky. War parties of ferocious Senecas, Ottawas, Wyandottes and Shawnees began filing toward the south. Kill-cat was among the first to go.

The war games of the Shawnee urchins blazed forth with fresh intensity. Of nights they kindled council fires in the forest and harangued one another after the fashion of grown warriors. Their youthful eloquence was launched upon the winds. When all had been heard, a sapling was topped to serve as a war post and they circled round it. Talk-with-birds, foster son of Kill-cat, was first to strike the war post with his tomahawk and so declare himself for war. His brother, Standing Bear, was next, and stabbed his bone knife deep into the sapling. One and all, even to the most timid, after many circles, rushed upon the war post and smote it. The young Shawnees were unanimously for war.

Then came days of mourning in the Shawnee town and there was wailing in the lodge of Kill-cat. Among the first to go, he had been among the first to fall in battle and his scalp now hung in the wigwams of the Long-knives.

In this small Shawnee town, as among all other Indian communities, the improvident day-and-night gorging so long as the food held out occasioned alternate periods of feast and famine. The hunters brought in deer and buffaloes and turkeys. Wild fowl swarmed the marshes in unbelievable abundance at certain seasons. Bears were numerous and the delicious fat of these animals was pressed into skin containers. The squaws of the Shawnees were adept at making maple sugar. Raccoons were so numerous that the boys caught them by the hundreds in deadfall traps. Fish were plentiful and were taken with elm-bark nets, spears, gigs and baited hooks. Beaver meat formed a considerable item of the menu during the trapping season. There were wild fruits for the picking in the autumn, bee trees from which great quantities of honey were extracted. Then there was always the staple succotash, a mixture of boiled corn and beans. But despite the abundance and variety of the food supply, there were several months during each winter when the improvident feasting of former days resulted in the pinch of famine—and Rod learned what it was to go without food for days at a time.

But he learned also of savage generosity. Every morsel of food was justly apportioned. The one who had so much as a pound of meat or a bark bowl full of succotash and yet shared it not with all would have been degraded in his own eyes and those of his fellows. Gray Wolf, once William Herne, had fought beside his comrade Kill-cat when the latter had fallen in battle. Gray Wolf had been wounded while trying to carry off the body of his friend. The young warrior now took a great interest in the dependent family of his departed comrade and he hunted for the widowed Winnebanca and the two boys, Talk-with-birds and Standing Bear, as conscientiously as if he had been the head of their lodge.

During Rod's eleventh year a little white girl of perhaps six years of age, golden haired and blue eyed, was brought into the Shawnee town. A squaw proceeded to scrub the infant at the creek. Her stark terror inspired Rod with a desire to comfort her. English words came awkwardly to his lips

(Continued on Page 165)

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

THERE has been a sudden realization of the fact that clothes fit "begins" at the shoe-top—instead of "ending" there!

A tailor or a fitter painstakingly alters a pair of trousers so that they hang correctly at the waist—so that they meet the shoe-top at a precise angle. Do you wear your trousers in a way to do justice to the skill of the fitter?

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Voted the most fascinating *Young Sportswoman*

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Miss Lilias Moriarty
of Boston, Mass.
chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the most fascinating young sportswoman

She is as full of contradictions as she is of bewitchment and charm

She has close-cut, curling, bronze hair, a pure, fair skin,—no touch of rouge,—a laughing child's mouth. Her eyes are her most unusual feature—unusual both in setting and expression. They are rather long, set wide apart, of a curious shade of blue. Their calm, rather remote, far-seeing gaze gives the only clue to her pre-occupation with one of the most dangerous of sports.

No one looking at her would think of her as an "athlete." She weighs only a hundred pounds. She has a little slim, fragile, exquisite figure. Yet she is a bold and fearless horseback rider, a keen shot,—"but I only shoot clay pigeons,"—a self-possessed, passionately devoted flyer.

She was born at Budapest, where her father was stationed in the diplomatic service. She speaks five languages. She has traveled about the world ever since she was a baby, and likes being on the move.

She "always wanted to fly." She was never frightened but once—the first time she went up, when her pilot asked permission to do some "stunts." She cannot explain the fascination of flying.

Miss Moriarty, *snapped riding bareback in Central Park. "Woodbury keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition," she says*

"It's being up above everything, and all alone . . . "

She uses Woodbury's Facial Soap because it is the only soap that does not irritate her skin,—a skin of almost transparent clearness and fineness.

"Woodbury's is a wonderful soap, for anyone who is out of doors as much as I am. My skin never gets rough or chapped, if I use it faithfully. There must be something unusually pure and mild about it, because it keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition."

Out of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we call in big cities, in little towns, throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type. Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to their care with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to [illegible] "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

[illegible]

(Continued from Page 162)

when he sought to speak to her in her native tongue.

"They not hurt," he managed at last.

She stared at him, wide eyed.

"They not hurt little girl," he essayed.

She broke away from the squaw and fled to him, casting her tiny wet form against him and clinging desperately.

"I'se so 'fraid," she sobbed frantically. "Don't let them hurt me."

Her little arms gripped his thigh convulsively as he awkwardly patted her wet yellow head.

"They not hurt," he promised grandly.

In some childish way she attributed her subsequent good treatment entirely to his promise. He loomed as benefactor and protector in her infant mind. Alone of all the village, he could understand her and answer questions—reassure her. Later, attired in her tiny suit of buckskins, she persistently haunted the lodge of his foster mother and dogged his footsteps at every opportunity, as faithfully adoring as a pup. With the adaptability of the young she slipped rapidly into natural acceptance of the life of the village. When the Indian youths engaged in sports her blue eyes followed the antics of her hero with serene devotion and open pride.

Rod accepted this attention with the indifferent kindness of a youth who is engrossed with games imitative of the pursuits of his elders. When her persistent following threatened to interfere with his very serious duties as a scout by revealing his position to the enemy, he firmly insisted that she return to the village. When she followed too closely upon his heels as he cautiously stalked some prey on his hunting expeditions, he signaled peremptory orders for her to stand motionless. But when he had killed a bird and roasted it over a fire kindled in the forest, he grandly permitted her to partake of the repast. At all times, however, his firmness was tempered with kindliness. And when engaged in less serious pursuits, she was welcome to participate. She soon learned to swim like a baby otter. On occasion he took her for a turn in his little elm-bark canoe. When she complained of the vermin with which every Indian town was infested, and knew not how to rid her clothing of the pests, he instructed her in the art of depositing her tiny buckskin garments, turned wrong side out, upon the lair of big red ants. The warriors of the latter tribe promptly swarmed forth and converted all stray occupants of the garments into rations for the ant army and rendered them habitable again.

She told him that her name was Patty Lander.

"Patricia?" he asked, and she nodded.

She described events prior to and at the time of her capture. He gathered that she had lived in a small Pennsylvania settlement. For a time he thought of her as Patty Lander and addressed her thus. Then she was given the Indian name of White Fawn and thereafter he addressed her by that title and thought of her in the same way, the other matters which she had related slipping gradually into the background of his mind.

Some six months after her arrival occasional white men again began to put in an appearance in the Shawnee town. Boone's first ambitious attempts to take settlers into Kentucky had been savagely repulsed. Temporary peace had come again. Rod's Indian mother, Winnebanca, seemed troubled, and lavished her affection upon him. Standing Bear, his brother, was quite openly alarmed.

"They will take you away," he grieved. "The Long-knives will come for you."

This seemed a remote possibility to Rod and he was not much concerned about its probable fulfillment. He could think of no reason why the Long-knives would tear him from this very satisfactory home.

Eventually, just after he had passed his twelfth birthday, though he was not then aware of its passing, two white men appeared in the village. One was a middle-aged border woodsman whom Rod had seen on former occasions. The other was a large gentleman whose very air proclaimed him a personage of importance. This latter party, he learned, was his uncle—which meant nothing to him.

His foster mother, Winnebanca, sadly explained that a recent treaty stipulated that all captives in the Indian country who wished to return to the settlements must be surrendered to the whites. Rod most emphatically expressed the opposite of any desire to return. But he had not yet attained to the age where his own decision was accepted by his elders and he was to be surrendered whether he would or no. The prospect not only filled him with apprehension but also with profound grief at parting from those he loved.

Gray Wolf, once William Herne, grieved at the boy's impending departure.

"Too much bad, you go," he said, resurrecting his imperfect English for the benefit of the two white men who were taking the captive away. "If they not treat you too much pooty good you come back sometime. Injun man, he treat Talk-with-birds better."

The little girl captive, known among the Shawnees as White Fawn, had been concealed in the forest so that the whites would have no knowledge of her presence. Standing Bear, unable to stand the strain of parting, had absented himself. Winnebanca shed copious tears and voiced her soft plaint, "Ay-ee, Ay-ee," rocking sidewise where she sat in the lodge as her foster son was led away.

The youth planned desperately to effect his escape as soon as night mantled the woods with darkness. An anguished wail reached his ears. That despairing cry from the forest, expressing vocally the same depth of anguish that seethed within himself, for the first time made the departing youth acutely aware of the strength of the bond between himself and the tiny captive White Fawn. She was grieving at his departure, as he was grieving for himself.

From a tangled thicket flanking the trail came the plaintive cooing of a mourning dove; later, from a rush-grown marsh, the startled notes of a killdeer. Later still, from far behind, the faint cawing of a crow. Rod knew that these were the calls of Standing Bear, flanking their route and signaling his farewell. The woodsman also knew this, but Colonel Buckner remained placidly unaware of it.

"Damme, sir!" he chafed to the border man. "From the lad's expression you'd think we were dragging him away to captivity instead of rescuing him from it."

"That's the way it goes, cunnel," said the borderer. "I've seed it many the time."

"But I can't account for any such condition of mind on the part of one in whose veins runs Buckner blood. He's a Buckner of Virginia."

"Right now he's a young Shawnee of the Injun country," the frontiersman chuckled.

III

IN THE same year that Daniel Boone and a few companions first invaded the wilderness of Kentucky, a lone adventurer, Ebenezer Zane, pressed on into the wilds of Western Virginia, erected a cabin and remained to hunt, trap and dodge the savages of the Ohio. Upon his return to the settlements his tales of the country of his lone-wolf wanderings induced his three brothers and a number of friends to return with him to that fair region.

When the intrepid little band had arrived within a short distance of Ebenezer Zane's trapping cabin, one of the men, looking about him, suddenly drew his tomahawk and blazed the bark from a huge tree.

"Tomahawk rights," he said to Ebenezer. "It's the best piece of land I ever saw."

Thus did he announce his intention of settling there. This was the accepted method by which settlers who penetrated unsurveyed wilderness took possession of the land. Four corner trees were blazed and the name or mark of the claimant carved thereon, the boundary lines blazed out and the settler built his cabin.

The three remaining Zane brothers elected to take up adjacent land. The other members of the party, too, filed tomahawk rights in the vicinity and Ebenezer Zane took up residence in the cabin from which he had hunted in 1769 and '70. This decision was destined to result in the founding of Wheeling, West Virginia, as Boone's wanderings beyond the Cumberlands were to result in the ultimate settlement of Kentucky.

The Zane colony flourished from the very start. Other land-hungry souls followed in the wake of the hardy founders of the settlement. Other colonies sprang up for miles around. Virginia rose with her sister colonies against the tyranny of England. News of the war drifted to these settlements of the far frontier, together with rumors that the British were outfitting expeditions to capture them. Then the border woodsmen began to return from the Indian country, falling back upon the settlements. Those hardy souls, hardly less wild than the animals they hunted, living their lives beyond even the most isolated settlers' cabins, knew intimately the savage and his ways. Ominous activities in the wilderness of the Ohio, they said, presaged a widespread uprising, though where the blow would fall, none could predict.

Then two horsemen arrived at Ebenezer Zane's—a border woodsman named Gilpin and a middle-aged Virginia gentleman, Colonel John Buckner.

"Well, Buckner," Zane greeted, wondering why his visitor should have left the vast Buckner estates of Great Oaks and traveled to this farthest frontier post, "aren't you a few hundred miles from your usual haunts?"

"I am, sir," Buckner agreed. "Zane, by any chance has my nephew, Rodney Buckner, been seen here recently?"

"Rodney? No. What would he be doing here? Isn't he at Great Oaks?"

Pacing the floor, Buckner shook his head. "Five years ago Gilpin, here, accompanied me to a Shawnee town to ransom him. Since then he has been schooled in the pursuits of a Virginia gentleman. He is powerful as a young stallion, rides to hounds like a demon, sir, and his skill with musket, sword and dueling pistol is nothing short of uncanny."

"To say nothing of his aptitude with scalping knife and tomahawk," Gilpin added, "at which I've seldom laid an eye upon his equal."

"That is exactly the difficulty," Buckner said. "For all the fact that he has acquired to an amazing degree the graces that are fitting to a Buckner of Virginia, his long years among the savages have left their indelible mark. He still refers to some Shawnee as his brother. On two occasions in the past he has simply disappeared, to return months later to report that he had made a pilgrimage to the lodge of his foster mother. I am at a loss to account for it."

"Nothing difficult to understand about that, cunnel," Gilpin said. "Whites take easy to redskin ways after a taste of it. I was thar with Boquet's army at the close of the Pontiac War when the varmints agreed by treaty to deliver all white captives. Scores of them fled west toward the Illinois country to avoid being delivered. Thar was upwards of three hundred brought into camp. Many a touching reunion amongst friends took place thar, and many a tearful parting when captives was pried loose from redskin families. Many a one made a run for it back to the Injun towns—men to their squaws, women to rejoin their bucks and babies, children to the lodges of their foster parents. It seems to come natural, cunnel, to them as has had a taste of free an' easy life in the redskin towns."

"No doubt," the colonel assented impatiently. "But this boy has Buckner blood in his veins."

"It don't take but a mite of rovin' wild in the forest to larn the blue-bloodestest colt that was ever foaled to jump the pasture fence after he's been captured and confined ag'in," Gilpin pointed out. "Some of the best blood in all the colonies has gone Injun and is living out thar among the reds. And speaking of blood, don't forget Izaak Zane."

It was common knowledge that the fifth Zane brother, Izaak, having been captured by Indians at an early age, thereafter had refused to return to civilization. Married to the daughter of a famous Wyandotte chief, he had risen to be a power in the Indian Confederacy of the Ohio wilderness.

"It would seem, Buckner, that your nephew's restlessness would have found an outlet in taking up arms for the colonies, in common with other young men his age from the first families of Virginia," Zane suggested.

"Just so," Colonel Buckner agreed. "He listened attentively to all the arguments advanced by soldiers and statesmen who gathered at Great Oaks to discuss the wrongs of the colonies. Then came the news that the first shot had been fired. Queer how black men know when there's something in the wind. I noticed that every field hand, some of them wild African blacks not five years from the jungles, threw up their heads like startled deer and rolled their eyes till they could have been seen at midnight. I returned to the house to see what was up and there was Rodney out on the lawn, circling about a tree with a peculiar dipping shuffle and voicing a low-pitched, singsong chant. Then he struck the tree with his tomahawk."

Both Zane and Gilpin shook with laughter.

"He'd set in at all the councils, cunnel," Gilpin chuckled. "And when it come to the issue he socked his tomahawk into the war post and dedicated his feet to the bloody trail. 'Twarn't but what any Shawnee brave might do."

A man appeared at the door.

"A lone savage paddled acrost the Ohio five miles up, Colonel Zane," he said. "But he give those of us that was out for him the slip and headed this way."

There was a sudden shout and Zane left the cabin swiftly as his roving eye noted two men, their muskets trained upon a large maple that stood at the head of a shallow depression a hundred yards from the house.

"Zane," said one of the men as he reached them, "if thar ain't a cussed savage behind that tree! He must have snuck up that draw on his belly and we seed him flit behind that maple. He shouted that he's white—but I'll take my oath he ain't."

A tall, powerfully built savage stepped from behind the tree and held up one hand, palm outward, in token of his peaceful intentions, then advanced at Colonel Zane's signal. He was naked from the waist up. A tomahawk, scalping knife and bullet pouch hung at the belt of his leggings and a powder horn was slung by a thong across his shoulders.

"Well, Rodney!" Colonel Zane said after the warrior had announced his identity. "No wonder you felt it best to make a sneak for it to get here. Any settler would have shot you down on sight for a savage. I would myself."

"Yes, Colonel Zane," Rod agreed. "While among the Shawnees I spent so much time in the sun with nothing on but a clout that my hide was tanned to the same shade as theirs. It never did quite fade out and it only requires a few days in the sun to darken it again to the proper shade; then I can pass for a savage in any Indian camp."

Colonel Zane nodded. Even the rugged features, the high and prominent cheek bones, the powerful nose and black eyes could pass for those of some savage chief

"The whole Indian Confederacy is rising," Rod informed him. "The Delawares will not go out because those on the Muskingum are steadfastly opposed to war. Cornstalk may keep the Shawnees neutral. But all the others have gone out. Already the trails are crowded with war parties pressing this way. The plan is to strike every frontier point at once in a general war. I made myself known to a certain

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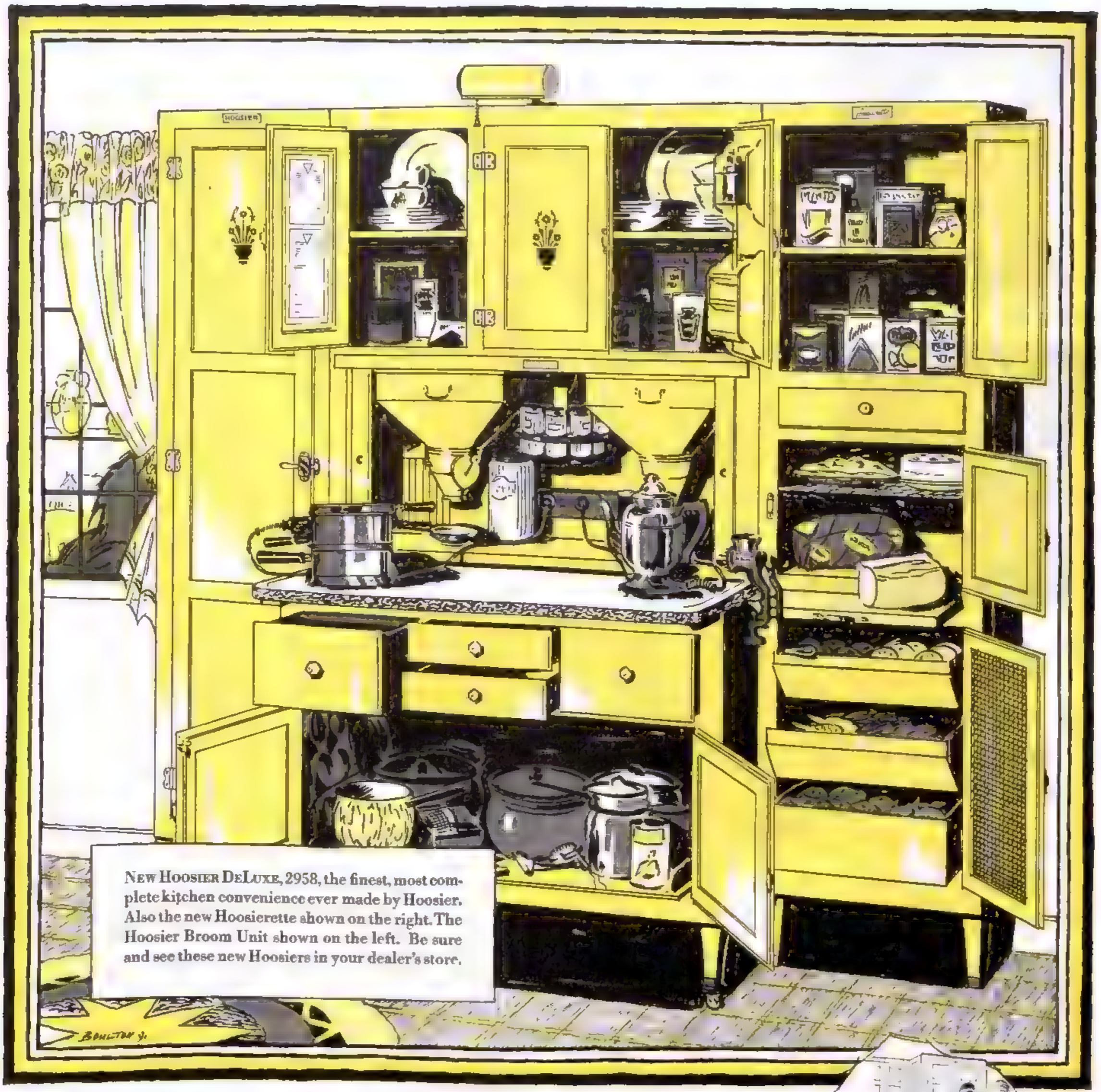

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(Continued from Page 165)

Wyandotte chief and he urged me to hasten here to warn you. Already he had sent secret word to Fort Pitt, requesting that all settlers be warned."

Zane led the way to the house where Colonel Buckner still paced the floor. The latter's gaze focused upon the features of the savage.

"By the gods!" he roared with a mixture of anger and relief. "What the devil do you mean by such a masquerade? Naked from the waist up and your head shaved like a Mingo buck's! Nothing left but a scalp lock!"

"It was that or lose it all," the younger man smiled back.

"No doubt," the uncle conceded. "And I'm glad to have you back, savage or not. I have your commission into the colonial armies in my pocket, signed by Patrick Henry."

The young warrior shook his head.

"Thanks; and my regrets at the same time. I'd rather act independently and had thought of collecting a little band of border woodsmen to patrol the frontier for small war parties of savages. They will fight without pay and shift for themselves."

"Well! Well! If you prefer to fight as a savage instead of as a gentleman and an officer, I suppose it doesn't matter greatly, so long as your arm is lifted for the colonies," Colonel Buckner conceded gruffly. "Spare no expense. The Buckner purse strings are open to you."

IV

THE long, desperate years of border warfare seemed to be drawing to a close. Buckner's Rangers had disbanded. During the years in which he had been the chief of that organization, Rod Buckner had lived after the fashion of some prowling panther. Both he and his men had dressed as Indians and had campaigned in the manner of a savage war party, living off the country as they traveled, sleeping twice in the same spot but seldom. Of his former rangers, only Gilpin and the two Hernes, Arch and Tom, remained with him after the recent disbanding.

Buckner hurled his tomahawk absently at a sapling and sauntered from the fire to retrieve it.

"Not much use for that whar you're heading," Gilpin observed.

That was true enough, Buckner reflected. It was all over now. That is, one might say it had ended. England had capitulated to the colonies even if the formal details had not yet been arranged. No, he would not need that hatchet at Great Oaks. Nevertheless, he would feel lost without it.

"Some day," Gilpin predicted, "you'll be thinking about this or that, absent-minded like, and will haul out a tomahawk and start hurling it at a mark in a roomful of settlement folks and stampede the lot of them."

Such a thing might occur, Buckner conceded. Certain it was that when preoccupied he resorted unconsciously to the habit of throwing the tomahawk. Redskins practiced the art interminably and he had acquired it himself.

"When do you go to fetch White Fawn?" Gilpin inquired.

"Soon as things quiet down a bit," Buckner said.

His last secret visit to White Fawn had been two years before. She had been fourteen then—would be sixteen now. She had agreed to return with him to the whites when he came again. But war conditions had rendered a trip to the Shawnee town impracticable.

"Whar at does she hail from?" Gilpin asked.

"Crenshaw Bottom," Buckner informed.

"Ain't been a musket shot or a war whoop heerd in Crenshaw Bottom for upwards of twenty year," Arch Herne declared. "How come she was captured from thar?"

"It wasn't at Crenshaw. Her people were making a journey when the savages jumped them up," Buckner explained.

"She got any kinfolks living?" Gilpin queried.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter much. I'll take her to Great Oaks if there are no relatives," Buckner said. A Major Donner passed the fire where the four rangers sat.

"Yonder goes our old friend," Tom Herne, one of the rangers, chuckled. "Donner hails from Crenshaw Bottom. Maybe he can tell you somewhat of White Fawn's kin."

Buckner shrugged, according the major a bare word as he passed. Since a night four years before when he had warned Donner against crossing the Ohio, there had been no affection wasted between the militia officer and the ranger chief. At various times their wills had clashed. Donner had ordered Buckner to accompany the former's command with his rangers on two different occasions and Buckner had declined. Donner, two years before, had preferred charges against Buckner for disobedience of military orders. The charges had been dropped without even an investigation and Donner asserted that the reason for such dismissal of charges rose from the fact that Buckner was a Virginian while he was a Pennsylvanian.

"If disobeying military orders is cause for trial," Gilpin said, recalling the incident, "then the hull male population of the frontier is liable. Ain't scassly a man but what has told some officer or other what was on his mind and made off for home because he didn't like the way things was going. Out here every human feels qualified to tell his commanding officer how things ort to be run. If he's denied that privilege he'll quit that outfit cold and jine out with some other."

Donner was now in command of a militia outfit encamped near where the four rangers were bivouacked.

The struggle on the frontier had been long and desperate, and the male population was still largely under arms. The escape of both Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton from the savages and their return to lead the Kentuckians had been of inestimable benefit. Hardy Virginia and Carolina woodsmen had poured across the passes of the Cumberlands to join the few settlers of Kentucky. Its population had more than trebled in the face of war. And during the past year, in which the savages evidently had decided to leave Kentucky unmolested, hundreds of families other than those of woodsmen had migrated there.

The frontiers of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, however, had not fared so well. The settlers had suffered terribly from continuous savage depredations. Kemper, once a British captain, but cashiered for breaking his parole, and Benoit had been persistent in leading successful Indian forays against the settlements. Their names were cordially detested the entire length of the frontier. Kemper, carrying a scar that Buckner's tomahawk had engraved on his face, was especially hated. Scarcely a border family that had not lost members, or at least relatives, during the past years of border war. A most venomous and enduring hatred existed between the settlers and the savages. Members of each race hunted those of the other more relentlessly and with greater determination than was manifested by the hunters of either race in pursuit of four-footed quarry. The frontier had developed a breed of men peculiar to the conditions which they must confront—the woodsmen of the border fringe. Numbering less than a thousand all told, they were true creatures of the wilderness, wild as wolves, ferocious as grizzlies, cunning as panthers, recognizing no laws save the code of their own clan. Ninety per cent of them at one time or another had been captured by savages and adopted into some tribe. Even the civilization of the outermost fringe of settlements was irksome to them. To reside in a cabin was less desirable than to bivouac wherever night overtook them in the wilderness.

Buckner, facing the contingency of returning to Great Oaks, knew that no matter where duty led him, in spirit he was irrevocably one of this brotherhood of the border fringe. He was recalled from this train of speculation by Gilpin.

"What was White Fawn's name in the settlements?"

"Patricia Lander," Buckner said. He seldom thought of her save as White Fawn. Most of the white captives who had become thoroughly naturalized as Indians scarcely recalled their original names after all the years among the savages. Buckner turned suddenly to Tom Herne and his brother Archibald. Odd that he had never thought of any possible connection before. But he had never thought of the Shawnee, Gray Wolf, by any other than his Indian name—had forgotten, in fact, that he had once heard his real one. But it had leaped up out of the past in connection with recalling White Fawn's civilized name.

"Did you ever have a brother named William Herne?" he asked.

The two Hernes turned to him with sudden interest.

"I reckon we did," Tom said. "He was took by the Injuns same time as Arch and me. Also another brother, Applegate Herne, which we all styled him App, thataway, for short. We was separated and I was adopted into the Wyandottes, while Arch went to the Lake Delawares. It wan't till five year after, when we was exchanged by treaty, that Arch and me ever set eyes on each other again. We never did get word of William or App."

"William is a Shawnee warrior, Gray Wolf," Buckner said. "I know him well."

"Sho!" Tom Herne exclaimed. "William must be right at thirty now, or close to it. And he's been a Shawnee brave all these years! Arch and me figured to make a visit to our Wyandotte and Lake Delaware families when peacetimes come. After that we'll saunter down and look up William."

"Yeah—we'll do that," Arch Herne agreed. "Likely with you when you go to fetch White Fawn, Buckner. How long you figure to stay back in the settlements?"

"He won't stay thar long," Gilpin prophesied. "The wilderness claims her own. Her voice can't be disputed. When the ice goes out and the wild geese clank north, his fancy will take wing and fly with them and his spirit will chafe because his body can't follow his fancy. The wilderness will sing to him and he'll heed the call and come back to it."

But Buckner, while aware that the wilderness would always sing her seductive song to him, was not so sure that he would heed it. His uncle had married during the war and his young wife, the former Becky Harper, had presented him with an infant son. The Buckner fortunes had faded in the face of war. The elder man had sent urgent messages stating that his nephew's presence was needed to help him recoup his fallen fortunes. It was not clear to Buckner just how he could help in restoring that vanished wealth, but if his uncle needed him it was a duty that he had no desire to shirk. He faced the resumption of life at Great Oaks with misgivings and the opposite of elation, but there was no other course.

He bade Gilpin and the two Hernes goodby and started out upon his long ride to the East. He found the spacious halls of Great Oaks swarming with important personages discussing the details of the coming peace, the problems of self-government for the new United States and kindred matters. These men conferred until far into the night, then resumed early the following day. Parties arrived and departed daily. Men made exhaustive inquiries as to the feasibility of various colonization projects in the wilderness of the West.

Becky Harper Buckner, his uncle's young wife, made much of him. Her younger sister, Lucia Harper, was openly captivated by him. The ladies of the visiting gentlemen were consciously flirtatious as their eyes followed his erect figure, carried with the loose-hipped gait of the savages and the border woodsmen.

His flowing muscles seemed too closely confined in the knee breeches, tight hose,

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gay waistcoats, fine linen and cravats of the period. His head, upon which the hair had been permitted to grow for the past month, was encased in a wig, which he found uncomfortably hot. With it all, he was mildly surprised to discover that he had become widely famed. In a day when the dashing soldier was the popular hero and savior of the nation, Buckner's name had become almost legendary as synonymous with desperate valor in the wild regions of the West. A host of tales was associated in the popular mind with the exploits of Buckner's Rangers; of beleaguered settlers' families, facing what seemed certain death at the hands of assailing savages, delivered at the eleventh hour by the sudden swoop of that hardy crew; of terrified prisoners taken so deep into the Indian country by victorious war parties that all hope had been abandoned, only to find themselves rescued by a desperate night attack upon their savage captors by this little band of border hawks. In addition to dozens of such tales that had accumulated during the years, it was known that Buckner had marched with that immortal little command of Gen. George Rogers Clark to capture the wilderness posts of Cahokia, Kaskaskia and Vincennes, resulting even in the capture of Hamilton himself. Clark's exploit had fired the imagination of the world and has few parallels in the annals of warfare. His hardy woodsmen, first descending the Ohio by boat, had pressed on in the face of overwhelming odds, encountering incredible hardship, reduced almost to starvation, at one time having been forced to wade and swim for more than five miles over flooded ground to deliver their attack. But they had conquered, not only taking the forts but gaining the allegiance of the French colonials and causing the Indians of the whole Illinois region to make a treaty of neutrality.

In the popular mind, the iron woodsmen of the frontier had become traditional symbols of invincible prowess—men to whom the seemingly impossible was but a challenge to be accepted casually. In the more westerly settlements, even those too far east to fall within the actual sphere of savage warfare, many youths had adopted the attire of the woodsmen and swaggered about in leggings and breech clouts, picturing themselves as younger editions of those wild hawks of the border.

Buckner found the East full of spirited young men who had laid down sword and musket to resume pen and plow in city and on the farm at the cessation of hostilities, many of whom found the change irksome after years of martial enterprise. The most adventuresome among them, fired by tales of rich lands in the West and of the adventure that awaited them there, announced their intention of heading for the wilderness as soon as the last details of the peace had been concluded. Many, assuming that the negotiations would go through and that their services would no longer be required in the East, had already started.

There came a day when the elder Buckner, pacing the halls of Great Oaks, confided to his nephew that he was a ruined man. The greater number of his slaves and livestock had been sold and the lands pledged to New England money lenders as security for borrowed funds. The new and harassed Government could make return to him only in the depreciated and almost worthless colonial currency or by way of land warrants. He had chosen the latter.

For the first time Buckner learned what part he was to play in retrieving his uncle's fallen fortunes. The elder man saw but one course open—to take his remaining slaves and livestock, trek westward and take up lands available under his warrants, thus setting up a new estate in the West. Rod's part was merely to select the best available lands and to aid in the removal of effects and the establishment of the new colony.

His spirit soared with the knowledge. That was a part that he could play with the best of them, while here in the thickly settled regions he had felt at a loss as to how to carry on effectively. Now the heaviness that had weighed upon his spirit was suddenly dissipated.

When the project became known the applicants who wished to throw in with such an expedition assumed the proportions of a small army. Buckner declined all such offers for the present and started out at once. He found Gilpin and the two Hernes on the Ohio and asked them to accompany him to the Shawnee country.

"We can make it, few savages as there are prowling this time of year," he predicted. "I will signal White Fawn to me and she can bring Gray Wolf, your brother, to us at some safe point."

It was late in February and the weather was extremely cold, though there was little snow on the ground. The four frontiersmen avoided the main Indian trails and traveled largely at night with the bare leafless branches of the forest trees forming a tracery above them against the winter sky. Buckner left them concealed in a patch of down timber more than a mile from the small Shawnee town that had once been his home. He pressed on alone to within two hundred yards of it and lifted his voice in the quavering falsetto of a screech owl, then the harsh squawk of a night heron and the silvery cry of the plover, twice repeated.

He then waited tensely. It was unfortunate that he had not agreed with White Fawn upon a set of winter signals. It was possible, though unlikely, that a few stray plover had returned from the winter migration, but it was doubtful if there were any night herons so far north at this time of year, particularly in view of the extreme cold. And savages were quick to detect such departures from the natural. After an interminable wait, fearing to give the signal again, he heard the sleepy twitter of a sparrow from close at hand and answered it. A form glided noiselessly to him in the gloom.

A strange wine of elation coursed through his veins at the contact as the girl leaned against him. It came to him that White Fawn was taller and heavier than on the occasion of his last visit. That was natural, of course, as she was a growing girl, while he had been thinking of her as the slender slip of a thing that he had seen two years before.

"White Fawn thought that you would never come," she said. "The time has seemed long while she waited."

"I may have come too soon even now," he said. "Peace is not yet assured between the Long-knives and the red peoples of the Ohio. It may be that the Shawnees will not let White Fawn go with me to the lodges of the Long-knives and that you must slip away without their knowledge."

"White Fawn goes with Talk-with-birds whenever he wills it," the girl said simply.

Again he was conscious of that strange ecstasy that flooded him as her soft form was pressed against him.

"Three friends lie hidden not far away," he said. "All have lived among the red men. Two of them are blood brothers of Gray Wolf. They would see him. Think you the Shawnees would permit us to enter the town as friends, or is war too fresh in the past?"

He leaped back swiftly, taking the girl with him, as the least rustle of dead leaves reached his ears. His tomahawk had flashed into his hand even as he leaped.

"Strike not, my brother," a voice said from the night, and Standing Bear stepped from behind a tree a dozen feet from them. "I have heard your talk and it is good."

"The voice of the night heron and the plover brought you here!" Buckner divined.

"But naturally," Standing Bear agreed. "The voice of a bird does not carry for hundreds of miles, no matter how still the night."

"And there are no herons or plovers within that distance," Buckner amplified.

"So the notes must have come from the throat of a human mockingbird," pursued Standing Bear. "If we were not at peace with the Cherokees of the south, in whose country the herons and plovers are wintering, our warriors would have been more alert and would have waked from their sleep at those notes, believing that the Cherokees were surrounding the town. Has my brother lost his cunning since he has lived among the Long-knives? Why not fire a gun as your signal, rather than rely on the notes of birds that are not here?"

"It is true," said Buckner. "Yet I had no other signal."

"It seemed certain that such must be the case," said Standing Bear. "I watched from my lodge to see who would answer so unnatural a call. When I saw White Fawn slip away into the forest, I knew that the notes were a voice out of the past and I followed."

"And my brother's toe is heavier than before," Buckner chided, "or it would not have kicked the leaves about so noisily."

"I came as a friend, so there was no need for caution," Standing Bear excused himself. "But it is not possible for Talk-with-birds to bring his friends among the Shawnees. Even alone, you would not be safe. The Shawnees are not sure that peace has come between the redcoats and the Long-knives. The redcoats are not sure themselves. And even if it comes to pass, the red men may have to carry on the war. No Long-knife is safe among the Shawnees. We go now. We will bring Gray Wolf to your camp when midnight comes tomorrow so that he may see his brothers. Then you must leave."

"It is done," Buckner agreed. "But White Fawn goes with Talk-with-birds when he leaves."

Again there was that delightful current pulsing through his veins as the girl pressed her soft form against him.

"That shall be as White Fawn decides," Standing Bear decreed. "Her father is dead in the wars and her mother followed him to Manitou last year. With you, White Fawn will have good treatment. With Kemper, the redcoat, even though he is an ally, I am not so sure, since it is known to me that he has a woman among the Delawares and another among the Cahokias of the West."

"Kemper!" Buckner exclaimed. "What has he to do with it?"

"The redcoat desires White Fawn for himself," Standing Bear explained. "He is by no means the first. But Kemper, now since he comes no longer to the Shawnee towns himself, being stationed in Detroit, sends Benoit in his stead. Each time he offers an increasing price—many guns, knives, tomahawks, blankets, much powder and lead and other things to Tonk-a-naw."

"And why to Tonk-a-naw?" Buckner demanded. He now understood that delightful wine that coursed through his veins at his contact with White Fawn's clinging form. She was no longer a child, but a budding young woman. He tried to reconstruct her in his thoughts, but could visualize her only as the slender slip of a girl he had known; and his peering eyes could make out no details in the black shadows of the forest. It was only in the different quality of his awareness of her that he could credit the fact that she had budded to the point where she was desired by men. This Kemper, the man who had violated his parole as a gentleman, was not to have White Fawn. Of that, Buckner was suddenly positive. She should have the best in men, not the worst.

"Tonk-a-naw is the brother of her dead father and now the head of her lodge," Standing Bear explained. "He thinks some of accepting Kemper's next offer when Benoit comes with it. It is Tonk-a-naw's right."

"A man who degrades his own honor is not one to whom to trust the honor of another," Buckner said. "Kemper is such a man. Honor he has none. White Fawn must not go to him. She comes with me."

"Yes," the girl said contentedly. "Where Talk-with-birds leads, White Fawn will

(Continued on Page 173)

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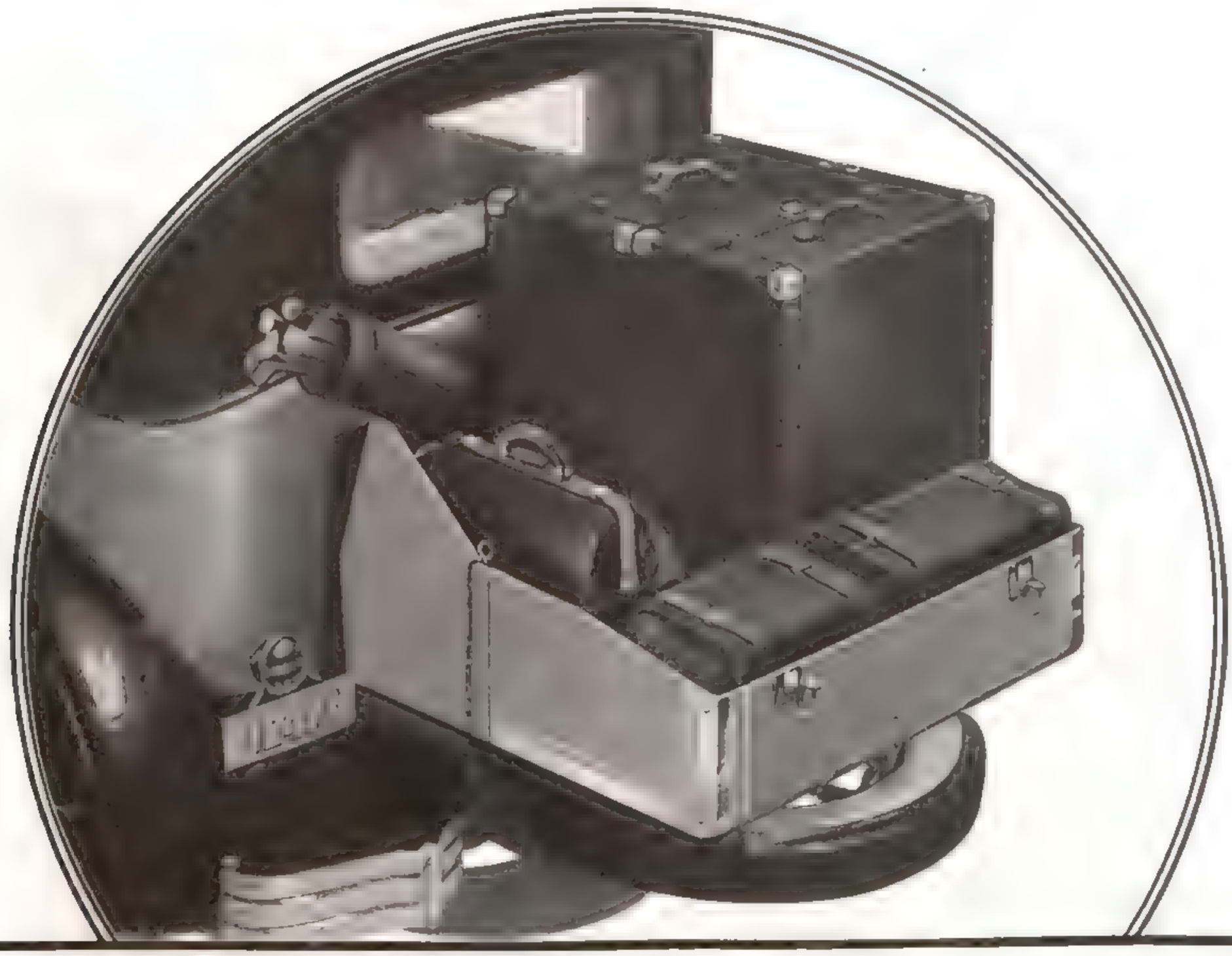

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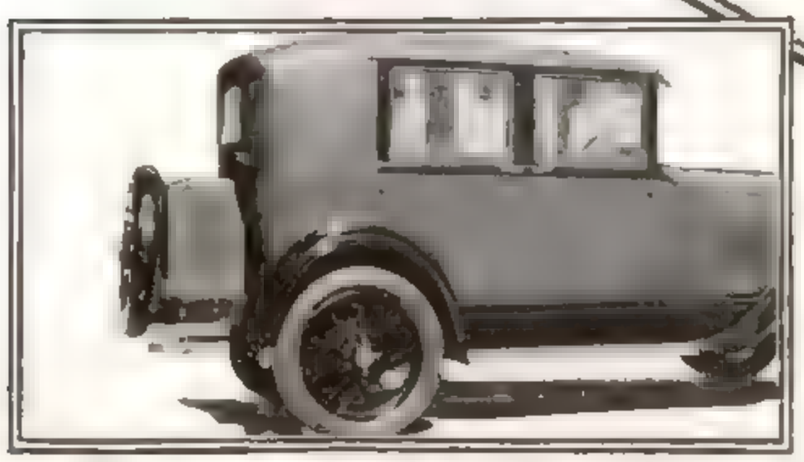

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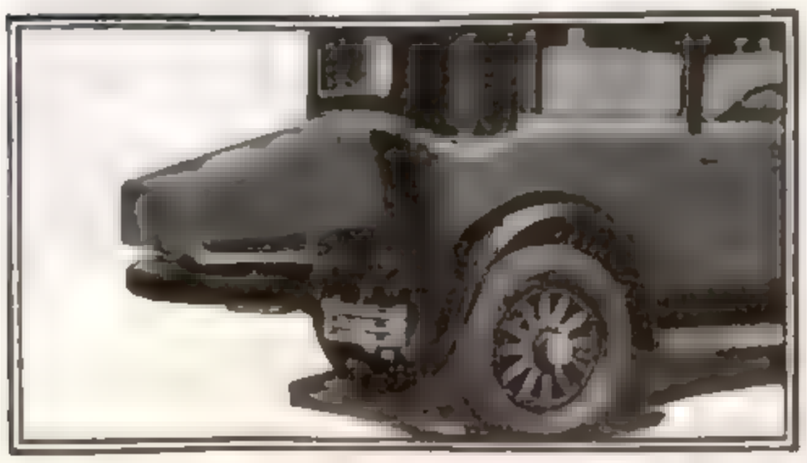

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(Continued from Page 171)

follow. Always it has been written on my heart."

"It is well," Standing Bear agreed. "We go now. When midnight comes again we will come to your camp with Gray Wolf. Then you must leave the Shawnee country."

V

"SHE should have come before now," Buckner said, breaking a long silence

"The night is two hours old," Gilpin agreed. "And she should have arrived an hour past."

On the previous night Standing Bear, Gray Wolf, once William Herne, and White Fawn had come to the concealed camp of the four woodsmen and had conversed in low tones until near dawn. It had been arranged that White Fawn was to join them an hour after nightfall and accompany them to the frontier.

The sounds of the Indian town reached their ears, growing in volume.

"Hum!" Gilpin grunted. "Some commotion or other has riz up thar."

The sound rose to a persistent hum, then became a chant punctuated by the steady, monotonous tum, tum, tum, tum of the skin drums. The ears of each of the four men who sat there in the dark read a sinister significance into that throbbing voice of the tom-toms and the accompanying chant.

"It's war talk them drums are sounding," Tom Herne testified.

They sat again in silence and listened to the sounds

"Well," Gilpin said presently, "since Gray Wolf is brother to the Hernes and Standing Bear is foster brother to Buckner, it would ill become ary one of you to suggest what we all know must be done. Or at least, I take it that's why you are holding back your speech. But there's a time when every warrior's bones must bleach in the wilderness and his hair be forfeit to the enemy. It's one of Nature's laws and is not to be gainsaid. If harm has come to them through us, then the least we can do as true men is to lay down our lives with theirs, and see to it that them lives come high. Which thar's none alive knows better how to do that last than the four men gathered here."

The three others grunted assent. The sudden commotion, coupled with White Fawn's failure to appear, permitted but one conclusion: That some suspicious Shawnee had followed their three friends and had accused them of secretly treating with the enemy.

If that were true the lives of Standing Bear, Gray Wolf and White Fawn would not be worth a straw. The Shawnees would kill them as a matter of justice. The four men rose as one and had taken their first step toward the Shawnee town when Buckner hissed a sharp warning.

"Hist! Someone comes!" he whispered.

"Running—and alone," Gilpin added under his breath. "A light tread. Likely 'tis the girl."

The faint tap-tap of moccasined feet drew nearer, coming directly toward their hiding place. It was evident that the runner came as a friend, else he would have traveled with more caution. The one who approached began to make his way across the many windfalls.

"Hold!" Buckner called softly when the lone traveler was within a few feet.

"Tecumseh—me friend," a voice answered in English. "Standing Bear he say you wait." A slender Shawnee lad of round twelve or thirteen years of age came to them. "Tecumseh, me. Spik Long-naff pooty goot, me," the boy said proudly. But he lapsed into the more familiar Shawnee tongue as he delivered his message to Buckner.

"Standing Bear feared that his friends would believe him to be in trouble when they heard the voices and the tom-toms and that they would throw their lives away coming to help him," Tecumseh explained.

"Which Standing Bear is a mighty understanding redskin," Gilpin said.

"Then what does all that commotion mean, Tecumseh?" Buckner asked the young Indian.

"Him mean Injun man too much go to war pooty quick tonight," Tecumseh said. "Injun woman and chillun all get killed too much." Then he lapsed into the easier Shawnee tongue. "A war party of Long-knives crossed the Ohio to the deserted Delaware towns on the Muskingum. There they found the Christian Delawares, who had returned to pick last year's corn. The white men greeted them as friends, then locked them up, some ninety of them, in cabins and held council as to their fate. While the Delawares knelt in family groups and prayed to the white man's God, the Long-knives killed and scalped them all, even to sucking babes. Then their bodies were piled in two cabins and burned. Some, though scalped, were not yet dead, and two escaped. Runners are taking the news to every town in the Ohio. Our uncles, the Six Nations, have wished to go on with the war. Now even our grandfathers, the Delawares, will take up the tomahawk. The nations rise."

At this point Standing Bear, Gray Wolf and White Fawn joined them.

"Come. We go with you," said Standing Bear. "The nations rise as one. Your lives are not worth a puff of wind if you are seen. If we meet warriors, do not fight, which would only throw our lives away with yours. You give me the white man's parole, word of honor, till I tell you to go on alone?"

Wonderingly they assured him that they did.

"Then if we are discovered, I will claim you as captives and none can deny us the right to take you to our town to decide your fate in council. At least we could then pretend to become angry and kill you painlessly on the way and save you from the ordeal of the stake."

"But see here," Gilpin remonstrated. "Throw us loose to fend for ourselves. Four foxes like us can squirm our own way through any ruckus that's likely to bust. And I make no doubt the girl White Fawn is equally apt."

"My way is best," Standing Bear decreed. "Tecumseh, do you lead the way by fifty paces. The cry of the screech owl at night and the bark of the squirrel by day for us to halt if there is danger ahead."

The youthful Tecumseh disappeared in the black forest and presently Standing Bear followed. Hour after hour the little procession moved swiftly through the night in single file. Standing Bear followed none of the regular Indian trails that led to the east, and he crossed those that traversed the forest from north to south with the greatest precaution. The moon came up. Half an hour later, Tecumseh having crossed a well-beaten north-and-south pathway, Standing Bear, after halting just before reaching it, nodded suddenly and leaped swiftly across it, followed by the others. They had covered no more than fifty yards beyond it when he halted and held up his hand. Each of the others glided silently into the shadow of some tree trunk. All heard the steady tread of many padded feet.

The moonlight slanted down through the leafless trees, shedding a ghostly radiance that lent a touch of unreality to the long line of wild figures that passed along the trail over which Buckner's party had just crossed. This savage procession glided along without speech, the moonlight glinting on musket barrels, war plumes and naked shoulders; a fascinating sight, yet one fraught with peril. Not until long after the padding footsteps had died out in the distance did the little party step from the shadows and resume its march. There might be stragglers from the war party, or flanking scouts.

A half hour later the soft cry of a screech owl sounded from just ahead. Again the party halted, each one behind a tree. Again the thudding feet and a ghostly procession of painted warriors in the moonlight, heading into the south. Buckner counted them—something over fifty.

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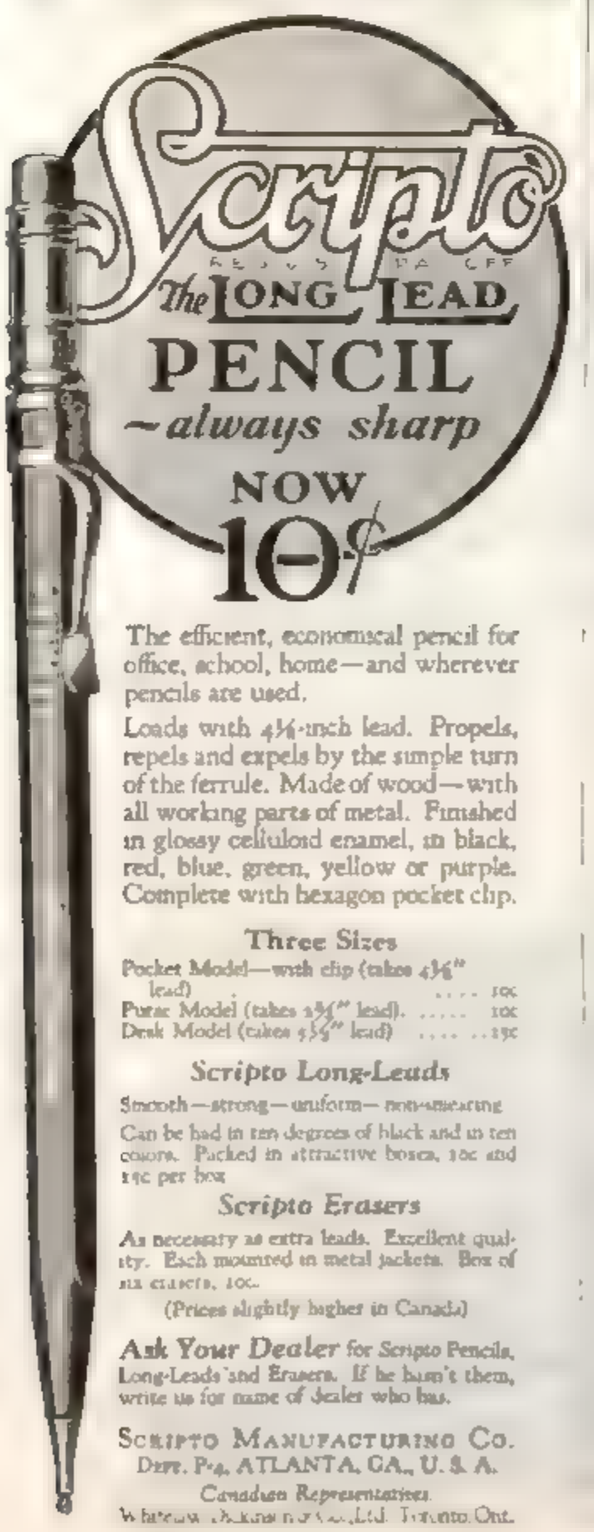

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"So soon?" he whispered to Standing Bear when they had passed. The Shawnee nodded.

"Other towns had the word before ours," he said. "So they are on the move before us."

"To Kentucky," Buckner said, reading from this southern movement of the war parties the fact that Kentucky was to be their destination. As they stood there in the shadows of their respective trees, the four woodsmen were visualizing the same scene; the quiet farms of Kentucky, where for over a year the war whoop had not sounded; the older residents lulled into a sense of false security; those hundreds of new families that had migrated there during that last quiet year—people unschooled in war and the ways of the frontier. Now they would wake to the dread sound of the war whoop and to their inevitable initiation into bloodshed and rapine.

When Standing Bear motioned them to proceed he looked back over his shoulder. Gilpin had not followed. Gray Wolf, appearing suddenly from the rear, grunted an angry command and the old woodsman rose from where he had been gliding on his face behind a down log that led off at right angles. Standing Bear returned from his place in the lead.

"You gave me your white man's parole. Not one of you must leave until I give the word," he said sternly. "The first man that breaks his word will have the blood of his comrades on his soul. Brother as Talk-with-birds is to me, and brothers as these others are to Gray Wolf, we shall strike them dead and follow the trail of the one who breaks his word. I have spoken."

He resumed the lead and strode on through the moonlit forest, while Gray Wolf, once William Herne, brought up the rear a dozen yards behind the others. Buckner realized then, as did his companions, Standing Bear's real reason for accompanying them. It had not been through fear that they would be unable to get through by themselves. He had known their ability all too well. But, as he would not break faith with them, neither would he break faith with his own people. He had known that the four rangers, heading east toward the settlements of Western Virginia, would discover and read correctly the march of war parties on every trail that led to the south. They would change their course to the south and scatter so that some would be sure to get through, heading swiftly toward Kentucky. They would outstrip the war parties, swim the Ohio and warn the Kentuckians. This he had determined to prevent. He would conduct them safely to the east. Turn to the south they should not. Thus was his savage idea of honor satisfied on both scores. Their lives had been in his hand for three days. He believed them too honorable to take his life now. If they should, there were Tecumseh ahead and Gray Wolf behind; and their tongues would rouse the war parties to the south as they followed the woodsmen who had broken the faith. Those war parties would scatter out through the moonlit forest and it was doubtful if a single one of the four would live to reach the Ohio, much less to swim it and land in Kentucky.

"Standing Bear, I'd plumb forgot that perole—not having give much thought to your parpose in asking it," Gilpin apologized. "I've obsarved before that you was an understanding redskin and a quick one. I now add that you're an honest man and a smart one. I take it that we all travel east as before, and no rift in the party."

"Ugh," Standing Bear assented. After all he had not underestimated these men, either as to intelligence or integrity, and his mind was freed of its former strain as he led the way to the east.

"After all," Arch Herne said presently, "a man don't go back on his word to save his own life or that of others, once it's been passed among whites. And if he looks at it right, he should do no worse by the reds."

None inquired as to Buckner's viewpoint. He was a Buckner of Virginia, and in the code of his class a man who violated a parole or broke his word to an enemy, much more a friend, forfeited his honor and became an outcast in the eyes of all right-thinking men. It was the code. The little party strode on throughout the night. In the first ghostly light of dawn they crouched in a thicket while twenty-odd ferocious Ojibwa braves strode southward along a near-by trail.

Only with the light of morning did Buckner become fully conscious of why men desired White Fawn. Most of those who had lived for any considerable period among the savages were not to be picked out among them by even the most searching scrutiny. Not so the girl upon whom his eyes now rested. Her tawny hair and pansy-blue eyes stamped her instantly as of white origin. Her skin was of such texture that the sun had darkened her face only to a creamy tan. She was a lovely thing to look upon. And suddenly he knew a spasm of rage that a man without honor, a base hound like Kemper, should lift his eyes to her and aspire to her favors. Her blue eyes looked into Buckner's now with that same implicit confidence that had shown in them years ago when she had been a tiny, frightened captive in the Shawnee town. But now her regard stirred something deep within him and occasioned a quickening of his pulse.

Her parting from the Shawnees and starting upon her journey to live among strange people had been made vastly easier by this intermediate stage in the company of the woodsmen and the three Shawnees. These Long-knives spoke many Indian languages and seemed to differ but little from the Indians. She felt quite at her ease with them.

The boy, Tecumseh, had persistently practiced speaking the English tongue for some reason known only to himself. Since her promise to Buckner two years before to accompany him to the settlements on his next visit, White Fawn had endeavored to learn her native language with Tecumseh. Lacking formal instruction or any with whom to converse, their only recourse had been such words as Tecumseh had picked up from the British and the traders that came to the Shawnee country. But her tongue, from early experience with English words, now formed them much more readily than did Tecumseh's.

As they lay by for the day in a dense thicket, Buckner observed that the Shawnee youth, though looking upon them with no friendliness, nevertheless endeavored to bring his English into play whenever possible and seemed to have an insatiable desire to ask the English word that designated every tree, bird, object, utensil, weapon or article of attire.

"Where you learn speak Long-knife talk so good, Tecumseh?" Buckner inquired.

The boy made a gesture indicating that he picked it up wherever in the whole countryside it happened to be available.

"You learn speak Long-knife because you think mebbe you be all same white man some day?" Buckner asked.

"No!" Tecumseh expelled with such vehemence as to draw all eyes to him. "Soon I will fight the Long-knives," the boy explained in Shawnee, "and it is well to know how one's enemy thinks in order to outwit him. Without knowing how he speaks, how can I know how he thinks?"

"Thar you uttered words that would do credit to mature men with wise heads on their shoulders," Gilpin said, bending upon the lad a closer scrutiny. "How come you like white men not too much—at your age?"

The boy shrugged as if that question needed no answer. But suddenly he changed his mind and rose.

"Tecumseh tell um," he offered.

He elected to illustrate his point by acting out his part instead of by exclusive use of words. He strode through an adjacent stretch of the thicket, then pointed to the area he had just traversed.

"Nothing change—all same. Injun man go here, go there, leave all same; come somebody else along," he said, then reverted to Shawnee the better to illustrate his meaning. "The red man goes through the land and uses the game, the trees, the birds and the fish as he needs them; but he leaves the land as Manitou fashioned it, and Manitou replenishes the things he uses. If another comes that way in one moon or a thousand moons from now, he finds it good for his use as Manitou willed it. All save enemies are welcome to come and make use of it. It is all mine. I invite you to use it. Is that not like the red man's way?"

"It's the truth, Tecumseh," Buckner agreed.

"Me Long-knife now," said Tecumseh, passing over the same route as before. He blazed four saplings to mark out a square, then planted himself in belligerent attitude inside it.

"Long-knife walk this way—all change. Come somebody else along can't do." He scowled at them. "Tom'awk rights! Tom'awk rights! Belong me! You no come here!"

"Right you be, Tecumseh," Gilpin applauded. "The Injun leaves things as he finds them, free for the use of all. The white man up and claims it for the use of himself alone. Your meaning is clear as spring water and sarves to illustrate the chief outstanding difference between the red man and the white in all matters of the land."

Already the Shawnee lad gave evidence of the clear-thinking intelligence that was to mark his after life and lead to heights attained by but few others in the history of his race. Already he saw, as Pontiac, the great Ottawa, had seen before him, that the red man's only possible hope to retain a bit of his lands was by war, never by promises and the ways of peace. The white men would never keep a treaty unless the red men with whom that treaty had been made were prepared to resist its violation with tomahawk and musket. The whole history of the red peoples proved his point. The Delawares, mightiest nation of them all, had relied on peace and had lost their lands and perished. Those tribes who relied on war, while sometimes sorely pressed, at least survived and still retained a great portion of their lands. It was that intelligence, the power to gauge the future by the past and the unwavering determination to resist such encroachments, that was destined to carry him on until he became the greatest leader of the red nations since the days of Pontiac—and the last until the days of Sitting Bull. It was to lead him to a brigadier generalship in the British army. And it was to lead him to his death. For when, at last, Tecumseh was to see that all hope was gone and that he could not retain even a bit of the promised territory of Illinois for his people, after they had been pushed back and back, he was destined to lose all love of life. With the British retreating into Canada, he was to don his buckskins, instruct his friends as to the disposal of his effects and march back with his braves to face the advancing enemy, knowing that he would never see the sun rise again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE HIGHROAD

(Continued from Page 36)

"Can't have 'em stopping every car that comes through, and nobody see the car that done this, Joe."

Joe stared at him, his jaw sagging. "What's that, Don? What a' you a-saying? I seen it."

"Guess not!"

"I'low I did!"

"Get the number on it?" Don challenged; and Joe shook his head.

"But I'd know it in a minute," he declared.

"See there," Don agreed. "You never even got the number." His tone was almost jocular. "Joe, you never saw any truck at all. You don't know what did hit pa, whether it was a truck or a car."

"I tell you I was setting right over there and see it!" Joe exclaimed, in baffled exasperation. Then fell silent; for Don swung upon him and he caught Joe by the wrist, and he held him with a steady eye, and he said evenly:

"And I'm telling you, you never did. You don't know what it was. You just thought likely it was a truck, because there was tracks of a truck's tires in the mud. That's why you been saying it was a truck. You don't know at all, Joe, I'm telling you."

"Don, you're crazy!" Joe cried. "Leave go of me! You're crazy as a coot! Go on in and telephone and cut 'em off down below."

"Whoever it was has had time to get away," Don reminded him. "If we knew who it was, and they ever come back, we could look to grab them, Joe." His tone was regretful. "Only if they knowed we knew who it was, they wouldn't come back. You never saw a thing, did you, Joe?"

And he held the old man more lightly by the arm, and Joe peered at him doubtfully, caught some half understanding, shook a skeptic head.

"You could maybe catch them telephoning," he more weakly urged.

"There ain't anybody knows who it was, Joe," Don insisted.

Inside the post office they could see clustering figures; two or three more came along the walk. And Don pressed the old man's arm.

"You said it was my business, Joe," he reminded the other—"whatever there was to do." Joe nodded doubtfully; and Don smiled. "All right," he concluded. "Then we'll tell them that you never saw who it was that hit him, Joe, old man. Come on."

So Joe, puzzled and still only half agreeing, and young Don, with steady eyes and an even glance for every man, alighted and went in to meet the questioning tongues that waited there.

■

DON had no sleep that night, and very little in the days that followed. A dreadful, agonizing pain as keen as though it had been actually physical tormented him. It was so intense that it acted upon him like a drug, so that he moved day by day upon his due affairs like a man half stupefied; like one walking in his sleep, half conscious of his surroundings, scarce recognizing the familiar faces he encountered.

This mental isolation was perhaps merciful, for Don was surrounded during the eight or nine days immediately after his father's death by critical and hostile glances and by accusing eyes. His inaction seemed to these townsfolk, who had known old Luke and loved as they respected him, a bitter and a shameful thing. To no one, except in that first conversation with old Joe Gillaspie, did Don give any account of his intentions, any suggestion of what he meant to do, and even old Joe was not sufficiently acute fully to understand.

But he was commanded by his ancient friendship for Lucas Tomson to do what Luke's son now required. If as a part of that requirement he had to declare that his own first version of the tragedy had been distorted, he did so, grudgingly perhaps, but for all that with convincing candor.

Only when he was pressed too close by questioners he was likely to throw up his hands and cry: "That's all I know! I've told you all I see! Don's working on it! Go ask him, but don't keep pestering me!"

Old Luke's figure had been familiar to passing motorists for many years, and his death deserved and received a brief notice on the first page of the dailies. When the papers came to Chapman the next morning, Don read them attentively; and at the discovery that each in turn asserted that there was no clew to the identity of the car which had knocked down and killed his father, a still satisfaction came to dwell in the young man's eyes.

Don had to answer questioners that morning, but he did so steadily enough; found with no one of them any particular difficulty, except in the case of Peg Barry. He might have confided in Peg; vaguely wished to do so. But just as a hurt animal hides itself away to nurse its wounds, so Don, though he moved among his fellows, sought isolation in a stubborn silence now. He rode patrol that morning, but he did not stop at Peg's house. He was reluctant to face the girl, to answer the questions she would put to him.

But while he was eating dinner at home, Peg came to seek him out. When she knocked at the door, Mrs. Wake opened it for her, and Peg looked toward where Don was sitting and hesitated for a moment, and then said frankly to the older woman:

"Mrs. Wake, I have to talk to Don." So Mrs. Wake left these two alone. Peg came to Don's side then, and though her tone was steady, there was a lively fire burning in her eyes. Don got up defensively to face her; and she asked swiftly: "Don, what are you doing? Why didn't you go after them?"

Don shook his head. "We don't know who it was," he said.

She stared at him incredulously. "Don't know who it was? You told me you knew. You told me it was the rum runners—the ones you let go by."

She tried to probe his eyes, but Don met her glance steadily. She was angry at his dull acceptance of disaster, but at the same time she was puzzled. She knew Don, or thought she did, well enough to be sure that this inaction was unlike him, and she said so now. "Don," she cried, "you aren't going to let them kill your father and just drive away?"

He insisted stubbornly, "There ain't nothing else to do."

She weighed this, and abruptly she asked: "Don, you said someone gave you some money—something like that. Tell me about that, Don."

He was so thoroughly the master of his faculties that not even this challenge could confuse him. He nodded, and soberly recited to her the tale of his later encounters with the man named Block, and she listened at first in silence, then with an occasional angry ejaculation till he was done. Cried at last bitterly:

"You helpless thing! Why didn't you hit him? Why didn't you knock him down?"

"He talked too fast for me," said Don lamely. "I couldn't think quick enough, what I ought to do."

"You didn't have to think!" she cried. "All you had to do was hit him. Where's the money, Don? Have you got it still?"

He nodded slowly. "I've got it in my pocket," he replied. "I'll likely see him again sometime. I guess he drives this road right along. I aim to give it back to him."

She laughed scornfully. "You'll probably let him give you fifty more," she said in a derisive tone. And when he did not at once reply, she cried more gently: "Oh, Don, I know you wouldn't mean to do anything wrong, but you ought to have more sense, dear."

"He talked too fast for me," Don repeated.

And she cried, swiftly furious again: "Don't keep saying that! I don't care what he said. You ought to be big enough and strong enough to keep a man from forcing money on you. You're a policeman, Don."

She could not shake him, and she was exasperated by his pertinacity, curiously puzzled and bewildered. She knew him too well to be wholly deceived by his attitude; knew him too well, and had known him for too long to believe that he would thus supinely submit to what had happened. She knew, by the same token, that behind his apparent passivity there lay some intent which now he sought to hide, and she was angry with him because of his refusal to confide in her. But she did not confess this, even to herself, and when she chided him, it was not for his silence, but for his indolence. She cried bitterly that he ought to be ashamed, and when he protested at this in a mild and docile fashion, she said challengingly:

"I've told you more than once, Don, that I'd have to wait to see what you'd do if you ever had anything to do. Are you going to just sit still and not do anything now?"

But he held stubbornly to his silence, until in the end Peg, bitterly exasperated, took herself away. Don let her go, and if to do so did torment him, there was nothing in the young man's demeanor to confess his distress. As for Peg, she was more angry with him than ever, because he let her go.

XI

THEY bore old Lucas Tomson to the cemetery on a knoll above the river, and in the little group about the open grave, though their elbows and their shoulders touched his, Don stood isolated and alone. He felt this, sensed it ruefully, yet with some faint contentment too. It seemed to him well that everyone should believe in his submission to the stroke of fate. Jasper Given had come to the funeral, and he had afterward some talk with Don, a hard condemnation in his tones. But not even to defend himself from the other's unspoken accusations did Don offer the chief his confidence.

Afterward he continued to endure the critical glances of those whom he encountered. He rode day by day his patrol along the river road, and each evening, as though to his mind all remained as it had been, he walked or went on his motorcycle to the Barry home to see Peg.

She met him the first time with a cold politeness, and she and her father and her mother held toward him a long silence, as though they waited for him to speak, until Don at length took himself away. But the night after, when he came there, the house was dark; and the night after that there were neighbors in, so that Don was only one of a group, and had no word with Peg at all. If there was a wistful longing in his glance, she pretended not to see it, and when he took himself away she gave him no more than a nod in cool good-by.

So the days passed and Don continued to play the part which he had set for himself. It was a waiting part. He knew quite definitely what it was for which he waited, and with what patience he could manage he held his even way until the day when Block should come again. So in the end his patience was rewarded.

Don's encounter with Block occurred far up the river road, within a few miles of the Narrows. He was on his regular patrol, returning toward Chapman in the late forenoon, and he met Block's car, and felt at his first recognition of the machine a quick rush of fierce elation. Yet he had time to control it, time to stifle his feelings and hide them behind an imperturbable mask before the car drew near. He saw that Block was slowing down, and pretended not to see, but at the moment of their passing, Block shouted to him, and Don turned and came

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back to stop beside the car which had halted there.

He pulled up, and Block said amiably, "Good morning, officer!" Don nodded. "I'm glad to see you," Block told him.

Don fumbled in his pocket. "I wanted to see you, too," he agreed. "I've been thinking about it, and I guess you kind of confused me about that money. You got to take that back."

Block laughed and shook his head, waving the bills away. "I saw in the Portland paper," he said casually, "that a policeman was killed up here somewhere, a day or two ago. I was afraid it might be you. Glad it wasn't. You're all right, are you?"

"It was the constable, down in town," Don told him.

"What happened?" Block inquired. "What happened to him?"

"Somebody run into him," Don said. "It was along late at night, and he was on duty down at the square, handling traffic. I guess likely the car was running fast and didn't see him. It was raining. Maybe there was water on the windshield." He added humbly: "They must have known when they hit him, though. They ought to have stopped then."

Block nodded. "They sure ought," he agreed. "That's rotten! To run into a man and then go off without stopping to see how badly he was hurt. That's no way to do. I suppose the driver was scared and lost his head and stepped on her. What kind of a car was it?"

"Didn't anybody see it," Don confessed in a dull tone. "Likely they were running pretty fast and the old man wanted to warn them to slow down."

Block nodded. "Bad plan to try and stop a car in a hurry on this road at night," he remarked wisely. "Sometimes they don't want to stop. The old man always did have a trick of stepping out into the road and standing there, right in front of you. I've noticed it before. If your brakes didn't hold, you might pile into him in spite of yourself. He ought to have stood out of the way, so if they didn't stop they wouldn't have to hit him."

"He was pretty old," Don remarked. Block, he guessed, did not know of the relationship between himself and the dead man, and he felt a still elation at this certainty. "He was pretty old," he repeated. "Couldn't move very fast. I guess he wouldn't ever think of being ready to jump out of the way."

"Well, it's too bad," Block repeated philosophically. "But an officer wants to be ready for anything if he tries to stop a car at night around here. I expect there are some people on the road who wouldn't stop for anything less than a gun." He released his brake. "Well, I'm glad it wasn't you anyway," he repeated. "Good luck!"

"Wait a minute," Don said quickly. "I wanted to give this money back to you."

"Forget it," Block laughed.

Don said insistently, "No, I don't want you to get any ideas about me. I guess you wouldn't give me a hundred dollars unless you were looking for something back."

Block shook his head cheerfully. "No, I'm not," he retorted. "I haven't asked anything from you, have I?"

"I'd stop you just as quick as I would another man," Don assured him, "if you wasn't driving the way you ought."

"Of course you would," Block agreed. "And I'd expect you to. But I haven't given you any money, anyway. You found a fifty-dollar bill, and you matched me for it and won another fifty with it." He laughed boisterously. "I'm not going to gamble with you again. You're too lucky."

"Well, as long as you don't expect any favors from me ——" Don repeated.

"Don't be so suspicious," Block told him. "It's time enough for you to refuse anything I ask after I ask it. Good luck. See you later." And his car moved away.

Don did not pursue him, did not persist in the effort to return the money. Instead, he stood beside his motorcycle, watching the car out of sight, and when it was gone he still remained for a time where Block had left him, considering what had passed between them, what he had said and what the other had replied.

It seemed to him that matters went well Block, he felt sure, did not know that Don was the dead man's son; and even if he knew, he must have seen in Don no more than a stupid countryman, easily controlled. It was not through weakness but through design that Don had this time permitted himself to be argued into keeping the two fifty-dollar bills. If he kept them, Block must believe that he would do what was required of him, and Don meant that Block should be reassured, that he should count on the young man's pliable submission to his designs.

A little after the other's car disappeared, Don turned down the road toward Chapman. He rode slowly, considering the affair in all its aspects; and if Peg or any other who knew him well had seen him then they must have discovered a flaming triumph in his eyes. When he came, by and by, to that spot two or three miles north of the village where the old road held straight ahead, up and across a precipitous ridge, while the new highway followed a longer course along the river, Don drew up and alighted.

He wheeled his motorcycle a little way up the old road until it was out of sight of any passers-by, and he left the machine hidden there beneath a covert of spruce and hemlock while he continued on foot. He set himself methodically about certain arrangements which since his father's death had been forming in his mind, and it was a matter of two or three hours before he returned at last to the spot where his motorcycle was hidden and resumed his patrol along the river road.

Meanwhile the man who called himself Block was driving swiftly northward through the wilderness above the Narrows, very well contented with the movement of events. If he had followed Don and seen what the young man was about, he might have been less comfortable in his mind, but he did not do so. That night he held a long-distance telephone conversation with a man named Dave Rill, in Boston. It was brief and not particularly intelligible to anyone who might have been listening. But Rill seemed to understand.

"It's all right," Block told him. "I talked with the man up here and he doesn't know anything about it. Tell Olly I said so. You come up and I'll see you here. But tell Olly to lay off the medicine this time. If he pulls a stunt like that again I'll be on his ear."

"I told him so," Dave Rill querulously agreed. "I tried to swing the truck myself. But he said the old boy asked for it."

"Tell him not to ask for trouble with me," Block repeated warningly. "And report to me here, the same as before."

"O. K.," Dave Rill agreed. "I'll tell him so."

XII

DON went that night to Peg's house, as his habit was; and it happened that on this occasion, for the first time since his father's death, he found her alone. It did not occur to him that she might have made this possible. He did not seek to question his good fortune. He knocked at the kitchen door and she opened to him, and Don went in and Peg drew back a little, looking at him at first thoughtfully and then with a quick attention. For Don's eyes wore a new aspect to which she was not blind.

She asked at last, something like the old raillery in her tones, "Why, Don! Who did you want to see?" But as though she were afraid of her own weakness, she added more sternly: "I thought you'd be off somewhere, trying to find out who hit your pa."

Don hesitated for a moment, but the old stubborn silence held him, and he stood humbly. "Don't know where I'd go to begin. There ain't anything I've got to start on," he replied.

"He's dead, isn't he?" she demanded, a swift heat in her tones. "I sh'd think you could start with that, anyway."

"He's dead, all right," he agreed gravely—"dead and buried too." And there was something in his tone which silenced her. Woke in her a swift affection that ached to comfort and protect him.

"Don, you've got something you haven't told me," she said at last. "Don Don, you wouldn't let them kill your pa for a hundred dollars, would you?"

If he had flamed at her, or even if he had struck her for that word, she might have forgiven him. But he only sat for a moment still in silence; said at last reproachfully:

"Don't look as though you had any call to talk that way to me, Peg."

And she flung to her feet at that, and the hot words poured from her. She told him to go home, to go away, to stay away.

"Thank goodness, I never let you talk me into marrying you!" she cried. "The kind of a thing you've turned out to be!" And more and more, while he sat supine.

It was the shrilling of the telephone which interrupted her. The instrument was set against the wall beside the door that led from the dining room to the kitchen, and its clamorous summons, cutting through her hot words, struck her into silence. For a moment neither of them spoke, until the bell rang again, two long peals and three short.

Don said then, "That's your number, Peg."

She nodded and crossed and took down the receiver, and after a word she turned toward him, with a quickening interest in her tones.

"It's for you, Don," she said.

"Me?" he asked in dull surprise.

"Yes, you," she repeated irritably. "Come along."

So Don lumbered across the room and took the receiver from her hands and said doubtfully: "Hello."

This was one of those occasions when the voice of the speaker at the other end of the wire is audible to others than the listener. So Peg heard not only what Don now said but what was said to him. It was old Joe Gillaspie who had called; his high, excited voice rang in the young man's ears.

"Don! Don, is that you?" he cried.

A heavy vehicle roared by along the road in front of the house as Don said slowly: "Yes. Who's this?"

"Joe."

"Oh," Don replied.

"Don," old Joe exclaimed, "that truck went through here a minute or two ago—right through town! You can catch it up there, if you get out quick!"

Don stood still a moment, thinking. "It just went by, Joe," he said then. "I heard it a minute ago."

"Get after it," Joe bade. "It's the same one, sure."

"I walked up tonight," Don confessed. "I'm working on the motorcycle, got the wiring all off. She's been missing. I aimed to fix it when I got home."

Peg heard Joe's exasperated exclamation, and then Don hung up the receiver. And she asked him quickly: "Don, what was that?"

Don hesitated. "I got to go along," he told her then. "Truck broke down, down in the square. Maybe I can help 'em some. Good night, Peg."

She had hot words ready, but she held them. Since he would lie to her, she let him go.

But when he was gone Peg slipped out after him, and she followed at a secure interval behind him as he hurried back toward the village. She saw him meet Joe Gillaspie at the square and pause there for a moment, and then go on toward his home.

Peg, to watch their encounter, had stopped behind the bole of a great elm in front of Will Freeland's house, half a block from the square. When Don left Joe and started swiftly homeward, old Joe called to him and would have followed him, but Don began to run, and the old man gave up the pursuit and came back into Peg's view

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again and started to cross toward the post office where his horse was tethered.

Peg darted swiftly down the street to intercept him, calling to him as she drew near, "Joe! Joe!"

And the old man heard her, looked up and saw her coming, paused to await her there. She drew him quickly into the concealing shadows of the trees along the road, and as though she feared he might escape her, she held him by the arm while she poured out upon him hot, insistent questionings. They stood there thus together for long minutes, until from the direction of Don's home they heard the roaring of a motorcycle; and Peg cried then:

"He's coming!"

"Sure is," old Joe agreed.

"He said the motorcycle wasn't running," she remembered.

"Sounds like it was, to me," said Joe.

Then the machine swung around the corner into their view and leaped northward along the river road at headlong pace. They watched it disappear, and when it was gone, Peg cried at last:

"Joe, listen! Listen! If he doesn't bring them back, this is what you have to do——"

XIII

BUT Don did not bring back the speeding truck, nor the men who drove it. He was unable to overtake them. Hours later he returned alone, riding wearily homeward. And when he came toward Chapman, Peg, sleeping fitfully, heard his machine pass by, and looked at her watch and found that it lacked only an hour or two till dawn.

Peg did not see Don, or at least she had no word with him, during the days immediately succeeding. She expected him to come to the house on the evening after the truck's passage, and because she did not wish to see him, she hurried out almost before supper was done and hid herself away.

But when she returned, Mrs. Barry told her that Don had not appeared. Next day she twice saw him pass on his motorcycle; saw him go down the road just before noon and come back again in a little after. But she did not hear him return in the afternoon and she waited until mid-evening for the sound of his passing. Then, driven by misgivings which she was slow to acknowledge, she hurried away to the village and stopped at the post office and managed there a casual inquiry. But no one had seen Don return.

"If he did come," Will Freeland said to her question, "Joe'd have seen him, but Joe ain't around. I don't know where he's gone."

Peg nodded inattentively, as though she already knew this. She went out and hurried toward the Tomson home and found Mrs. Wake alone there. When the older woman opened the door, Peg, without entering, asked quickly whether Don was back, and Mrs. Wake shook her head.

"He ain't coming," she said. "He's sleeping out."

"Sleeping out?" Peg protested. "Where? What for?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Wake confessed irascibly. "He wouldn't tell me. Foolishness, I call it. But he's took blankets and a coffeepot and a fry pan and some victuals. I don't know where he's gone."

Don did not sleep at home for days thereafter. He had made a camp beside that icy fountain called Hot Spring, which bubbled up through the gravel a little aside from the road some miles below the Narrows. His cooking arrangements were concentrated by the spring, but his bed was spread in a hemlock thicket from which he could see the road, and so near it that even if he were asleep, he must be roused by the noise of any passing car. During the day he kept his strict patrol; at night he held here his vigil steadily.

This sentry-go of his was a heavy task for one man, and he had sought at first to enlist the help of Joe Gillaspie; but Joe had disappeared, leaving his ancient horse in a neighbor's barn for tendance, and the word was that he had gone to Portland; that he would presently return. Don was faintly surprised at this, but his mind was busy with too many dark concerns to give old Joe's movements much attention. He accepted the necessity that he must work alone.

His vigilance was strict. Those whom he expected would appear, he thought, in the early evening; so from dusk till near midnight he held himself alert there beside the road, his motorcycle ready, his senses all attuned for the far rumble of a heavy engine. Once or twice trucks did appear, but not the one for which he waited. The first night he wrapped in his blankets at midnight and slept, roused now and then by a late passing car; and the second night was equally uneventful. On that second day, when his patrol took him toward Chapman, he turned aside once more to scan that old road which climbed so steeply and dropped down to meet the new road again where it ran below Will Mather's ranks of cordwood piled ready for the hauling. He was satisfied with this inspection; returned that night to his post again.

And on that third night, his waiting was rewarded. From his camp he could look up the river and see the outside angle of two curves in the road where it wound around promontories which forced the river to detour. He sat screened in boughs, so that the headlights of a passing car could not discover him; and there were long intervals of silence and of solitude when he heard no sound save the murmur of the river or the hoot of a hunting owl or the stir and twitter of some small bird in the trees about him or the whistle of a coon. There was a waxing moon which, till it dropped below the western ramparts of the valley, shed some light upon the road.

Don heard the truck's approach at last before he saw it; heard its far, faint rumble long before its headlights blinked at him around the distant headland. At that distance he could not be sure of its identity, yet felt an instinctive certainty; and he wheeled his motorcycle through the trees toward the highway, and without turning on the headlight, kicked the engine into life and then stilled it again and knew that he was ready. Then other headlights shone around that distant angle of the road, and Don scrutinized them for the brief moment they were visible. A car was coming, half a mile or so behind the truck. It would pass the truck, doubtless, on the first fitting reach of road.

But when the truck presently came in sight, the car had not appeared; and Don, though his attention was fixed upon the vehicle in front, thought vaguely that the car must be following the truck. And he wondered who was in that trailing car. Dismissed the thought. No matter. His concern was with the truck, and more particularly with the man behind its wheel.

It drew near and roared past, its speed discreet. Its great bulk, like that of a small box car, was unmistakable, but for convincing proof Don glimpsed the number plate as it slid by. The same. And his motorcycle, with its headlight dark, slid into the road, and he trailed the truck, two hundred yards behind. He would have drawn nearer, but feared that the sound of his exhaust might warn the men ahead, and he was not yet ready to accost them. So held his distance there, and steadily.

The car behind was well behind. He had glimpses of it now and then, and he had misgivings, too, lest its headlights discover him and reveal his presence there. He watched it more alertly than he watched the truck, for if the car drew nearer, he would have to slip off the road into the wood and hide till it passed by. But he was assured at length that the car was in no haste, was not likely to press too close. Block, perhaps, following his men to give them help if need arose. If Block were in the second car, the odds against Don were increased, but the young man welcomed this reenforcement for his enemy. It would content him well to meet Block now—after

(Continued on Page 183)

An Amazing New Washer

by the makers of world-famous Thors

Madam

—it will change your whole idea of what a washer should do—and how a washer should look—and what a washer should cost

THE makers of world-famous Thor Washers now announce their greatest achievement in washing machine design, efficiency and speed

This machine, madam, will change your whole idea of what your washer should do and how it should look and what it should cost. It is unlike any other machine on the market, in the features that really count.

Outstanding among these features are

1. ***Beauty.*** Never have you seen a washer so pleasing to look at—so easy to work with. It is utterly different in color—so skilfully done that for a moment you can hardly believe it *is* a washing machine. A famous color designer discovered its finish after dozens of colors had been tried and discarded. See it—its beauty is a real treat. And why shouldn't a washer be a thing of beauty?

2. ***Life-time tub.*** You would hardly believe this beautiful color to be oven-baked porcelain enamel—inside and out. But it is. And you know what that means. A finish that's harder than steel—and as easy to wipe clean as a china dish

3. ***Wide-top tub.*** Note how the top of its generous-sized tub has been made the full width of the tub itself. Look at this feature in comparison with the old-type small opening. Easy to put clothes in—easy to lift them out. A feature that adds speed and convenience.

4. ***Rubber guarded, vibration-proof lid.*** A round guard of wear-proof rubber encircles the top of the tub. The lid fits snugly into this guard, entirely eliminating lid vibration and rattles. Water cannot splash through. The entire operation of the machine is made quieter and more efficient. A cleaner, more sanitary washer has never been built

5. ***New speed—new kindness to clothes.*** This amazing new Thor employs the proved principle of agitation used so successfully in its predecessor—the Thor 2 Agitator. Tests conducted impartially at a well-known university show it to be the only washer of its type that thoroughly cleanses shirt cuffs and collars in one washing without soaking. Its new speed and kindness to clothes will win *you* with one trial.

6. ***Simple, compact, easy to operate.*** The pictures tell the story of the remarkable simplicity of this new machine. No belts or pulleys. No outside mechanism but the ¼ horsepower dependable General Electric Motor. Nothing to get out of order. It has fewer parts than any washer on the market. Truly—a model of simplicity. Yet in spite of its compactness, it has a generous 6-pound capacity tub—amply large for the average family

Madam—had you ordered a washer built to your own ideas, it could not suit you better than this one will. Yet we have built it to sell at around one hundred dollars. Buy no washer until you have seen it. The coupon below will bring you fully illustrated booklets. Write us, please—and we will arrange to send this new Thor to your home for a generous free trial. The Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Co., Limited, Toronto

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he should have dealt with the man who drove the truck ahead.

So this curious procession held its way. The truck moved at a discreet twenty-five miles an hour, following the meandering river road. Two hundred yards behind, Don, thankful for the moonlight that enabled him to see the road, held his place. And half a mile behind Don, the headlight of the pursuing car now and then appeared on a straight reach of highway, keeping distance too.

Don, from the time he began this strange pursuit, might at any time have pulled alongside the truck, but to do so would have been to expose himself to needless odds. He waited for a wiser moment, well prepared ahead.

For an hour they held this gentle pace, like boxers sparring for an opening, save that the men on the truck and on the car behind were unconscious of Don's scrutiny. Ten, fifteen minutes more. And Don, for all the still determination which possessed him, felt a quickening of his pulse. The time was now near. Two or three miles ahead the truck would pass the foot of the old road; and Don lifted the motorcycle's pace a little, once or twice, tentatively, assuring himself it was ready to respond to the demands he meant to make upon its powers. Two miles; then one; then half a mile; and finally the truck rounded the last headland, swung in a long curve back from the river. Don slowed down so that he might at the last moment increase his speed, gain some momentum by that artifice.

In the end he timed his rush acutely. The truck passed the end of the old road, continued out along the river way, and Don came racing at thirty, forty, fifty miles an hour. The truck had left the old road scarce a hundred yards behind when Don came to where it turned aside, and he whipped his motorcycle into it, up the stiff ascent.

He had cleared away the fallen trees and underbrush, removed a litter of bowlders here and there. Yet the way would be rough, he knew; and he braced himself for its inequalities. Because of the car behind he did not at first dare switch on his headlights; had to plunge blindly up the narrow way, where the moonlight was shut out by tall trees on either hand. The motorcycle bounded, bounced erratically. It slewed in a patch of gravel and Don tumbled off. He fell on his side and head, painfully, while the freed engine roared. He was up again in an instant, and on, regardless of his hurts. Risked his headlights and had thereafter more assurance of his way.

But his speed slackened steadily; his engine labored. In the end, just below the steep crest of the climb, he had to alight and push the motorcycle hurriedly up the final pitch, where a naked ledge scoured of all cushioning gravel threatened to shake the machine into useless bits.

Beyond the crest he went downhill once more, and at first at full and roaring speed, till discretion checked him. Down, winding this way and that to avoid obstacles too heavy for removal; down till he knew he was near the main road below.

And he jammed his brakes hard home and came to a halt and snapped off his ignition. Left the motorcycle sprawling under a hemlock beside the old road, while he tumbled down into the main highway. The truck was not yet in sight, but there was a curve fifty yards away which obscured his view. The other machine might be near; his ears were deafened by the motorcycle's roar, so that even if it were, he could not hear.

There was a wall of cordwood on the hither side of the road: on the other, the bank dropped steeply down a rocky slope into the marsh. And Don, of old intent, began to lift great bolts of beech and maple from the nearest pile and hurl them haphazard across the roadway. He handled them like jackstraws—one, two, three, half a dozen. In thirty seconds he had made the road hazardous; in a minute it was impassable. In thirty seconds more he had made the matter sure.

Satisfied, he stepped quickly into the sheltering shadow of an old oak there below the road; and the headlights of the truck swung around the curve, not forty yards away.

XIV

WHAT followed seemed a long time in the doing, for this was one of those moments when the clock stands still, when eternity is compassed in a second's space. Don took no mark of time. He would have guessed afterward that half an hour intervened between the appearance of the truck and the end of the affair. The whole episode occupied, as a matter of fact, little more than three minutes from the beginning to the end.

A man named Olly Quin was driving the truck. Olly was a broad-shouldered, saturnine individual of some girth and stature, not much smaller than Don himself. He may have been thirty-five years old, but he seemed much older. His hair, for one thing, was silver white, but this was rather the fruit of years too well filled than too numerous. Like his hair, the scar on his upper lip testified that his days had been full ones, and the black mustache that sought to hide this scar no more concealed it than did the hat which covered his white hair conceal the aged pallor of his countenance. He had been a mechanic; he was a good one still—when his senses were his own.

Dave Rill rode with him. Dave was a man with a swagger and a truculent air that had always overborne those who would oppose him. He was one of those men who by their very aspect inspire a deadly fear. But Olly was not afraid of him. Olly knew him too well, had for him a deep contempt and scorn. Just now, in the moment before they rounded the curve and saw the barrier in the road ahead, this scorn had been vocal. Dave was urging him to slow down while they passed through Chapman.

"We don't want to be held up there, Olly, after what you pulled last time," he pointed out.

And Olly, his eyes bright with an unnatural stimulation, said sneeringly: "Rats! I'll go through there like a skyrocket. Let 'em try and stop me. I'll do the same again."

By way of emphasizing his remark, or perhaps to affright the timorous man who sat here by his side, he stepped upon the throttle and the great truck leaped ahead at quickening speed. If he had held a slower pace he might have stopped in time to avoid the catastrophe, but this acceleration was to be his destruction too. For he rounded the curve and he looked at Dave Rill to laugh at the other's fear, and Dave yelled and Olly looked back at the road again, too late. There was no time for brakes to hold.

Yet Olly tried it. He jammed the brake pedal down, and at the same time, instinctively, he swerved to the right in an effort to slip by the jumble of cordwood which Don had piled here. He felt his wheels skid and released the brakes, but it was too late. The nose of the truck pitched over the bank and down; the great body of it rose ponderously in the air till it seemed to be standing on its head. It poised there interminably, then toppled majestically to the left and came down thunderously on its side, with a jangle and a crash of breaking glass and splintering wood. Thus on its side, it slid angling down the rocky bank to come to rest at the edge of the marsh below.

And Don, from his post behind the oak, sprang downward after it.

The engine of the truck, absurdly, continued for a moment to run; then stopped with a discordant groan and grind of metal somewhere within. There lay for a moment silence on the scene, and then a man screamed. The scream came, it seemed to Don, from his very feet. He had slid down the rocky bank toward the truck, whose bottom, the front wheels still idly spinning, was upturned toward him. He bent to this scream and saw dimly in the failing moonlight that one of the men—it was Dave Rill—was pinned beneath the truck there. A bowlder supported the forward end of it a little off the ground, else Dave must have been crushed. As it was, he could not well escape; was as fast as though bars encircled him.

Don had a flash light in one hand, his pistol in the other. He threw the beam on Dave, and Dave screamed again. But Don thought the man less hurt than frightened; he turned aside from him to round the truck and discover the one he sought most ardently to seize.

As he did so, a shot sounded from the road above and behind him, and Don dodged and looked up and discovered that a car had stopped there. This must be the car that had been trailing the truck. Don leaped up the bank, slanting toward the shelter of the trees at his right, and two men scrambled out of the car, one on either side. Don fired and saw one of them go down, and heard him cry out, and he ran toward the other. This was Block, by the shape of him. Don plunged toward him, his pistol ready, waiting surer aim, but Block did not fire, rather swerved as though to run. Don came thus upon him and struck at him with the pistol barrel and clipped him above the ear. Block clucked and hiccoughed and went down.

There remained the man he had downed on the other side of the car, but Don found this individual squeezing his leg above the knee between both hands and cursing bitterly. A pistol lay two or three yards away, where it had fallen when he fell, and Don kicked it farther. The hurt man was secure enough, and Don—he was always single-minded—slid down the bank again toward the wrecked truck, where there was still one who was not accounted for. He rounded the front of the truck and threw the flash light's beam through the shattered windshield. No one there!

The other man, then, was gone: able to move, armed perhaps, free to escape. And Don stood a moment, hesitant; took a swift hazard. The fugitive, he thought, would seek to steal away toward town. Don ran that way, clambering up the bank. He reached the level of the road, raced toward the village.

But when he was fifty yards away, a sound turned him; he looked back and saw a figure moving by the halted car, and so swung back again. At his turning, a shot lanced at him with an orange flame, and another. He saw the flame without hearing the shot; fired as he ran, and fruitlessly. For the orange lances still darted toward him; a fusillade of them in swift and blinding sequence. He was not conscious of pulling the trigger of his own weapon till it clicked unresponsive in his hand. Then the shots no longer flared in his eyes, and abruptly he found himself at grapples with a man as strong as himself, whose arms bound him like steel in a rib-cracking grip. Fingers clawed at his throat and he pressed his chin down against his breast to hold them at bay while he wrestled for a hold.

There was an inhuman strength in this antagonist. For a moment the two poised with cracking muscles, soundlessly. Only Don could hear the hiss of the other's straining breath and he could hear Dave Rill screaming, somewhere down below. Don's own arms were free. He plucked at the elbow that bore so bitterly against his mouth as his enemy tightened that wrenching grip; and then, with sudden cool remembering, Don shifted his attack. He locked both hands on the other's wrist; he wrenched it down till his mouth was free; he twisted so that the elbow of this arm lay undermost. And abruptly he straightened his shoulders with a twisting heave.

The arm he held was a lever, his shoulder was the fulcrum. The body of the man behind him left the ground, whirled heavily. Don flung him over and down, and the other's wrist was torn from Don's grasp by the very momentum of his flight. His body flew through the air, down the steep and rocky bank beside the road; it struck there solidly.

Don, unsatisfied, went scrambling after. But the man did not move; and Don came

(Continued on Page 185

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Lucky the home that owns this new Mirro *Vapo-Seal* Dutch Oven. How it does *cook!* What an edge it gives to appetites! How it takes the sting out of meat bills, turning inexpensive cuts into tender roasts of finest flavor.

You will find the Mirro Dutch Oven an indispensable all-round utensil—big enough for a sizable roast and potatoes; ideal for braising and stewing; a marvel at making fruit butters, candy, and other things that burn easily in ordinary ware. In the color photograph you see it ready to cook *Mock Duck* according to one of the Mirro Test Kitchen's most satisfying recipes.

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This Seal
on every Mirro utensil is a guaranty of tested cooking ability

This is the modern, scientific, *healthful* way to cook. It saves invaluable vitamins, minerals, and soluble carbohydrates that are poured off and lost in ordinary cooking. There is a complete line of Mirro *Vapo-Seal* utensils for this kind of cooking—a Cooker that prepares a whole meal at one time, Covered Pans in three sizes, Triplicate Pans (three over one burner!), a splendid Covered Skillet, and a new *Vapo-Seal* Roaster for top-of-stove cooking.

*Sensibly priced—the Dutch Oven only $4.25**

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(Continued from Page 183)

to him and hesitated and stood doubtful. Then more men came swarming about him, and he struck at one of them, but others held him, and he saw familiar uniforms as lights appeared. Chief Given and three or four men of his command.

Don saw his chief's countenance and he grinned wearily through the mask of dust and gore which hid his features. Then he sat down weakly. He was a little tired. He rolled on his side and went peacefully to sleep like a baby there.

BY THE time Chief Given and his men had organized the situation, Don was feeling better, was almost himself again. Curiosity revived in him, but he had no need at first to put inquiries; for the chief, when he saw that Don could understand, spoke to him approvingly.

"Good job, son," he said. "Got 'em all and the truck was full of liquor. Most of it's already smashed. Not enough left to be worth bothering the courts with. They're busting the rest of it down there. Good job, Don."

Don heard the crash of breaking bottles, the laughter of the officers who were about this business.

"Got them all?" he asked hoarsely. His throat was sore.

"All four of them," the chief assured him. "They say that's all there were. The chap under the truck talked a stream. He wasn't hurt; just scared silly. There were two of them in the truck and two in the car. I sent them on to town. The man in the car—the one you knocked out with a pistol—was the boss."

"Block," Don assented. "I know him."

"Other fellow got a bullet in his leg," Chief Given added. "He was a sort of an armed guard. The one under the truck was supposed to be, too, but he caved in."

Don remembered his preoccupation. "What about the driver?" he asked, and lurched to his feet. "Where is he?"

"Got a crack on the head when you threw him," Chief Given explained. "We saw that part of it. Man, you handled him! He's out cold, but he'll come through."

"Where is he?" Don asked grimly. "He's the one killed pa."

"That's what the other one said," Chief Given assented, and held Don firmly by the arm. "Never mind, son. They've taken him back to a doctor, and the others too. All safe enough." He asked a question in his turn. "Why didn't you send for help? Did you know they were coming?"

Don nodded, hesitated. "Didn't need any help," he said at last. "And I wanted it to myself. They killed pa." He looked at his chief in some curiosity. "How'd you come here?"

The other chuckled. "That girl of yours—Peg Barry," he replied. "She knew you were working on it, and she was afraid they'd get you the way they did your father. So she had Joe Gillaspie up at the Narrows to telephone her when the truck came through, and she let me know. I've been under cover here, waiting to take a hand. I tried to find you tonight, but you weren't at home. We were all organized for them in the village, but we heard the crash and came on the jump."

Don gave no heed to this. "Peg was afraid they'd get me?" he repeated. "That's all she said, why she sent for you?"

"Yes," the chief assured him.

Then one of the men climbed the bank from where the wrecked truck lay.

"Nothing left worth bothering with, chief," he reported. "And the car's back from Chapman."

"We'll move along," the chief agreed. "Don, ride in with us and see the doctor. You're banged up some."

Don moved with him up to the level of the road. "Where's Peg?" he asked.

"At home," Given assured him. "Come along. We'll stop there if you want."

Don stood motionless. "I'd ought to have nailed them sooner," he said slowly—"before they got pa. I kind of blame myself for that."

"I guess he'd be satisfied with you," the chief said gently. "Come along, son!"

But Don shook his head. "I've got to talk to you," he explained. "You let the other men go along."

Chief Given looked at him and he hesitated. Then he spoke to the man who had summoned him.

"Wait at the car, Charlie," he suggested; and when the other had turned away, he swung back to Don: "Now, son."

So Don told him, lamely, what there was to tell; and the chief listened till he was done, gravely enough, but silently.

"I never meant anything," Don concluded. "I had the money to give back to him. But he talked too fast for me and I couldn't think quick enough, what I'd ought to do." He added, after a moment, grievously: "Pa told me to stick to the highroad, and I aimed to, chief. But I let them kill him."

Chief Given hesitated and he cleared his throat. He was used to calling Don "son," for he loved the boy; and he said now at last, comfortingly:

"You've got back on the highroad, Don. I guess Luke would be satisfied." Don made no sound. "Come on, son," the chief suggested gently. "Let's go back to town."

And Don nodded, at last seemed to submit.

"All right," he agreed. "But I'll get my motorcycle. It's up in the bushes here, on the old road. I come over that way, so's to get in front of them."

"Over the hill?"

"I'd cleaned the road up some."

Given whistled. "That's some ride. But I'll have one of the men bring your machine in," he insisted. "You come with me. You're bunged up, son."

"I'm all right," said Don stubbornly. "You go along."

And he turned back to fetch his motorcycle, and the chief, after a moment's hesitation, let him go, waited his return.

Don climbed to where he had left his machine, but when he came to where it lay he saw a movement in the shadows beside it. Peg was there.

When Don did not immediately reappear on the highway below, Chief Given came to find him. He ascended the old road a few rods and then he paused.

The moonlight gave sufficient illumination so that he could see, and after a moment he chuckled and descended to the car again and got in.

The man at the wheel asked: "Where is he? Coming?"

"He's all right," said Chief Given. "I guess we'll go along."

(THE END)

FALL GUYS

(Continued from Page 9)

twenty-foot rope in a gymnasium and then picture yourself buffeted by an eighty-mile wind and with a fuselage to climb in and out of from such a precarious hold.

Bud Creeth was the pilot, and one of the very finest. He had been in pursuit ships during the war, had been decorated and had never left the game since. He was known as a steady, conservative flyer.

When we were about five hundred feet up I got Creeth's nod. I left the seat and climbed over the side. The wash from the propeller was equal to a gale of cyclonic velocity.

Slowly I made my way to the end of the rope, where I was whipped and whirled in all directions by the wind. Every time Bud banked the rope would swing, and I noticed another detail which I'd failed to take into consideration—that banking on a rope is different from banking when on a rope ladder. There you don't feel the reaction to centrifugal force as much as when on a rope, because the rungs of the ladder give you some stability.

At last we got the O. K. signal from the ground and I climbed back. We landed, reloaded the cameras and immediately took off again. This time another ship had the cameras on it, to catch the same shot from the air.

Once more I repeated my performance. That shot was not to the satisfaction of the cameraman and so, worn and tired, I accepted the signal to repeat the stunt. Each time I slipped farther down the rope I felt that I was making a graver mistake. But eventually I reached the bottom, where, according to program, I went through the motions of waving to someone on the ground. Each time I waved it, the arm acted like a weather vane, and whirled me like a top. But this was no place to get dizzy. I was not tied or wired, had no rung on which to place a foot and give my arms a chance to regain fast-ebbing strength. Still no signal came from the cameraman. Soon—soon I should have to do my best to climb back.

We were flying over mountains; Mount Lowe with its observatory was almost directly below us. Apparently the cameraman had forgotten that he was to give me a signal. This was my third trip up and down that ladder and I'd been performing this last time for at least twelve minutes. Just try to climb up and down a rope inside a gymnasium for such a length of time, and see what it feels like.

Regardless of cameraman, picture or orders, I started to climb back to the cockpit. It was slow work. I labored. Each time I took a new grip and pulled myself up it became more evident that I would have to fight hard for my life.

I glanced over to the camera ship to see if the man there was still grinding. He was. But he now seemed to realize that I was in trouble and intended to record the whole incident if I should fail. Well, why shouldn't he? It was all in his day's work.

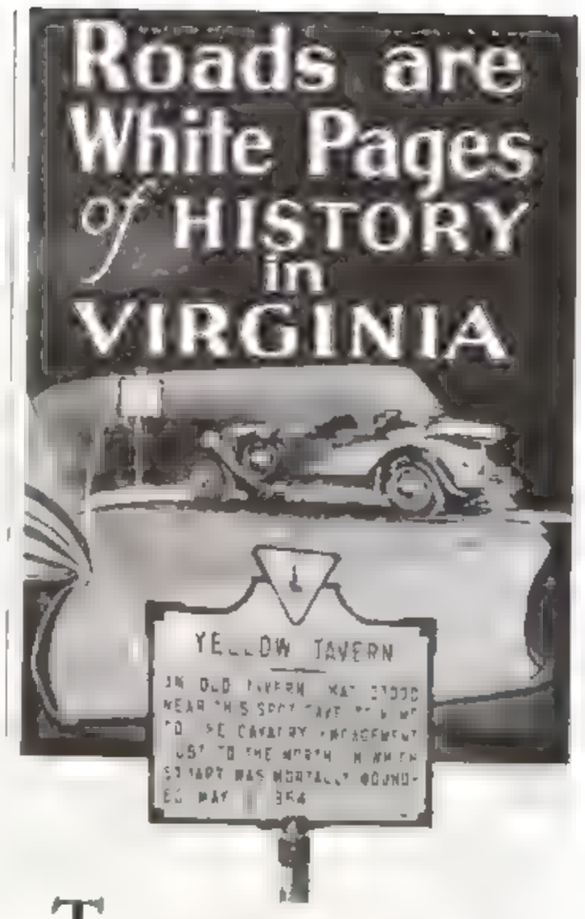
I got to the bottom of the fuselage and there the full effect of the wind blast struck me. I hadn't an even chance to make it. My muscles ached intolerably, were becoming numb. I was now just crawling inch by inch through that propeller wind stream. After a struggle I got my hands on the edge of the cockpit—the seat I had left those few minutes before. It was then that the final disappointment came. The holster at my waist caught in the linen on the under side of the fuselage. Every time I tried to lift my body toward the seat it stopped me.

Then I looked down. The distant earth was inviting. Thus had Burgess died, and I believed that it was with no regret or fear. He must have longed to be relieved at any cost from the anguish of utter exhaustion. Too tired and weak to care, I let myself out to my armpits. So, holding with the fingers of one hand, I would make just one last desperate effort. With the free hand I unbuckled the holster and it flew away in the wind. Then both hands mechanically sought the cockpit.

Creeth saw and understood. Desperately he tried to help, but he had to keep a level keel, as one little bump would knock me loose. I shook my head in negation.

Bud was more than six feet tall and well-built. From out of nowhere he appeared over the seat. I knew then that he must be controlling partially with his knees. We were climbing almost to a stalling point, as with one hand Bud pulled me up far enough to get my foot in the foothold at the bottom of the fuselage.

Then I was able to make the pit, where I sat weakly. I was without a thought, and if Bud thought anything he never said



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anything to anybody about it. Shortly after this adventure I bought two airplanes of my own; and Tom Mix gave me a T. M. Scout for a Christmas present. It was through possession of these ships that Dick Curwood and I became great friends. We had met in the studio and had been on several pictures together. Till I met Dick I'd had an impression that my own past wasn't exactly a blank page, but when I listened to tales of Curwood's wild adventures I felt like an infant.

Along came The Eleventh Hour, the film in which I made my happy escape from the lions. Curwood and I were to supply the thrills, and the steel mills at Torrance were chosen as the scene of one stunt, in which we had to scale a fifty-foot wall, swing from a traveling crane and drop thirty feet through the glass roof of a shop office, I to jump first, he immediately behind me.

It is a peculiar sensation to hit a surface which looks solid, but which you know will collapse beneath you. I hit, shattered the whole roof and carried down with me a rain of glass. Oddly, I did not get a cut.

The hole I had made was waiting for Curwood, and I knew he was aiming for it. But he hung there stiff-legged. His knees were locked, which meant certain injury. No one can land on cement from a height of thirty feet and take the shock with stiff knees safely. A leap like this of a few inches can break your neck.

Dick jumped, and he jumped off balance and broke his back. Just about too late it occurred to me that I might break the fall by flinging my body under his. My one consolation was, later, that I couldn't have saved him from some damage, and that if I had got beneath him in time the company might have thrown the whole blame on me. Even Dick himself might have thought it would have helped if I'd let him alone. His back was broken, but he lived.

The Beautiful Dancing Girl

I didn't feel inclined for further stunts that night, but several were on my list. I had to be knocked under the chin, fall backward from a height of twenty-five feet and land in two feet of water.

Later I had to pass over the boiling vats of steel, and when I felt their terrific heat I got a peculiar thrill. One misstep, one error in judgment, and a quick death. The Eleventh Hour ended as a dozen other pictures had ended for me—without even a slight injury. Either your number is up or it isn't.

A Fox film was to be done from a Rex Beach story, with George Archinbeau directing. In the cast were Evelyn Brent, Tom Sanchi and other well-known people.

Mr. Ryan, the casting director, called me into his office and told me what I would have to do. A dance-hall set had been erected on Stage 1. A balcony, perhaps twenty feet above the main floor, was to be partitioned into booths. In the course of a brawlsome drunken sourdough was to throw a lighted match on the flimsy ballet dress of a dancer.

Instantly the tulle would flare up, and the girl, wreathed in fire, would rush to the railing of the balcony. She would pause for a second, then desperately leap to the floor about twenty feet below. At this, the hero, tearing off his coat, would wrap it around her, smothering the flames.

I, being of medium height, could easily double for the girl in medium and long shots. I had done the same thing before in a Dustin Farnum picture, but there was a difference of detail which was more serious than it seemed at first glance. In the Farnum picture I had doubled a man's part and had been dressed in a dinner suit. I foresaw that at best I would come out of it with minor burns, and if I had a complex, it was fire. However, I needed the money to support the airplanes I had accumulated. Besides, there was my pride in never refusing a stunt. As the time drew near I developed one of those strange hunches which come in my work.

Out of His Skin

The director gave me his last instructions, and I received them with outer calmness; but my heart beat fast as they soaked my clothing with gasoline and alcohol.

"Cameras!"

"Set him on fire!"

That was a bad moment. I rather think I prayed.

The property boy threw a lighted match at me, keeping a respectful distance himself, and instantly I became a human torch. Flames leaped eighteen feet above my head. Something had gone wrong. This wasn't according to plan.

Not that I was thinking about that then. I wasn't thinking at all. I was feeling. I was burning to death. Even through my anguish the smell of my own burnt flesh sickened me.

Frantically I leaped down the stairs, landing so hard that I broke a two-by-four in the floor below. Then I was up again, half mad and yet fully conscious, running round and round in a circle to prevent the flames from entering my lungs. All the while I remembered to keep my face covered with my arms, though the flames licked my armpits. I don't know how I did that.

The assistant director stepped in and tripped me up. It was he who saved my life—Gordon Hollingshead. To him I owe what is left of me.

He wrapped me in blankets and fought desperately with the flames. Then I lapsed into unconsciousness, but not for long.

Another stunt finished! I had been paid for it, and I had paid—according to the doctor—with just seven hundred and eighty-six square inches of skin.

"Now you know," he said to me, "exactly what it is to burn to death. You couldn't have suffered more had you gone through death itself by fire."

Dick Curwood was in the hospital for three months, in a cast that covered a greater portion of his body. Once he was released from the cast, he gained rapidly. But it had broken him financially. It is true that we get our hospital and funeral expenses, and draw twenty dollars and eighty-three cents a week while injured, but he had two motherless children to support.

Then he received an offer to do one of the biggest stunts of his career—exploding an airplane in the air by placing dynamite in the front cockpit and in the gas tank. I already had applied for the job and asked thirty-five hundred dollars. Dick told me his offer was a little more than half as much. So I promised him that I'd stick to the one I had made, thus sewing up the job for him.

He got it, and both of us were pleased. Still, he was actually no pilot. I think that he had flown by himself very few times. But we fixed that up by getting him instruction and a loggy old Standard JI to use.

Dick's ship was loaded with explosive, which was arranged so that after he pressed the button which ignited a fuse, he would have ten seconds in which to leave the ship by parachute before the blast occurred.

Imagine yourself actually getting into an airplane, not being an expert pilot, to go into the air some twenty-five hundred feet, and there pressing a button that explodes the ship ten seconds later. It means that if you don't jump immediately, if you don't clear the ship, if you don't refrain from pulling the rip cord on the 'chute until you have dropped clear, you'll be blown to atoms.

Blowing Himself Up in the Air

It took almost a full hour to get to the right height and position, but finally he and the naval bombers were all flying in formation. Some camera ships above, others below. The wings of the big bombers wiggled their O. K. signal. Then came an answering waving from the old Standard. Dick was ready. The cameras started to grind.

Evidently he had pressed the button, for he could be seen to start to crawl to the side of the ship for his dive. But he never got over. Without the slightest warning the entire ship blew to pieces. The explosives were premature. Either the fuses were too short or they had shorted. At any rate there was just the slightest fraction of time between that fatal press of the button and the white cloud. Sprays of burning gasoline and débris were thrown in all directions. Dick was in the midst of it. He was knocked out of the ship cleaner than the motor was. And he told me that the thing that woke him up was a piece of shattered wing that tapped him as it passed.

Anyway, when he thought that he and the débris had passed each other a sufficient number of times, he finally gathered enough of his dizzy brains to pull the ring. The pilot 'chute immediately popped out, and the long string of parachute followed. But in a dozen little places it was burning, where the gasoline had sprayed or fallen on it. He realized that it was up to him to save himself. When sufficient area of the silk burned he

(Continued on Page 189)

They Told Him to Crash it Upside Down on the Barbed Wire in "Wings," and He Did

The RONSON CHALLENGE
A NEW GAME
Have you met it yet, this challenge to a miss-and-out contest of cigarette lighters? All over the country Ronson owners, enthusiastic over the sure-fire action of their lighters, are now suggesting this new game.

A group of smart young people playing the Ronson Lighter Game, snapped at the Heigh-Ho Club, fashionable New York City rendezvous.

WITHOUT A MISS.. IT LIGHTED

255 CONSECUTIVE TIMES

Ronson owner routs pet lighters of friends in duel to a finish at Heigh-Ho Club

"A QUARTER each, miss and drop out, that was the bet.

"There were six at our table, with four makes of lighters represented. Mine was the only Ronson.

"At the count of 'one,' each flint sparked; but only five wicks leaped into flame. The first man was out.

"Steadily the count mounted—'two,' 'three,' 'four,' 'five,' 'six.' At the count of 'nine,' a second lighter dropped out. At 'seventeen,' another fell by the wayside. At 'twenty-three' a fourth failed to light, and at 'thirty-one' I was alone.

"Just for the fun of the thing I went on to see how many times my Ronson would light without missing. To the amazement of everyone but myself, the total was 255. At that, I think my thumb grew careless on the 256th try."

Though this performance is good, it is not exceptional. And not only is Ronson a sure lighter, it's a speed lighter as well. One hand is all you take. One motion is all you use. Faster than the eye can wink, the wick spouts flame. A flip and it's lighted. Release and it's out.

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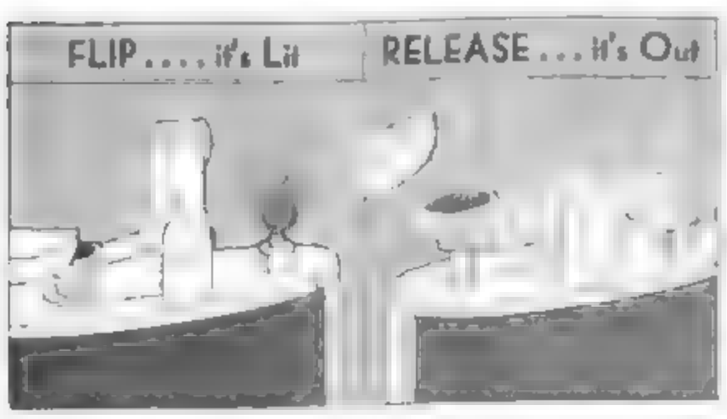

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SPEAKMAN

SHOWERS & FIXTURES

(Continued from Page 186)

would drop faster than the ship had, and it was already at the bottom of the ocean. He could not climb up and blow out these fire patches, but he did the next best thing. He yanked the shroud lines on one side with all of his strength. This partially closed the 'chute, pulling it together at the bottom so that the air would not get in to fill it. After falling for a couple of hundred feet, he let it fill again and looked up. Now there were but a few burning places. Again he repeated the process. Successful. A few minutes later he was struggling in the water, the stunt a success. It was a matter of seconds to get out of the harness, by which time the speed boats were there to pick him up. Every time that I saw Dick after this he bemoaned the fact that they had burned holes in his best parachute.

Bob Rose had been working with Ruth Roland for some time when I contracted to do some aviation work in one of her thrillers to be directed by George Marshall.

I thought we had done everything that it was possible to do with an aeroplane, but when I got halfway through that serial I felt like quitting and going back for more instruction. George was easy on me, though, because he also had been an aviator in the war; so he didn't expect any more of me than he could have got in Northern France.

One day Joe McKlusky came up to me in a friendly way and said: "Dick, my friend, how would you like to fly today?" And whenever he said that, I knew that he and George had concocted some stunt.

But this time Bob was in on it. Bob had to hang to the last rung of a rope ladder while I dragged him through part of the Pacific Ocean. The cameras were to be set at the end of the breakwater. A couple of hours later we were all set and Bob and I took off with our pet rope ladder.

Now, Bob is cool and mathematical. I've never seen him do a single stunt except by mathematics. Not the kind you get in school, but the fine mathematics of a calculating mind. And when I showed him the big whitecaps swelling ten or twelve feet high, out where we were to perform, he agreed that it was not the safest thing in the world to do. There was a high wind, too, that made it bad, because at the angle of the set-up, we could not go against it, but necessarily with it. This increased our speed considerably. And to add to our discomfort, the Navy started target practice on our course. The air was rocky and plenty rough from the concussions and air disturbances caused by the big guns.

But we started. At the proper spot Bob let the rope down and waited until I got into position. I swooped down and soon was skimming along about twenty-five feet from the water. My speed was excessive, traveling with the wind. Then, with all the adverse conditions, we hit one of those bumps caused by the Navy smoke blowers. I suddenly knew that I was about to dip a stunt man into the water. I was undecided whether I was going in or not. The nose of my ship shot seaward and in went Bob. It was almost sure to be his last stunt, for we did not even have a safety boat standing by.

A Tilt With the Waves

I yanked back on the controls and gave the motor full gun. Slowly it responded and kept me from taking a ducking also.

For a couple of hundred feet I kept bumping the rope ladder in the water, before I could get lift enough finally to clear the big rollers. Quickly I turned around. If I could locate Bob in those churning waters I'd be willing to duck the ship in, in a last attempt to keep him from drowning. He was nowhere to be seen, evidently had been knocked unconscious in the first slap against the waves and had gone under. I signaled shoreward, but of course they could not guess what I meant. Knowing that water is almost as hard as the earth to strike at great speed, I could hope that he had been killed by the first impact. It would be easier than drowning.

I could not see the rope ladder because it was directly below the ship. But I knew that it was there. I could feel it turn and twist in the wind. And now that Bob was gone I'd have to land with it dangling. Then a hand appeared over the side of the wing, followed by another, a bleeding face Clothes torn from his body. It was Bob! I gave a little exclamation of joy and throttled the motor so that he might get up easier. The skin of his legs was stripped in little ribbons, as if someone had taken a razor blade and mathematically laid open and torn the skin at intervals; and he stopped to drag the rope ladder up and over the wing before he attempted to make the cockpit.

I was feeling perfectly normal when I took off my clothes, had my quick shower and jumped into bed another night. And then a most unusual thing happened. I know I had been asleep. But of a sudden I was sitting upright in bed. At first I couldn't imagine what it was all about. Then over the foot of the bed I saw something which made my muscles freeze. It was Sylvester! The Sylvester who had been in my class. He who had been killed flying formation. And he was looking at me with that same hardness, yet that unbelievable kindliness which I had noticed when I last saw him. Every line in his face, including the wrinkled forehead and deeply creased smile lines, was there. Those big pores in his cheeks, the peculiarly shaped chin. I knew that this could be no dream.

Doubling for a Bumper

And he raised his arm in a warning and pointed a finger at me. I thought I heard a whisper. Then it was gone.

For a few minutes I lay there silently. Was or wasn't it a dream? I had a cigarette and thought some more. The next morning I felt awful. Even a shower did me no good.

So I went to the field, got a camera mounted on one ship, and warmed up my two which were involved in the transfer. We took off, and I wasn't in the spirit. It was all professional to me now. No sensation. No elation.

I got out on the lower wing and ran out to the last strut. Then I climbed it and stood waiting on the top panel, just about at the *cabane* posts. I was braced, ready.

The other ships came pouting along. The experienced pilot was handling it well. Gradually he drew closer, until I could just about reach the wing skid. It was directly above now and we were ready. The only tense moment in a change.

This one never came. At that moment we hit a terrific bump. The wing of the top ship dipped down and that of the lower plane up. And there I was, or wasn't I? I am not an accordion, but I did make a great bumper. Something hit me and I went down. I don't even remember if the two ships separated. I didn't care. Somebody pulled a shade over the sun and the light went out.

The next thing I remember was coming in to land. The top of the wing was slippery with blood, and I was caught in one of the *cabane* posts. I looked at the blood. It must be mine, but from where? It did not take long to find out. There was a neat hole in the back of my head.

I was to go on location with the Tom Mix company with two ships I had purchased for a picture called The Forest Ranger. Two ships necessarily mean two pilots, and so I persuaded Rogers Airport to let Bud Creeth go in one.

My first stunt was a crash into the side of a barn. It was not a difficult feat, except that the building was but a foot wider than my ship. That allowed me just six inches on the side of either wing. And if the entire ship did not smash through the barn side and disappear into the interior, the shot, ship and all would be a total loss.

Have you ever tried to concentrate on two objects at the same time? The eyes simply won't do it. At least mine won't. It was, therefore, impossible for me to watch both wings simultaneously. At first I thought I would judge by watching one wing alone. The other would take care of itself. Then another idea came to me. I had the construction department build a window directly in the center of the building. This window contained the usual four divisions.

I admit that it was with a little misgiving that I taxied back some hundreds of feet from the barn and prepared to do the crash. I had to hit sufficiently hard to break through, yet if I threw the ship in with too much power I'd hit the rear end of the structure so hard that I might cause the rear supports to give way, in which case the entire building might collapse.

I felt the wheels leave the ground, which meant that my speed was sufficient to give me good control. How I would like to have looked at the edges of the wings! I wanted to glance at the corners of the barn to see if I was right, but instead I kept my eyes glued to the cross bars of the window. And did that window loom up suddenly?

The next second the knifelike edges cut into the thin wood, and with a crash I was inside the barn. Before I had time to shut off the ignition or the gas. A second crash! I had hit the rear of the barn, but instead of the supports giving, the motor itself moved. The mount supporting it gave like paper and the OX5 was pushed up into the gas tank.

The stunt was a success. The entire ship was inside the barn. I had not so much as touched either wing as I crashed in, and as far as the little damage to the ship was concerned, that was expected.

Most of our work was at Bonny Doon, a section of particularly wild country in the altitudes. Here the redwoods were like huge church spires—they were so tall and so straight.

Norman Devoe, a cameraman with the troupe, was detailed with me to get some thrill diving shots of a group of buildings on a small plateau, surrounded on three sides by trees and on the fourth by a cliff that rose almost perpendicularly to a height of a thousand feet. It was our duty to dive over the cliff and photograph the plateau and the set.

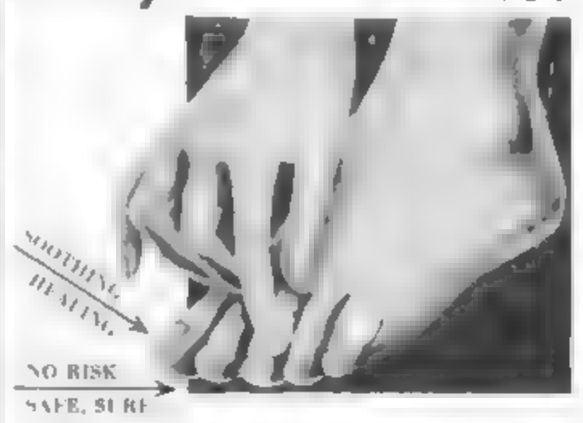
Fully aware of the possibilities should motor trouble overtake us, I was extremely careful about inspection of the motor before each trip. I would take out the spark plugs and clean them thoroughly, as I did the carburetor jets and the magneto points. All gas lines were checked and the motor was run almost five minutes before each take-off

Tending Strictly to Business

There remained but one more flight, one more series of dives at the clearing. I think we were both glad, and the old motor seemed to know it too. It picked up the JN4 and climbed steadily toward our goal on top of the tree-covered mountains. Some minutes later we were up about fifty-five hundred. Then I pushed the nose of the ship down and headed for the cliff. Devoe was standing up in the back seat, his hand on the unwieldy stick of the camera. Such a position made the ship slightly tail heavy, but it could not be helped. He had to stand to grind. And the position was not one of great comfort to him. It meant that he had to fight the full force of the wind. No belt could be used and the only safeguard he could use was a meager one—a piece of sash cord around his waist, tied to a *longéron* in the fuselage. We dove. It was exceptionally steep and brought water and gasoline from the overflow pipe of the radiator and from the air vent in the gas tank. Down the side of the cliff some eight hundred feet I continued, looking back just long enough to see Devoe braced against his camera and grinding away

I drew up and made a quick climbing turn, and then I turned to get his reaction. He was smiling, nodding his approval enthusiastically. I thought that this showed

Corns
relief in 1 minute!



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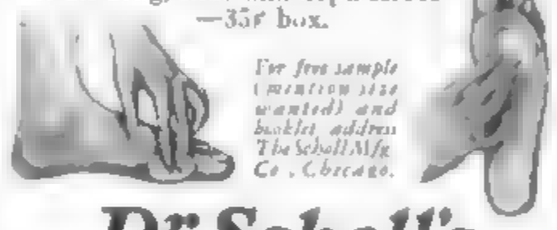

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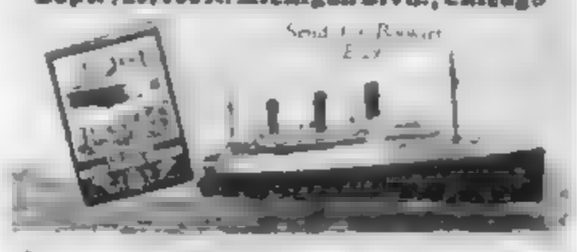

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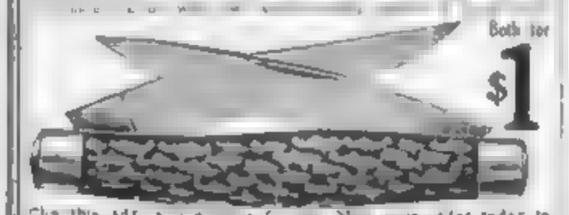

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considerable nerve, considering that this was but his third flight

It did not take long to get into position for the second dive. We were now but a few feet above the tops of the redwoods, and two hundred feet from the cliff. I was leaning forward ready to shove the stick and put us in a real fast one.

Without the slightest warning the motor missed. Just once. But my heart leaped. Just a few feet over the trees. No place to land. If it should quit it would be a crash, and a bad one! I attempted to lift the nose slightly to get more air between me and those redwoods. It missed again! With one final wheeze and a cough, it just ceased to turn over, and there we were.

I glanced hurriedly over, but, unfortunately, my observations had been correct There was no spot that wasn't filled with redwoods, huge rocks and twining undergrowth. In a last desperate chance I stalled upward, and it gave me time to make a decision. But one thing to do. I could just about make the edge of the cliff. And then, if I could but clear it all of the way down, I might be able to crash on the little plateau.

It would be a bad one, for I'd have to side-slip to get in, and riding in the "golden chair," as we called the front seat, made it look doubtful for me. I nosed over and just missed the rocks at the edge. It was then that I got a chance to take a quick glance backward. Devoe was still standing up, cranking.

"Sit down!" I hollered, and turned back to put the ship into a slip. It was not easy with an excess load. Moreover, with him standing, and no motor, the thing became more and more tail heavy.

After I was in the slip I glanced back again. He was still grinding! Surely he knew we were in serious trouble.

"Sit down!" I screamed. "We're going to crash!"

A hundred feet from the ground I turned to see if he was protecting himself, and almost passed out when I saw him still standing by his guns, grinding away. That was the last that I thought I'd ever see him. A side-slip from a thousand feet into the ground. Me in the front. A cameraman standing up in back.

A Picture of the Crack-Up

We hit. For a few seconds struts and motor parts, wing panels and pieces of propeller flew.

Then, as the dust cleared from the spot and from my brain, I waved part of the wreckage from around me and found a hole. I crawled out and hurried to the back seat. But there wasn't any. It had telescoped completely together. It was so crushed and broken that nobody could be alive. There wouldn't have been room in it for another stick.

I had never seen anything so demolished as the plane. The motor had dug a hole some four feet in diameter and about half of that in depth. It had hit so hard that it had bounced back again. Gasoline was pouring from everything. Not one thing was unbroken.

One wing was some twenty feet from the rest of the ship. And when I looked at it I gasped. There was Devoe! Sitting on the top of that wing, the handle of the camera still in his hand.

Five minutes later we were joking about our escape, and I congratulated Devoe upon getting the first actual air shot of a crack-up, which was really quite remarkable.

In the picture you could see the ship heading for the ground. You could see the ground approaching, and also the shadow of the ship and the ship meet the ground. Then dust and a few parts start to scatter around and about.

I certainly give credit to that cameraman. One of his few times up, and he deliberately ground against my advice. Had he followed my instructions he'd have been killed, for he'd have been ground to bits in the back seat.

By standing, the impact had thrown him clear. But I'd like to have been on the sidelines and watched him as he flew out and came to the end of his safety rope. They say he turned about four complete turns and landed sitting!

Over the Side for Good

Dick Curwood was engaged for some rope-ladder work for an independent producer. Dick should never have gone back into the aviation angle after he broke his back on that stunt for Fox. But who can persuade a man that he is through in a profession?

For this stunt Dick picked one of the shrewdest pilots on the West Coast Frank Tomick. Dick had put on weight, which made it difficult to handle him on the wings; but this work was directly below the fuselage, so Frank found little difficulty.

At a signal the stunt man climbed from the seat and worked his way slowly to the leading edge of the ship. He smiled back at the pilot as he let his legs down and felt for the ladder. Then his head and finally his hands disappeared under the wing and Frank Tomick got into position to do his work.

But it was a peculiar feeling that Tomick had. He felt no jerks, which the pilot usually senses as the stunt man goes down the ladder or changes position. Moreover, when he was maneuvering, there was no evidence that Dick was doing a thing on the ladder.

After ten minutes Frank sensed that a tragedy had happened. He banked the ship sharply, and sure enough, the ladder was empty. There was no Dick at the end of it. It floated ominously, whipped in the wind, mute evidence that Dick had joined the growing squadron of death.

It seemed impossible to Frank—the two had done many stunts together, and this was a very simple piece of rope climbing. I think his broken back gave way at a crucial moment. Hours later they found his body in the mountains. I rapidly came to a conclusion for my own good. I'd never, as long as I stunted in pictures, make a close friend out of any one of my companions. It hurt too much when they were killed.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Grace. The second will appear next week

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IN THE new all-mahogany Dee-Wite you'll find what you've always wanted in a boat—fine enough to go anywhere, fit enough to take a leading place in any company.

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You will never believe such a boat is possible at the price until you actually see a Dee-Wite, and only the immense resources of the company behind it could make it possible. It's the runabout you and your family want—a boat you can afford to buy, and afford to run—now, this summer, and for many years to come. Deferred payments, through the Commercial Credit Companies, may be arranged if desired.

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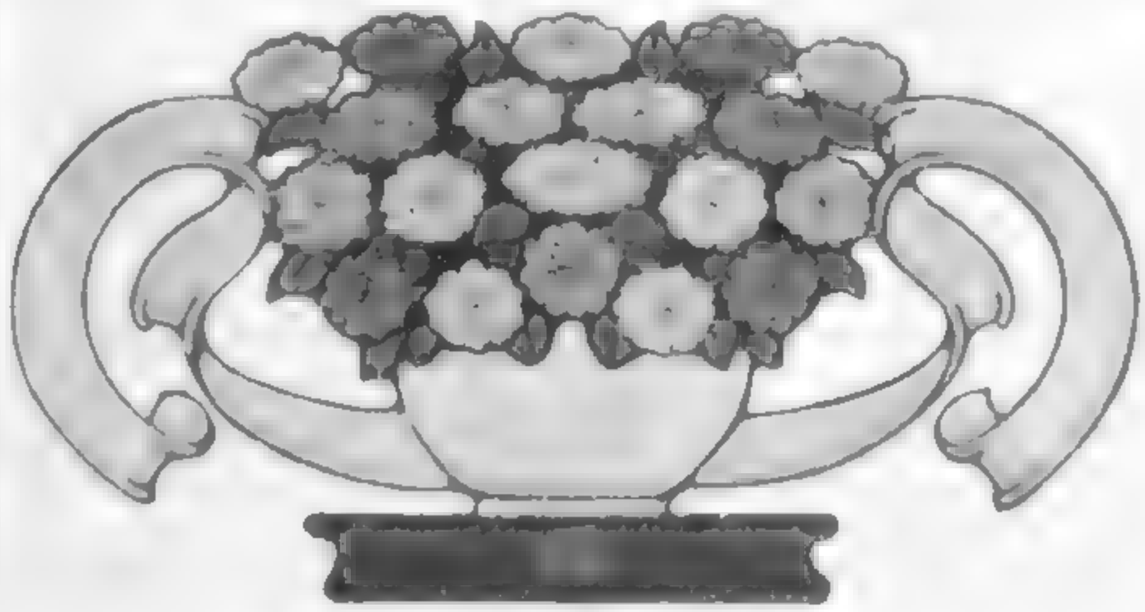

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HEALTH in 15 minutes a day!

Keep physically fit, radiantly healthy, the proven Battle Creek way! Tedious dieting, back-breaking exercises are no longer necessary! Let the famous Battle Creek Health Builder keep you gloriously healthy—in perfect trim—without any effort on your part. This unique massage method, combining variable oscillation and tension, builds radiant health for you in 4 vital ways:

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MODERN living conditions are exacting heavy toll of bodily fitness. Everywhere you see evidence of a gradual deterioration—flabby muscles, faulty posture, impaired physique, unwholesome appearance—which modern living causes.

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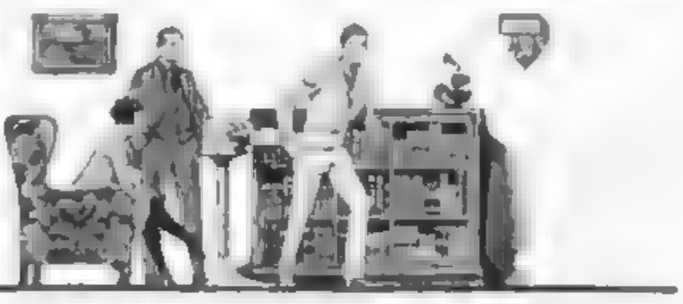

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PUROLATOR, the Oil Filter on Your Motor Car, assures you, at all times, a plentiful supply of *filtered*, clean lubricating oil. Purolator removes from the oil and *holds* all of the harmful dust, dirt, metal particles and hard carbon, which, if allowed to circulate through the lubricating system would cause costly damage to cylinder walls and pistons, bearings and gears.

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PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

GENTLEMEN OF THE WILDERNESS

(Continued from Page 24)

tanks upon a battlefield, and in this way, over a trail of one hundred and eighty miles, the every worthwhile thing of the abandoned terminus of Port Nelson is being transferred to the new harbor of Churchill. That means miles of steel spans, an immense supply of bridge, jetty and pier steel, dredges, pile drivers and machinery. When the job is done there will not be a worthwhile scrap left at Nelson, and a place once planned as a great northern city will revert again to a spot in the wilderness where a dog team, racing down the frozen Nelson, will bring the mail after freeze-up time.

But when Port Nelson becomes only a place where dog teams call, Churchill, just under the shadow of Sixty, will become a city. The railroad will be there next fall, if heroic energy can put it there. An auction of lots will have been held, and a rush will be in progress—one hears of it everywhere in Canada now—that rush to Churchill. In lumber camps, in mining villages, on trains, in railroad-construction outfits, the conversation inevitably turns to the time when the railroad is in to Churchill and the big rush begins.

Men are saving money for it; women too. The restaurant keeper who has made a stake in some smaller camp dreams of the big one he'll make in Churchill. The mail of the Hudson Bay Railroad constantly contains applications to haul materials and supplies to the end of steel, with uncertainty as to how they'll get farther—all in the hope of being the first into Churchill. For they say that granaries must rise, and mammoth storage warehouses to hold the wheat, which is to be transported across the ocean by a new route when the port is done and the railroad is in. The boomers vision it as a big city, up there under the Northern Lights, and danger or privation means little if they can get there first. But danger and privation mean much to a government; the horde is being held back; it cannot go in with the railroad's sanction until there exists a civilized way of getting there. Next August they plan to drive a golden spike and the rush can come.

A Country They Come Back To

A great job will be done. A whole vast section of Northern Canada will have been cracked open, extending, with its tendrils of railroad, canoe, tractor and dog-team routes, from The Pas, five hundred miles north of Winnipeg by rail, to the shores of Hudson Bay, another five hundred miles north. My friend, who has seen it through from the first day that he was sent out from The Pas with instructions for the location of ten miles of railroad within a space of a few weeks, that the rush of construction might follow as soon as possible; my friend, who has fought the muskeg, the forest fires, the flies, the loneliness and the sweep of frigid gales—my friend can go out. But he'll come back; he won't be able to keep away!

That, of course, sounds like a trick statement. It is one—it concerns the riddle of when the job of really opening up a country which for centuries has maintained a status of utter wilderness will be actually accomplished. A railroad into Churchill won't do it. A dozen more roads emanating from that one won't, in fact, begin to do it. A million more people, even if all of them pioneer, can't do it. The frontier, as it exists today in Canada, is one of those progressive, elusive things which is ever ahead, a sort of multiple barrier; as soon as civilization conquers the frontier as it has existed in the minds of those who have battled it, the discovery is made that another frontier lies beyond, with just as many potentialities and as many allurements in its annihilation as the one just vanquished. A man with an excellent reputation for sane reasoning recently made to me what at one time would have been called a thoroughly insane statement.

Go North, Young Man!

"There will be no last frontier for Canada until the Arctic Circle has been reached and crossed by the workaday world, until business men talk as casually of going there as they now speak of going out to Denver in the United States across what once was the Great American Desert. Nor will the frontier stop with the passage of the Arctic Circle. In these days of airplanes, it is just as logical to think of a route to the northern portions of Europe by traveling across the roof of the world, as it once was to think of crossing the continent with a railroad.

"I believe there will be big industries some day within the Arctic Circle. I can see the day when the raising of caribou and musk ox and Stefansson's idea of growing reindeer for the market will compete with today's cattle business. Reindeer, you may remember, once were believed to be only fit for Kriss Kringle's sleigh, but now you can find reindeer steaks on almost any first-class restaurant menu; the same will be true of caribou and musk ox. Where industries go, homes go, and civilization. Within the next twenty-five years that civilization will extend well into the Arctic Circle. To the person who doubts my statement, I must make the reply that he is not mentally fitted to give an opinion. The North is so big, so unexplored and unknown, so barren of exploitation, so unsurveyed regarding its resources that no one should give a negative opinion as to what development might come up there in the next quarter of a century. Recently aviators for a prospecting company returned from a flight in the Northwest Territory district with the information that they had discovered a range of mountains which appeared on no Canadian map. When a country is big enough to hide a whole mountain range, it is likewise sufficiently extensive to give the laugh to anyone who attempts to put a limit on its potentialities."

That's the reason why my friend and all the other heroic men of his type who are opening up the North will be unable to stay in civilization. For the job won't be done, even when the rush to Churchill is over. The same thing that took them into the wilderness in the past will lure them back to it, no matter how many jobs are begun and finished and no matter how much they may think they want the softness of ordinary life

A pioneer does not necessarily need a covered wagon, the desire for a new home, a muzzle-loading rifle and a keen eye for Indians as a part of his make-up. These are only theatrical properties, familiar to Americans because they were the adjuncts of a pioneering day recent enough to be easily remembered. What makes a pioneer is something different—the God in his soul, no matter how gentle he may be or how vile an oath he may be able to utter or how drunk he may get the day he goes out. It is the craving to create, the vision to see things in his own mind that he may never live to look upon in material form, the driving force of creative urge which will not let him alone, but which sends him back to hardships, privations, even to death, whether he wants to go or not. One finds many such men in the North Country.

Only One Type Missing

They include all classes, with the exception of one type. The old rule of the West, where no one asked a man's antecedents, is missing. In the North it is taken for granted that a man's record is not only clean but meritorious. One finds there, cavorting the numbers of a square dance at a pie social, the æsthetic-eyed gentleman who can discuss expertly the art of every European museum. One finds soldiers of the King who have seen their service in Kipling's India, and who knew the Hades of Singapore in the old days. A stubby-legged Cousin Jack or Cornishman may have drifted into Canada by way of the African Rand; his buddy, equally stubby and wrinkled, can talk intelligently of the boom mining camps of America, because he has been in every one of them.

In fact, there is in the North a present-day application of a phrase used in the original Hudson's Bay Company charter—Gentlemen of Adventure. Not that the men who are making the North are cavaliers; far from it. They are hard-boiled, hard-fisted frontier fighters who can cuss the flies, the temperature, the fires and the muskeg with an artistry born only of hard practice;

A Trestle Job on the Hudson Bay Railroad

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Fine Rooms... Low Rates!
A FINER HOTEL
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Serving desirable guests only ... that is our policy!
A smart yet homelike, quiet atmosphere. Expert hotel management. A trained staff that assures you the alert service found only in the very best hotels. Ideally located. Just north of the "Loop"—3 minutes to business, theatre and shopping center by bus or taxi—or an easy walk.
450 spacious outside rooms with bath, shower, circulating ice water ... Servidor service (minus tipping) Furnished in modern good taste. Every appointment for absolute comfort. Dining room and Coffee Shop.
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Sidney Lenz tells Jim Henry

Jim Henry, famous Mennen salesman, is talking with Sidney S. Lenz, the bridge authority. Mr. Lenz—as every card player knows—is acknowledged the most brilliant player in the world.

"Shaving finesse *works* when there's COOLNESS in the lather"

"I don't say, Jim, that this new shaving cream of yours helps a man's bridge game—but I do say that I, for one, am all for it.

"My opponents and partners at the card table are usually pretty well known people. Naturally I try to look fairly presentable. That's why I like the smooth shave that Menthol-iced lather gives me. But the best part is the *coolness*. I suppose it is the menthol in the cream that makes the difference. Anyway—it certainly makes my face feel cool and fine all evening long . . . Jim, I think that this new Menthol-iced idea is the extra trick in shaving!"

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The Young Man's Shave!

Coot—the moment the lather bubbles up from the brush—Coot while your blade does its work—Coot for a long time after—that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced shave! Its bracing, tonic-like stimulation suits young faces, young ideas—and young standards of well grooming.

Skin specialists say that cool shaves are *good for the skin*. The menthol, blended into Mennen Menthol-iced by a secret process, does these three things: (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) soothes and heals tiny shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin after shaving. Try this Modern, young man's shave. Send the coupon now!

Both creams have Dermutation

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the team-mate of the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams give you *Dermutized lather*, the lather which whips up fast and thick in any water—hard or soft, hot or cold. Dermutized lather softens the beard and lubricates the blade—gives quicker, smoother, happier shaves!

Finish the shave with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. *It does not show. Protects the skin after the shave . . . Great after a bath, too!*

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but one learns quickly in the North that a few cuss words do not denote lack of gentility.

Not long ago, for instance, a company of prospectors, eager-eyed for human companionship, emerged from the bush to the thrill of their first ride on a railroad train in more than a year. There was much conversation in the smoker where they had gathered; at last there drifted into it the name of a frontier woman. One prospector made a remark concerning her character.

No movie theatricals followed. Another prospector simply reached into a pocket, pulled forth his grouch bag and extracted from it a wad of currency. Then he motioned a red-coated mounted policeman nearer to act as stakeholder. Having done this, he turned quietly to the defamer and said:

"There's a hundred dollars that says you're a dirty liar!"

The conversation changed immediately back to where it had been in the beginning: to mines and mining, bush fires, chalcopyrites and greenstone. Things like that happen frequently in the North. A woman I know recently returned to the States from a raw, new camp, sprawled beside an equally new railroad jutting from the main line to Hudson Bay. The town is yet in the tent and log-cabin stage. There are railroad workers there—grinning Czechs and Latvians and Lithuanians, Swedes and Belgians and Poles. There are Indians. There are prospectors and boomers and chasers of the rainbow.

It is a typical new town of the North, where the dynamite booms day and night in the battle of clearing the bush, where moose meat and caribou often appear upon the menus of the local restaurants as "veal," and where a year ago there was nothing but the cry of the loon, the stink of the swamp and the riffle of a vagrant pike in the lily pads of the near-by lake. Someone asked the inevitable question:

"Weren't you terribly afraid, among all those rough men?"

"Not so much as I often am among New York gentlemen in dinner jackets," came the quiet reply. "I've been much more uncomfortable in many a metropolitan club. For in civilization," she said smilingly, "when some 'gentleman' makes a remark for which you would like to slap his face, the best one can do is to smile and say: 'Oh, well, he's just a little tight tonight. Really, when he hasn't had too much to drink, he's simply adorable.'"

Pie-Social Etiquette

"But up North, if someone's a little tight he stays in the presence of women only as long as he can conceal the fact. Nor is the woman the one to complain. I went to a dance up North. It was a pie social for the benefit of a school in a town so new that legislation had not yet provided for it. A certain man asked various women to dance and was refused. Perhaps it was because he was simply not personable. Or it may have been that feminine intuition dictated a lack of desire for his company. The other men noticed it. A full-blooded Cree Indian, in moccasins and beaded coat, became a committee of one. Very quietly he approached the intruder and spoke to him, leading him outside. The Cree came back alone.

"That was all. There was no explanation; perhaps none was necessary. The old rules still work up there; women are scarce enough to be inviolable until they prove themselves otherwise."

As for the clothing, no one pays much attention to that. The man in the roughest outfit may be a millionaire mine owner; he may even possess royal blood. There are quite a few nobleman scattered through the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, for instance, as well as among prospectors, mine owners, pioneers. There is one prince of a northern European kingdom whose unhappiest moment is when he is reminded of the fact. The reason is that princedom or pauperdom is not the important thing. There is something bigger: the job of creation, and the pride of it, whether that creator is a grinning Central European laborer, looking from the doorway of his tar-paper shack upon the smooth extent of the ditch he has dug through glacial ice, or the chief engineer, studying the roadbed from the rear platform of his private car. A man may be anything in the North. But the attitude is different with a woman. She is good until, by her own words and actions and desires, she proves herself otherwise; and even then, she may be a bad woman, but she's a woman nevertheless; thus creating a fine distinction appreciated fully only by those who understand the frontier.

But for the most part she's a good woman; the bad ones are few and far between. And she's a heroic woman. Because men are fighting hardships which all but best even their rugged natures, they appreciate truly what it means for a feminine being to come into pioneering country. But there they come, nevertheless; one finds a woman at some far-away portage, fighting it out with her husband, and running the trap lines with him through the winter snows, and taking her turn with the paddle when summer comes again, when the flies swarm, and when it's possible to get deeper into the bush in the hope of mineral riches.

Shut In From All the World

There were women, for instance, in the Red Lake rush, where it was necessary to make two hundred miles by dog sled to gain the doubtful privilege of staking a claim on ground covered by six feet of snow. There were women in Rouyn who dragged their possessions over the ice of frozen lakes or helped portage them by canoe route, that they might be among the first to open a little store or restaurant. One of the first emergency flights of an airplane out of Cranberry Portage, unexistent a year ago, was to carry a young, pretty woman to a hospital for an appendicitis operation. One of the primary flights of the airplane service when Rouyn was a log-cabin town was to bring in the bride of a storekeeper—a girl who never before had lived outside a city. But she adapted herself. Recently an airplane was lost in a blizzard on the shore of James Bay far east of Moose Factory. The passengers were forced to spend the night in the cabin of the plane; it was the only safe place, for the temperature was far below zero and a typical Hudson Bay gale was blowing outside. They were hungry these passengers. The only possible fire over which anything could be cooked was a blow torch, carried for the purpose of warming the engine in such emergencies as this.

In that airplane cabin, moving about her cramped quarters as calmly as though she were working in an apartment kitchenette, was a woman.

It was quite a bit of fun, in spite of the seriousness of the surroundings. You see, she was on her honeymoon. She and her new husband, the Reverend George Morrow, were on their way to take up their residence at Rupert House, a Hudson's Bay post on the southeast shore of James Bay, and a delay of a day or so was inconsequential.

This had meant quite a lift—to be able to go by airplane; otherwise the trip would have consumed six weeks or more by dog team.

In fact, wherever men go in the North, there women find their way also. True, the percentage of them is less than one in ten, sometimes less than one in a hundred, but the representation is there, nevertheless. She may be a Red Cross nurse, or a railroad nurse, or a trapper's wife, or the wife of a Hudson's Bay factor, or a missionary's helpmate, but she's a woman. Nor does she always have the supporting arm of a husband. Often she is alone; more than one fellow up at the end of steel on the Hudson Bay Railroad sighs to himself now and then with the remembrance of the pretty

(Continued on Page 197)

Why it is so *easy* to learn to type on CORONA

"OUR little boy has loved Corona ever since he was big enough to notice the letters."

"I learned to use Corona when I was sixty eight. It is much easier than writing by hand."

Scores of letters like the above have come to us. They show how easy it is to use Corona. If children too young to hold a pencil can use Corona, anybody can. If old people whose handwriting has grown shaky can use Corona, anybody can.

To say that it is easy to operate Corona is understating the facts. It is *astonishingly* easy. Beginners, after reading a helpful little book that is given free with every Corona, can learn the fundamentals in just a few hours.

In the very beginning, Corona was designed with the idea that it would be used by people who had no typewriter experience.

That was twenty years ago. Corona is still built with the beginner in mind. All the needs of the amateur typist have been studied by Corona engineers. Every year we have improved Corona made it more convenient. Here are a few advantages which make it the easiest typewriter in the world to operate:

Adjustable Key Action—The touch can be made light or heavy to suit your requirements.

Adjustable Paper Guide—Insures uniform margin on all pages of a manuscript.

Back Spacer and Margin Release—These are conveniently located on the keyboard.

Carriage Return Lever—This is made extra large and convenient. It enables you to perform the two operations of spacing and returning the carriage to the starting point with one sweep of your hand.

Extreme Visibility—Holds paper at correct reading angle.

Key Spacing—Same as on office typewriters.

Standard Keyboard—Four rows of keys, exactly like a big office machine.

Corona has many, many other features. There is not room on this page to describe them all. Other portable typewriters have some of these features. But no other portable has *all* of them.

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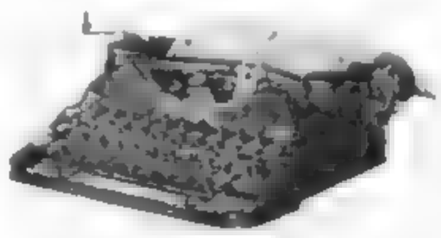
CORONA

The PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



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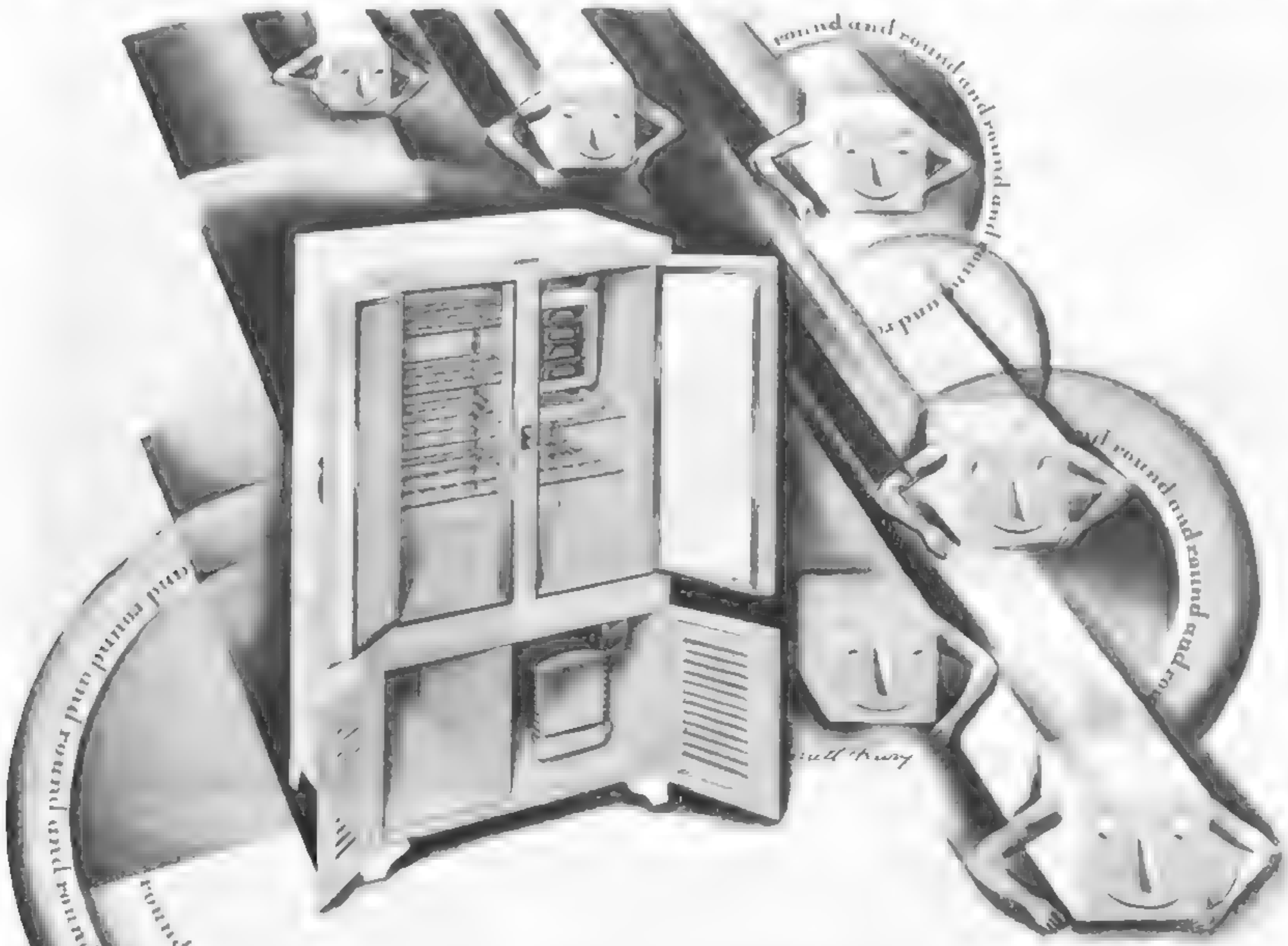
round and round and round and

(Continued from Page 194)

ittle school-teacher from Iowa who spent a year up in that country as the head of a straggling, frontier settlement's school. There'll be women in Churchill; they're there already. There'll be women far beyond.

For Churchill, even now, is not the farthest north of Hudson Bay commercial travel. There are the tractors which begin at the end of steel and whose destination is far beyond. Nearly ten degrees above Fort Churchill, under the veritable shadow of the Arctic Circle, lies Chesterfield Inlet, a ragged estuary of Hudson Bay, leading to fresh water and deeper Barrens, where men believe that gold and copper and other minerals await the lucky prospector. There the tractors roar at the head of the canvas-covered sleds, on a journey which has lasted all the way from the end of steel, hundreds of miles to the south. There one can find the permanent frost, even in deepest summer, by digging away the soil layer with one's hands. And one will be able to find women there, too, once the infiltration truly begins beyond Fort Churchill.

In fact, there are pioneering stories of North Canada's womanhood that are better than those of many men—Mrs. Phillipe Croteau, for instance, of Amos, Quebec.

There were thirteen children in the Croteau family when Philippe, the father, died, fourteen years ago at Saint Prosper, in the more settled region of Quebec. The eldest was fifteen years old, the youngest two; between these extremes were five pairs of twins. The farm which Philippe had left as his only legacy was stony and poor; for a time the widow strove to earn a livelihood by milking cows for neighbors at three cents apiece. Then, one day, there drifted to her the story of a strange, new land.

It was a new clay belt, the informants said, over in the Abitibi Country, where the bush was dense and vicious, where there were muskeg and flies and bitter winters, and sometimes forest fires in summer. But it was a land of chance, where other pioneers had been able to make a living. Of course, they had been men, but there had been wives, too, who had worked in the fields, once these fields had been wrested from the tangle of bush which covered them. It took courage to go into that country; even the government bulletins warned prospective settlers that no one should attempt to make a home in the region unless those settlers were prepared to undergo the most rigorous of pioneering conditions.

Felicitating Mrs. Croteau

Mrs. Croteau had courage; she had nothing else. She borrowed from the neighbors and the parish priest; pursestrings are looser in a country that understands hardship. She obtained a homesteading reservation upon two hundred acres in the parish of St. Therese d'Amos for three dollars, with the right later to purchase another hundred acres. Then she started for the home she must build from the wilderness.

When the family arrived at Amos, on the transcontinental line of the Canadian National in Northwestern Quebec, it was destitute; the children were barefoot. But Mrs. Croteau had faith; she borrowed seventy-five dollars more, and with that she began the work of clearing.

Only a few of her children were old enough and strong enough to help her. The mosquitoes literally swarmed about her; the black flies chewed at the raw flesh of her hands and face until her features were all but unrecognizable. There was a cabin to build, and the endless fight against the bush; even where the land was brulée, the stumps and charred trunks must be eliminated. A year passed with but infinitesimal progress to the eye; it had been tremendous for this woman. At last a patch of ground had been cleared, sufficient to plant a few potatoes and hay for the horses. Winter came and she sat at the spinning wheel—one still can find such things in parts of Canada—with her neighbors, in the making of homespun. Spring arrived, and with it the resumption of her battle. One year melted into another; Mrs. Croteau had developed the muscles of a man now; one must have such muscles if one is to swing an ax or guide a plow. Farther, still farther, the bush was beaten back.

Last year, the Honorable J. E. Perreault, Provincial Minister of Colonization for Quebec, paid an important visit to Amos. It was to congratulate the owner of a farm which possessed an electrically lighted home, a model barn and stables, two automobiles, thirty-five head of cattle, horses, tractors and other agricultural implements for the cultivation of one hundred and fifty acres of yielding land, and which inventoried $42,313. The recipient of that congratulatory call was Mrs. Philippe Croteau.

There are many of her kind in Canada; one often sees a woman working at a queer sort of sawhorse and with a sharp drawknife as she shaves the bark from innumerable sticks of spruce wood, cut into four-foot lengths. Her husband is somewhere in the bush, ditching and draining, that a farm may rise where there has been only the tangle of forest. She is preparing pulpwood to sell to a newsprint mill; perhaps unable to read herself, she is furnishing the groundwork of some American newspaper, that the few dollars gained thereby may be used in the most primitive of all battles—that against the wilderness.

In the Shadow of the Circle

Such persons do not know that they are making history. They do not care; the problems of life itself, and creation, are too close to them. However, names are beginning to stand forth in the North already, local characters are developing; fifty years from now there will be legendary figures in Canada that will hold the same importance in the history of its frontier that Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson hold in America's own story of the West.

For, as I have said, the mere building of a road to Hudson Bay will not complete the job. It will only furnish a jumping-off place to new frontiers. Two years ago, The Pas, five hundred miles north of Winnipeg, was known to the outside world merely as a place where dog races were held. Five years from now it will be a staid city; the frontier town may be Churchill, or it may be some place even farther north. One doesn't like to nail down the sides of a prediction regarding the future of Canada.

Two years ago I held a long and sober conversation with a well-informed Canadian who voiced the opinion that such places as Red Lake and other settlements of the kind could not possibly survive the first flush of pioneer settlement.

"They're too far from the railroad," he said. "Red Lake is more than two hundred miles away from steel. Suppose there are mines there; how will they ever get in supplies? That's Canada's greatest difficulty; its hinterland simply cannot be exploited or even wholly explored. The regions that are unmapped must largely stay in that condition. How in the world are you going to open up a country without railroads?"

That was two years ago. There is no railroad into Red Lake yet and its developers do not seem to care much whether a railroad ever gets there or not.

"We'll run scows over Lac Seul to the first portage," one of them told me recently. "Then we'll have a donkey engine on a track crossing that portage. The scows will be pulled over and started onward. At the next portage will be more tracks and another donkey engine. The same thing will happen at the other portages; eventually supplies will arrive at the mines in the same carriers in which they left Hudson, and at a cheaper rate than if brought by railroad."

So much for a problem of the past. As for the future and the districts which, two years ago, a man of well-balanced brain condemned to continual wilderness——

A telegram was brought to a friend of mine as we sat at luncheon in Toronto recently. He read it casually. Then he dictated a reply:

"No need to worry. It's just bad flying weather up there and Oaks is probably waiting for a blizzard to clear. If we don't hear something from him in a day or so, we'll send a plane in after him."

Then, when the boy had left, John E. Hammell, president of one of Canada's aerial exploration companies, calmly resumed his luncheon. More than two thousand miles away, on the shores of Hudson Bay, two of Hammell's aviators and several prospectors were waiting out a gale. The horizon was gone; all the world was gray with flying snow. But they were not worried.

For these were a portion of a staff of men which in nine months had flown more than 100,000 miles of North Canadian country, 90 per cent of which was at least a thousand miles from a railroad. With their fifteen planes and one hundred prospectors, they had literally populated the North, spotting caches of gasoline and food at points which all but surrounded Hudson Bay, which penetrated Ungava, which swept westward through the MacKenzie District and up into the Northwest Territories, and even into the Arctic. They had built radio stations within the shadow of the Arctic Circle. They had discovered a new range of mountains, unnamed lakes, unknown waterfalls, unheard-of rivers.

They had filed claims upon iron ore extending for miles upon Belcher Islands and in Ungava; deposits so vast as to be almost fictional, and at the present time worthless. For iron, to be turned into steel, must have the benefit of coke—coal costs $100 a ton, even at Fort Churchill these days. But no one knows what may happen if Fort Churchill is the successful seaport which Canadians hope it will be, and vessels which have sailed out through Hudson Strait, loaded with grain for Liverpool, return with cargoes of coal as ballast.

Somewhere Back of the Yukon

They have built stations which contain supplies for two years at half a dozen points. They have cached gasoline so that airplanes can traverse the far North with almost taxilike regularity. They have flown regions where the attraction of magnetic minerals is so great that compasses become useless and aviators must guide by the horizon, hour upon hour. They have discovered placer gold fields—but they won't tell where they are.

"It's in a region where white men haven't been before," says Jack Hammell. "It's back of the Yukon, and that's all anyone will get out of me. I'll tell you why. It's hard to get old-time placer prospectors these days, and we haven't been able to investigate the district sufficiently to tell whether it's rich or spotty. Besides, if I'd record the claims now, in the dead of winter, there'd be a rush into the district and a lot of gold-stricken persons would be frozen to death; I'd blame myself for it. So I'm keeping my mouth shut."

But after all, these discoveries are not the important thing. It is where they lie and the fact that the company which made them only twelve months ago was still in the process of financing!

Such things sound like fiction. After all, the line is not tightly drawn in Canada—not regarding the veracity of the happenings, but the strangeness of them. It is easy to find all the elements of romance; one needs only to talk with the first person one meets.

I was, for instance, the sixth passenger one day on the way freight, a mixed train running from The Pas to the end of steel on the Hudson Bay Railroad. After a time I became acquainted with the train butcher; soon we were talking of every old-time circus in America, for he had been reared under the white tops, in the days when there were Hey Rubes and grifting shows, and when the name Barnum meant something more than a trade-mark. Then I met a constable of provincial police.

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BOYS!

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He didn't mind the work in Northern Canada. It wasn't very exciting, he said. Not half so exciting, in fact, as the police work he had experienced during the Sinn Fein riots in Ireland right after the war, when there were riots everywhere and killings were a constant affair. By and by, I talked to a quiet little Scotchman.

He'd been in the Klondike, he had. He'd made the rush with the rest of the bunch in '98. And he'd been a place or two beside that; he'd sailed before the mast as a lad and had run into quite a number of happenings rounding the Horn. He remarked that it was sort of queer to have so many people about. He'd just spent two years in the bush over by Lake Athabaska. But then, he guessed, there'd be enough quiet where he was going.

And where was that? He didn't just know. He'd rather figured to get off the train at Mile 231, hook up his dog team and keep going as long as there was any decent country to prospect.

There was a major on that train too. He was a flight officer and he was recently back from Hudson Bay, where he had flown his plane in an effort to save the lives of thirty-three men who were lost aboard a government tug which had been blown far out into the bay by a storm which it had encountered on the way to Churchill.

Catching Up With Civilization

Then there were two buddies. They seemed inseparable; one spoke with a thick, foreign accent, the other with the twang of a down-easterner. They were cooks, going up to work as chefs on the Hudson Bay construction. When night came, and their supplies had run low, they broke their last piece of bread and shared it between them. The foreigner was a German; he had been interned five years during the war in Australia, and had dared death in escaping, only to be captured and returned to the stockade. The down-easterner had been born in Massachusetts, but he had gone to Canada early in the war and joined Princess Pat's Regiment. Few men still live who did that. The down-easterner carried in his vest pocket a small metal safety-razor case. He had carried that same razor case during the war; it had saved his life, in fact. The machine-gun bullet which it had stopped was still imbedded there.

So goes the North. One has a different feeling there from most places. One realizes that one is not among humdrum persons, but that everyone is a source of drama and story value, even the Finns and Danes and Swedes, huddled over their drinks in the beer parlors. For they are only there on holiday; after the headache they will face the North again, stalwart once more, going forth upon the battle to beat the frontier.

There's a thrill in that desire, even for the man on the sidelines. To beat the frontier or to see it beaten! One learns quickly in the North Country just what that means; one has there the scenes which make realization easy; the armylike migrations of working men, their packs upon their backs, the crash and roar of monstrous machinery, the scarlike stretches of new roadbed stretching into what, only a short time before, was the wilderness. Or, in greater measure, when one sees the actual march of civilization, such as one day

The freeze-up was on, far in the North. Like the clutch of a giant hand it had descended, congealing lakes, solidifying the mushy muskeg, and driving the primary snow of the year across the stunted Barrens like the lash of a whip of ermine. We had been out beyond the end of the Hudson Bay steel, on a visit to the camp of some aviators at Deer Lake. Now, Evan David, a friend, G. Claude S. Johnston, the resident engineer, and myself were returning, our rubber-shielded moccasins serrated with white, our parkas frozen, our bodies bent against the blast as we stumbled along the uncertain footing of the corduroyed right of way. Faintly, through the storm, there showed in the distance a tremendous apparatus, strangely like a giant spider, which moved its tentacles slowly, and crawled toward us, accompanied by gray smudges which we knew were men.

It was the pioneer tracklayer of the Hudson Bay line, laying steel as though there were no storm to hamper. A strangely animated thing, this tracklayer, a combination of trams and lifts and cranes and adjustable hoists, it stood at the head of a string of freight cars, behind which was a work engine, which moved it forward at the rising and dropping of a signal flag. Out of a tram at the right there poured ceaseless ties, to be carried on the backs of snow-crusted men to their position on the corduroy. At the left another tram spewed forth the rails, to be caught in the tongs of husky laborers, and guided into position as the hoist lowered them to the ties. Then came the thudding of the pickaroons as other workmen straightened the ties to the call of the line man, far ahead, holding the rail steady to the survey stakes that would guide it to Hudson Bay. Coincidentally, there was the grinding of steel upon steel; the angle bars were being affixed now to make a mere piece of rail an integral part of a five-hundred-mile railroad.

Then the goosenecks were affixed for the proper spacing, and the clattering of metallic blows began as the sledge gang fastened the steel to its wooden foundation. And after that a flag signaled from the engine house of the tracklayer. Far in the rear, the work engine whistled a reply and the tracklayer moved forward upon the foundation which it just had laid.

Out of the Wilderness

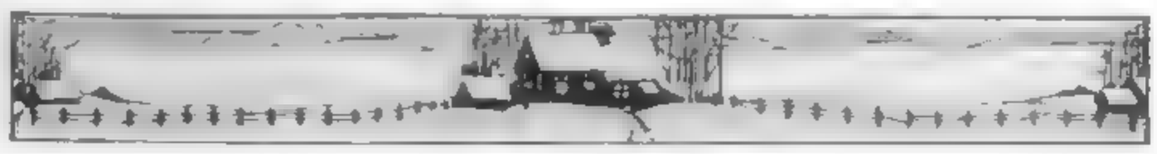
It was a queer progression, necessarily slow because of the instability of a rawly new roadbed. As the pioneer moved, so moved the workmen, in lines of single file, their steps measured, like the pace of pallbearers. And the throbbing roar of the storm, rushing over the Barrens, seemed to transmute itself to something more; as though it were an orchestra of the elements, moaning the measured bars of the Funeral March from Saul.

Stop and halt, stop and halt, and with the progression ever of that measured tread, as, heads down against the storm, arms limp against their thighs, brute-strong men walked forward before the monster that was devouring a frontier. We stopped for a moment to chat with grinning, snow-splotched Mike O'Shea, the foreman of the track gang, as he extolled the merits of his new muskrat cap and explained just how he'd got that big steam burn on his right cheek bone. But suddenly, as if we had been called, the three of us looked up.

We had lived a generation in a half hour. When we had halted for our talk with Mike we had been in the wilderness. But as jokes and conversation had passed between us a miracle had happened. We had not moved from our stopping point. But where we now stood was no longer the frontier.

It was civilization—the civilization of steam and rail and communication, where trains would run and telegraph lines connect one with the world. Where commerce would travel and safety lie—the safety that no one ever quite knows beyond the end of steel.

We had merely stood and talked. But that giant, spidery, voracious thing had continued to move onward with its measured, even pace. And now it was far before us, with the new track shining behind it, and men were again treading slowly forward upon a march of civilization and the funeral of a frontier.



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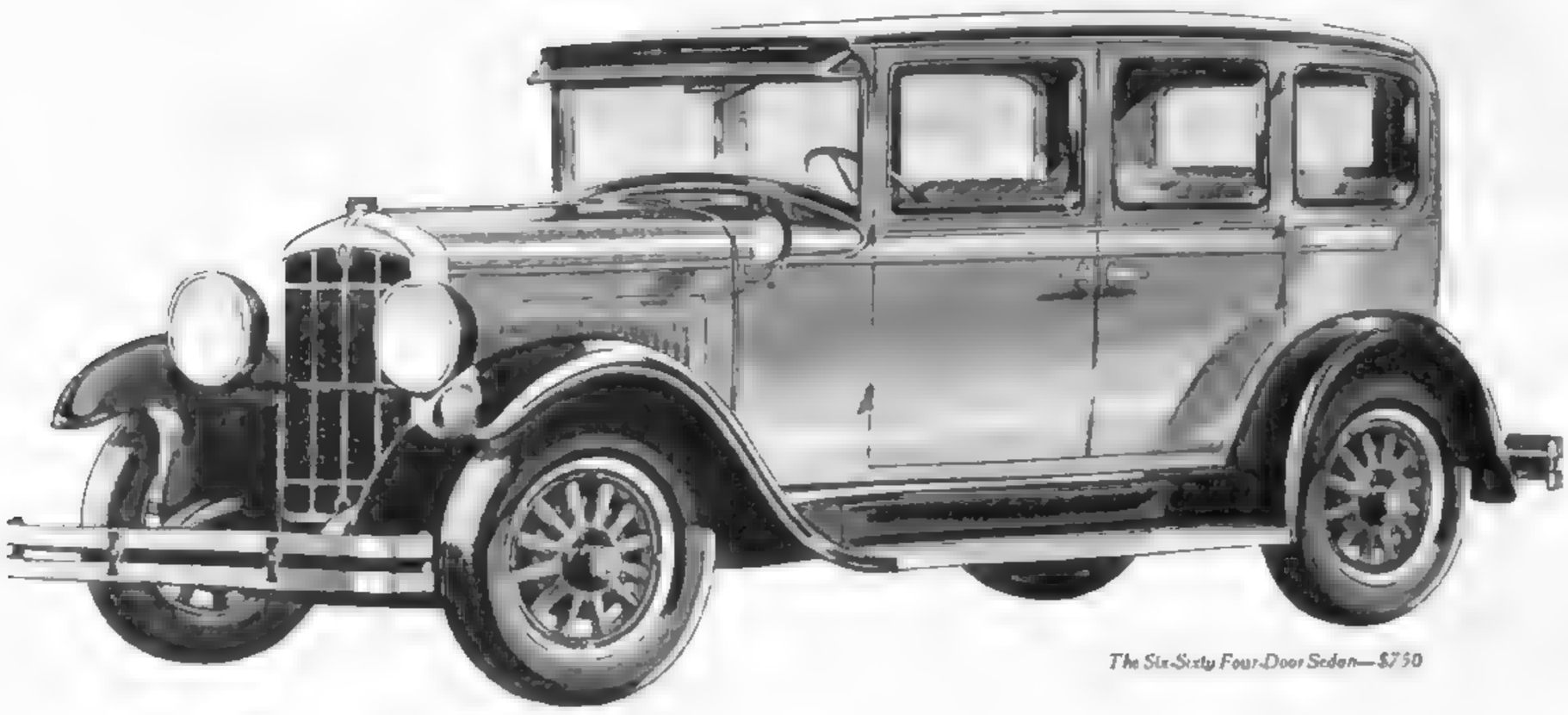

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IN-NAP MOTH BALLS OR FLAKES IF YOU PREFER

BUSINESS WAS BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 31)

spindle-legged desk. With considerable grunting he lugged them over and put them in a carpeted compartment of the safe, closed the door and twirled the combination. He took off his eye shade, his black alpaca coat and his round black cap, and assumed his street clothes. With a jackknife key almost six inches long he locked the door and, trailed by Richard, who would mail out the blurry letters the next day, set out for home just as Stub Burgett's boy galloped along the street on his Shetland pony, starting to light the street lamps.

Any time-tempered observer should be able to whisk a nimble memory back to the days before the broad, artistic development of the ash tray and the spring-top, vest-pocket match safe. And in this presentation of Mr. Moore, Mr. Bunn and Little Richard it might be sensed that business has undergone a few slight changes since the current century was opened up to prospectors of the better grade. At that time no one had yet thought of servicing the public, and customer psychology was unknown. Every letter was started with the indisputable statement: "Your valued communication of the 12th inst. at hand and contents noted." Sales resistance was measured in the term: "Tough nuts to crack." Delegates hadn't called each other by initials in convention assembled. Graphs with an unmistakable optimum were in comparative infancy and the masterful adjective "dynamic" hadn't been discovered by a third assistant secretary of commerce in charge of superlatives.

A Humming Hive of Industry

But there were many proud institutions in those days, and giants of commerce rated their achievements as highly as the trade czars of today. Progress toward dazzling peak-production records and dividend-soggy balance sheets was starting, even if the only universally recommended slogan was, Honesty is the Best Policy. And forceful leaders tried faithfully to follow, with excusable aberrations, that gem of autograph-album advice:

Keep pushing; 'tis wiser than sitting aside
And sighing and watching and waiting the tide.
In Life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail.

Westville, like other medium-sized towns, wasn't exactly top-heavy with units that contributed to the general hum of industry. Steimer & Moore's plant was the largest by a good sight, specializing as it did in a brown-wrapped number with a yellow lash and nickeled ferrules popular with the younger people who gave a thought to appearances. Next in importance was the plant of the Initial Toe Pad Company, manufacturers of rubber toe pads for buggy steps, "any shape desired, and grooved to prevent slipping." This company also produced buggy tops, and the hickory ribs made the perfect shinny stick if advantageously pilfered by surreptitious burnt-tongued smokers of Steimer & Moore whips. There was another fairly large plant where skilled mechanics turned out railroad velocipedes on which pompous officials, using both foot pedals and a neatly painted hand lever, sped over the rails at better than twenty miles an hour on inspection trips. In addition, there was a bicycle-spoke factory. Here plain wire was swaged to proper size, headed, threaded and nippled to fit. Adam Armstrong, an inventive genius, was the head man. Privately he was working on a plan looking toward running bicycles uphill without leg locomotion. He was also conducting a series of experiments to determine the effect of a ball on a bearing, as well as a bearing on a ball.

On all the doors of these factories were ominous signs: NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT BY PASS FROM OFFICE. And the laborers—most of whom wore derby hats because they didn't show the grease—provided the city's best dependable two-a-day entertainment. After the noon and afternoon blasts of the deep-toned shop whistles they raced on their bicycles through town. Saving their best licks coming up the avenue until they reached the monument, they stood on their pedals and scorched over the bumpy cobbles. Merchants in their doorways cheered and the loafers hanging to the awning ropes yelled:

"Git there, Eli!" Or, "Dig in your toe nails, Elmer!"

They fairly flew past, endangering the life and limb of any unwary pedestrian going over to the other side on a stone-slab crosswalk. The last one to go by—usually it was Ol' Man Kunkle, because it took him so long to put on his pants guards—was derided with:

"Where'd yuh git the ice cart? Better drop a cake off here!"

There was a smelly tannery, of course, down by the river, where hides on high grease-soaked racks dried in the sun after being scraped by Hayes Tackaberry and other brawny, leather-aproned experts.

And there were two livery stables of an approximately twenty-rig, fifteen-swipe capacity each; a slaughterhouse, where morbid youths spent their mornings during vacations; Ol' Jake Werntz's planing mill with its fragrant shavings; a place where they made wooden pulleys and paid one dollar a day for working from 6:30 in the morning to 5:30 at night; a broom factory, a handle factory and a cooper shop, more commonly known as the "bar'l fact'ry." The cooper operated a "bar'l" wagon, and when this vehicle was loaded, piled to dizzying heights with new "bar'ls" held in place with ropes, it was the biggest thing on wheels. When it made its appearance folks said it was a sure sign of rain, almost as infallible as the cry of a tree toad or a water spaniel eating grass. The ropes of the wagon never broke, but everyone wished they would.

Around the corner from the post office in the Schaad Block was a Ten-Cent Tie Sheds for farmers who couldn't find a free place to hitch on a busy day. Along the railroad stood the stockyards, where they loaded squealing pigs and unprotesting, sad-eyed cows every Saturday for Buffalo. Besides, there was a cider mill, run by Ol' Man Jordan and a threshing-machine engine with a long flabby belt, where the luscious juice could be freely, though inadvisedly, sucked through a straw on hazy Indian-summer days; a sawmill that whined weird, high-pitched complaints; a paper mill with a deep race, pounding beaters and chemicals that turned the water of the river a sickish green, and lastly, but certainly not the most unimportant, a wagon works.

The Christening Ceremony

The wagon works was in charge of Ol' Man Brigham. It was the only manufactory in the First Ward, otherwise reserved exclusively as the class residential district. For some inexplainable reason, like all the other wagon works, it was upstairs. A two-track wooden ramp, supplemented by a stairs between, descended from a railed platform at one side and was used in getting the wagons down. There was no production line and when one was finished with its green paint and red striping, the news was well noised about and the lowering ceremony was witnessed by the loafers. They stood at one side, yelling smart advice at the workmen heaving and struggling to keep the vehicle in control.

Everybody hoped it would get away and run amuck, but none—sadly enough—ever did.

After the wagon was down in the yard it was critically inspected and there were serious discussions on the kinds of grease that were best for the "exes" and speculations on how much the box would hold with the sideboards on. Then someone lay full-length on the ground with the heavy tongue end clasped in his arms over a shoulder, and got up without letting go, and using only his legs. There was a trick to it—the tongue had to be held tight to the shoulder—and many an unpaid wager was won when the inexpert tried and failed. This party lasted until Ol' Man Brigham appeared above with his growth of whiskers, so luxuriant that Pinky Silliman often said you could throw a stone in them any day and scare out a couple of high-holders. He scattered the crowd by threatening to call the marshal and having them all arrested for trespassin'. Trespassin' was a crime for which all had a wholesome fear except during the watermelon season.

The main street, naturally, was the scene of the real business activity, where the thumping pulsations of commerce and trade could be felt any time up to nine o'clock, week-days. It presented a particularly interesting aspect in the summertime, when long lines of rigs, the dejected horses covered with fly nets and tied to the high hitch rails, flanked the sidewalks on either side. A big canvas sign, stretched by ropes from roof to roof, often announced a Harvest Jubilee or Firemen's Festival or some occasion of consequence in which the members of Volunteer Hose Co. No. 1 and Hook & Ladder Co. No. 2 could take an active part. It was impossible to keep the firemen out of civic demonstrations unless, possibly, it was a Sunday-school rally, and even then they'd put on their helmets so they'd be properly equipped to stop runaways. Annually this sign told of the Merchants' Picnic, a banner affair at Fisher's Lake, and one was stretched out for the baseball series between the merchants of the East Side and those of the West Side. These games never lasted more than five innings and left everyone stiff and limping for a week afterward.

Barter and Trade

On the corner where Penn Street angled off on its maple-shaded way up past the gristmill was the bank, aloof and mysterious, with iron curlicued grilles and an ingenious curtain in the front window which pulled up from the bottom. When it was up it exposed the information: Bank Closed for Today. Two hotels vied with each other for transient patronage. The Westville House had something of an edge on the Central House, due to a spacious lawn under a spreading elm tree where it was nice to sit in comfortable easy-chairs of a languid evening. Then there were stores and stores, with grocery stores predominating.

It was at the grocery that an ambitious youth, say, for instance, like "Buzzer" Knapp, could lay the foundation for a business career by turning the giant wheel of the silver-domed coffee grinder. Dreams of success, however, as in Buzzer's case, were often clipped short if he got it going so the ground coffee overflowed the tiny catching receptacle. Here the grocer wore a white cap with a black visor that advertised a popular brand of soda. If he couldn't hold a pencil over his ear he could stick it under this cap. He sold everything in bulk from cinnamon to baking powder, and wrapped it, what is more, even if the order called for twenty-five cents' worth of granulated sugar! He also kept in stock one of the original substitutes for lard, which was advertised by a picture of a very tall man and the observation: He Needs Shortening. True genius was reflected in the preparation of that copy.

The farmers gathered in these stores on Saturdays, the groceryman taking in produce on trade or account. And the farmers' wives had this opportunity to display, with well-earned pride, the one outlet for their artistic temperament—their rolls of butter. Fashioned in many shapes, these rolls were

Nary a traffic cop!

You've watched soft, fleecy clouds in a blue sky, and wished you could drift upon a cloud bank floating over cool, quiet waters in an Old Town Canoe is about as near as you can come to realizing that delightful day-dream. Not even thistledown could rest more lightly on the stream.

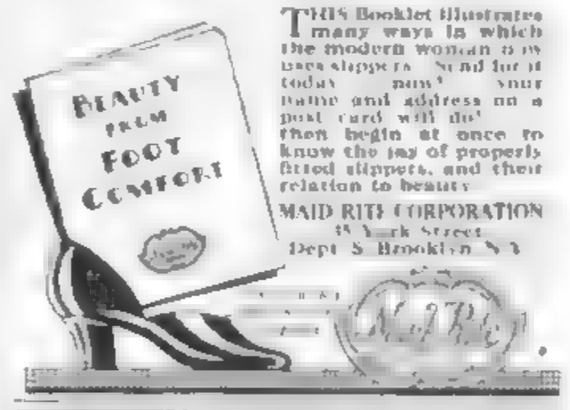
[illegible] Old Town Canoes have [illegible] Indian lineage [illegible] to handle, and perfectly balanced. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors, racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 904 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine

"Old Town Canoes"

Your FREE Copy of "Beauty from Foot Comfort" *Is Ready!*

Famous specialists agree that ugly wrinkles and lines can be avoided, that a youthful appearance depends in great measure on the care you give your feet.



THIS Booklet illustrates many ways in which the modern woman can use paper slippers. Send for it today—now! Your name and address on a post card will do! Then begin at once to know the joy of properly fitted slippers, and their relation to beauty.

MAID-RITE CORPORATION
[illegible] Street
Dept. S Brooklyn, N.Y.

Test your Ability to
DRAW

You may have artistic ability that when properly trained would insure your success as a commercial artist. Our Art Ability Questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color perspective, etc. This fascinating free test has been an eye-opener to many Federal Students who are now earning $2,000, $4,000, $5,000, and $6,000 yearly. The Federal School teaches you at home in your spare time. Make this free test—send at once for your Questionnaire.

Federal School of Commercial Designing
517 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

"Good-Bye, Hangnails"

[illegible] watch chain. At dealers' everywhere. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c.

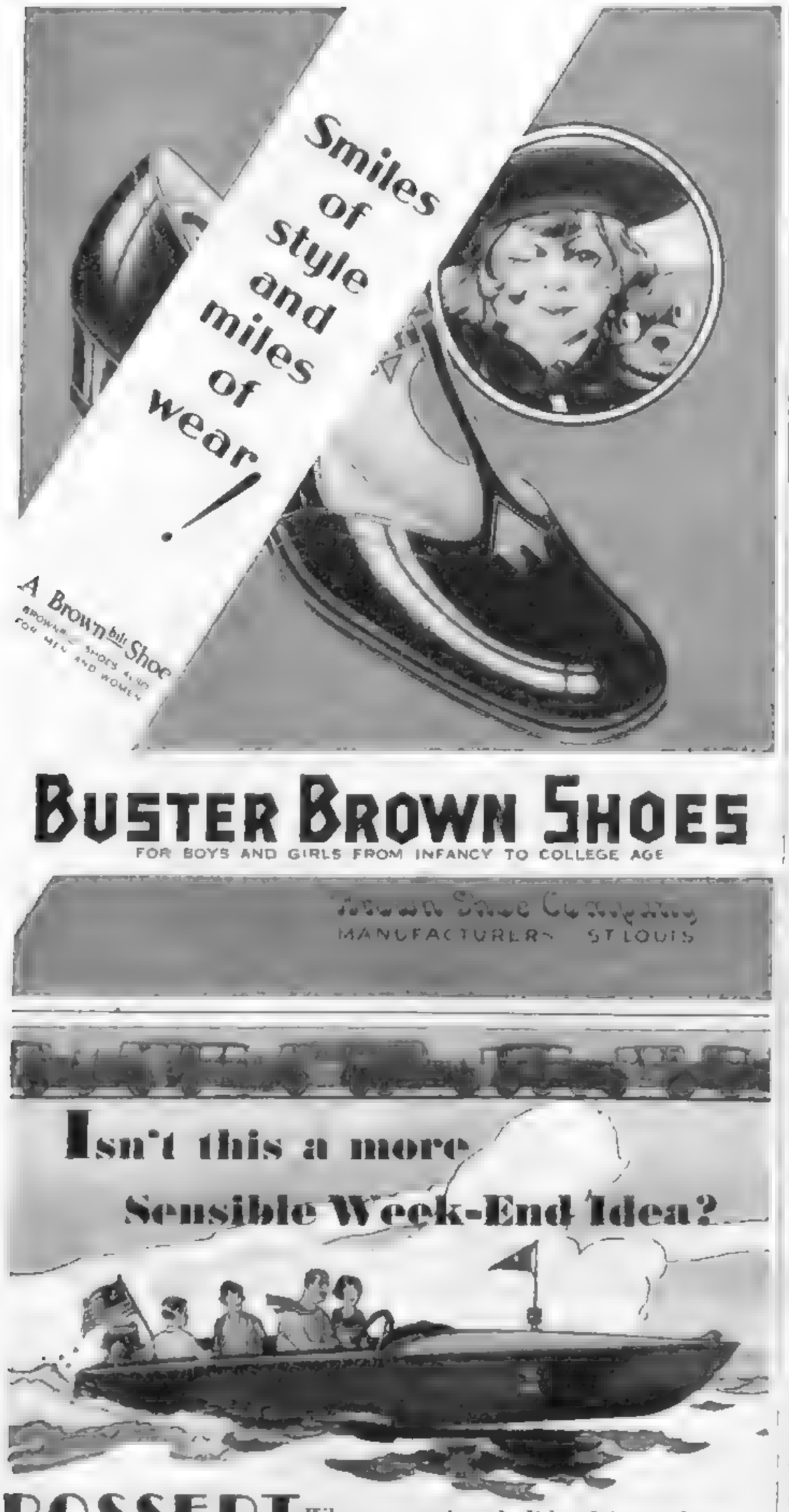
The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St., Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers MADE IN U.S.A.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C.P.A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 [illegible] Accountancy [illegible]

[illegible] "Profession that Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 471-H, Chicago, The World's Largest Business Training Institution.


Smiles of style and miles of wear!
A Brown Bilt Shoe
BROWN SHOES AND FOR MEN AND WOMEN
BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM INFANCY TO COLLEGE AGE
Brown Shoe Company
MANUFACTURERS ST LOUIS
Isn't this a more Sensible Week-End Idea?

BOSSERT PIRATE

Why try to enjoy a holiday driving along jammed highways . . . looking at advertising signboards instead of scenery? Bossert has a new, more sensible idea for you and the family—the Bossert Pirate. It means *real* week-end pleasure—beautiful scenery—and pure air, as you skim over the water.

The Bossert Pirate is a fast, but very safe outboard boat. Only because of tremendous manufacturing facilities is Bossert able to build such splendid outboard boats to sell at such amazingly low prices.

BETTER VALUE FOR LESS MONEY!

Bossert Pirate Jr. . . $330 Bossert Pirate Kid . . $225

Knockdown Pirate Kid . . $98

Write for descriptive folder

This is a rare opportunity for real live dealers to make good money for themselves and give wonderful value to their customers. Write us for particulars.

Louis Bossert & Sons, Inc. (Boat Dept.) 1317 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

magnificently carved with various designs leaves, sprays, flowers and crisscrosses neatly spaced. Sometimes they were beautifully cast in molds, too, but these rolls didn't merit the acclaim that was due the hand-done product like the one that won a prize at the county fair at Centerville. Wrapped in clean linen napkins, the golden treasures, pleasantly odorous, representing a week of milking, ladling, skimming, churning and shaping, often brought as high as ten cents a pound if the market was good. And many of the creators stood by, hurt but helpless, when their artistic carvings were mutilated as the grocer unfeelingly gouged in with his thumb nail and curled off a taste to decide how much he'd pay.

Another outstanding store was that of the druggist, designated to the passing eye by a weather-beaten wooden mortar and pestle over the door. In the windows were large glass bottles, some suspended by golden chains, filled with yellow, green and blue liquids. Ab Snyder ran the drug store and he was one of the first to realize the possibilities in a soda fountain. Of streaky marble, ornately nickeled and with frost-ribboned mirrors, it reached almost to the ceiling. It was the ambition of every youngster to eat the gamut of flavors from Coffee on one end to Sarsaparilla on the other. This feat required an enormous outlay of five-cent pieces and few achieved the objective except, wistfully, in dreams. Ab gave away nice calendars—deeply embossed rural scenes sprinkled with glittering silver. He cut his glass with a real diamond which he cached in the safe every night. And to foil any possible banditry, he kept his cash in the drug section in a box marked, Ipecac.

Farther on downstreet, J. T. Muncie conducted a store where purchases ranging from marbles to bicycles and lurid comic valentines could be made. He sold magic lanterns also, with a beautiful colored disk that produced "instantaneous kaleidoscopic changes," and he advertised the game of Flinch as "more simple than Authors and more scientific than Pedro." Next came a jeweler with a rack of old watches in his window. He did engraving on signet rings and silver-backed military brushes. At the dry-goods store, "Where Fashion Reigned Supreme," the office was in the rear, and Maud Irwin, who had charge of the ruchings, sent cash back in round, hard-rubber balls which rolled on a track when she elevated it by pulling a rope. The balls unscrewed into two hemispheres and were very fascinating in transit.

Snappy Advertising

A few doors below this dry-goods store was Ol' Man Griffin's place. This was one of five Kandy Kitchens. He kept rubber gum—little round sticks wrapped in tin foil—spruce gum and large hearts of paraffin gum, jawbreakers with caraway seeds in the center of many colored layers, stick and strap licorice, nigger babies, and a delightful marshmallow confection made to represent a fried egg, and a tin spoon came with it. Ol' Man Griffin roasted his own peanuts out in front. He was a peanut specialist and connoisseur. He'd sit on a chair by the hour turning a great black cylinder over a kerosene flame. Every now and then he'd stop to take out a goober and taste it. He'd reflect critically on the taste. Then he'd shake his head negatively and go on with his turning until he had them not too brown, not underdone, but just right. He seldom received an aspersion on his work, but if he did he'd assume a superior air, as if he considered the affront as unworthy of the master's recognition.

Another task at which he surpassed all his contemporaries was in making milk shakes. For this work he had a mechanical device with two round metal plates, on which he set the glasses after filling them with milk and one of two flavors: "Lemin or Vanilly?" Over their tops he screwed down two bell-shaped covers and the whole was jiggled up and down when he turned a wheel with a belt attachment that operated some cogs and springs. The machine puttered and jarred the spoon dish on the counter until he finished. Then he'd set before the customer the fragrant, foamy, delicious result, in which it was comparatively easy to bury a nose on a warm day that provoked a healthy thirst.

Ol' Man Griffin's store was a ramshackle affair and so was the place next door—The Snug Restaurant. George Gaylor was the proprietor of The Snug—Open at All Hours—a proprietor for the same reason given by most grocers who said they might not make any money, but they couldn't starve to death. George sold quarter slabs of pie for five cents and stuttered badly. He had a difficult time going over the list of those pies for each diner. George had competition in an eating-house across the street owned by Jeff Wade and George Wright. They called it the Wade-Wright Inn. Later on, these two caterers to fickle public appetite lettered a sign with this message:

WE HAVE A SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT
WITH THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
THEY SERVE NO MEALS
AND
WE CASH NO CHECKS

Near the city clerk's office and Council Chambers, Penny Corner had a notions store and lived in the back behind some calico curtains. He kept almost everything, or, rather, he did keep almost everything when he opened up shortly after the Civil War. In his later years his stock was badly run down, but he never admitted it. If a customer came in and the opening of the door tinkled his signal bell, he'd get up rheumatically from his easy-chair in the back and totter forward. Whatever the request, he'd look around thoroughly before he'd finally say:

"I'm jest outa that now. But I've sent in my order and I'm expectin' it in t'day on th' local."

In the Line of Credit

The harness shop with its dingy windows and cast-iron Corinthian-pillared doorway cannot be forgotten, indicated as it was by a dapple-gray wooden horse mounted on a rollered platform. Its flowing mane and tail of real horse hair were held on by nails driven through round circles of tin. A quarter of beef made of papier-mâché and vividly reddened in spots to make it look genuine was suspended from a hook in front of the butcher shop. And there was no overlooking the glorious barber pole with its wide stripes surmounted by a big golden ball. The tired business man, attracted by the pole or the perfume of bay that floated through the door, might step in the shop any time and the barber would take his personal mug from the rack and go over him once, light, while he rested.

All the saloons were on the east side of the street; a tired business man could go into them, too, if he wanted to risk being seen and possibly boycotted. The windows were banked with dusty-leaved, potted plants; begonias and ferns, mostly. These windows were the cleanest in town, probably because it was so easy to get cheap help. The bartenders pasted quarters and half dollars on the under side of the glass top of the cigar case to fool the unsuspecting. Over the pyramids of sparkling glasses on the back bar were such signs as:

IN GOD WE TRUST
ALL OTHERS CASH

Or,

NO TRUST
NO BUST

The problem of obtaining cash was one that perplexed merchants in every line of business. All gave credit; they were afraid they would lose customers if they didn't, and customers were none too plentiful. By subtle, printed suggestions they indicated their attitude. One popular sign read:

YOU PAY TODAY
WE TRUST TOMORROW

(Continued on Page 205)

WHEN the NOGAR MAN COMES.....

BARRY
a two-button conservative two notch lapel sack

MASTER MODEL
a three-button notch lapel box topcoat

He brings custom-made SMARTNESS at less than ready-made cost.....

Selling direct from factory makes possible unequaled Values in Cloth, Style, Fit in Suits, Overcoats and Topcoats at prices from $21.75.

This Nogar salesman is wearing the popular BRIGHTON *model, a three-button, double-breasted, semi-peaked lapel suit. The young man will instantly recognize its authentic style, its correct cut. His customer wears the* UNIVERSITY.

THE carefully dressed man has always insisted upon custom-made clothes when he could afford it. It goes without saying that they look better, fit better, wear better—and are cheaper in the long run.

Now that Nogar, a pioneer and recognized leader in the direct-selling clothing business, has turned all of its experience in quality-production-at-low-prices into the manufacture of business suits, overcoats and topcoats, no man need hesitate because of price to enjoy tailored-to-measure apparel.

Nogar's unequaled facilities, large volume of business and its unique method of bringing the product direct to you make possible the surprisingly low prices charged for clothing of such exceptional quality.

The conservative man of affairs and the college student alike are delighted with the wide range of models, patterns, weaves Worlds of style and extraordinary wearing qualities are generously combined—Nogar suits and topcoats are the last word in cut and comfort! Beautiful woolens are provided in intricate weaves and snappy patterns that are extremely popular and in the best of taste.

Examine the fabrics and models at your leisure when the Nogar man comes around to see you. If a Nogar man does not already serve you, we suggest that you send in the coupon to request a call from him—no obligation on your part. Nogar Clothing Manufacturing Company, Dept. 34, Reading, Pa

For any delay in having a Nogar man call on you we apologize—demand for Nogar custom-made suits is increasing so rapidly we cannot get enough first-class salesmen to serve you, but we are doing the best we can We offer unusual opportunities to men who can qualify

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 34, Reading, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send one of your salesmen to call on me I am specially interested in ☐ suits, ☐ overcoats ☐ topcoats. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Line of Business

Address

City .....State

Nogar

Sargent Hardware . . . where nothing is left to chance

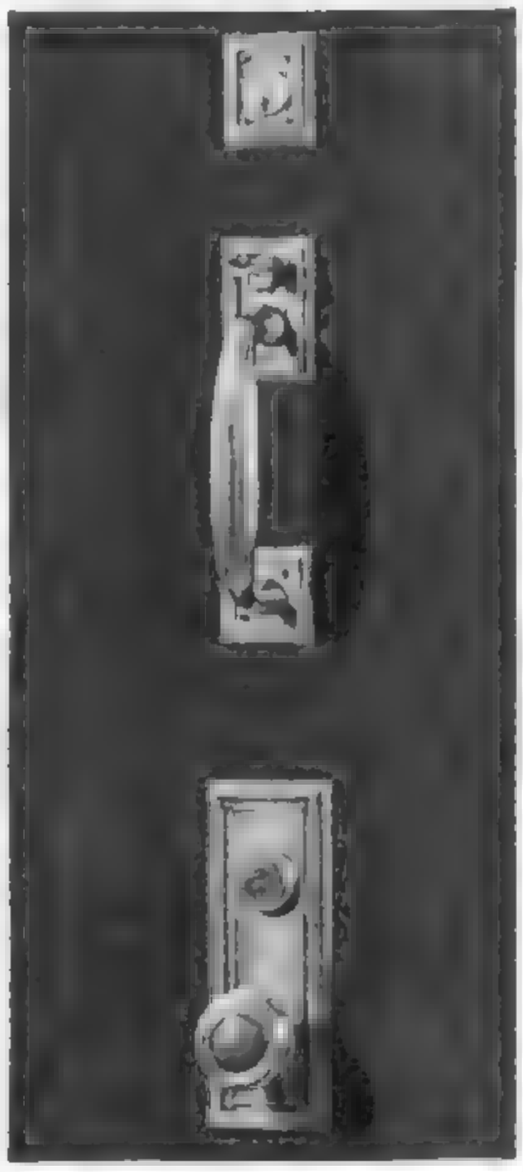
Guesswork plays no part in modern building programs. Depth of foundations, strength of steel girders, choice of equipment must not be taken for granted. All adhere to the scientific standard. Insistence upon known quality has led to the choice of Sargent Hardware for the country's outstanding commercial structures. No. 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago—rated as "one of the three most notable buildings of 1928"—is among the many so equipped.

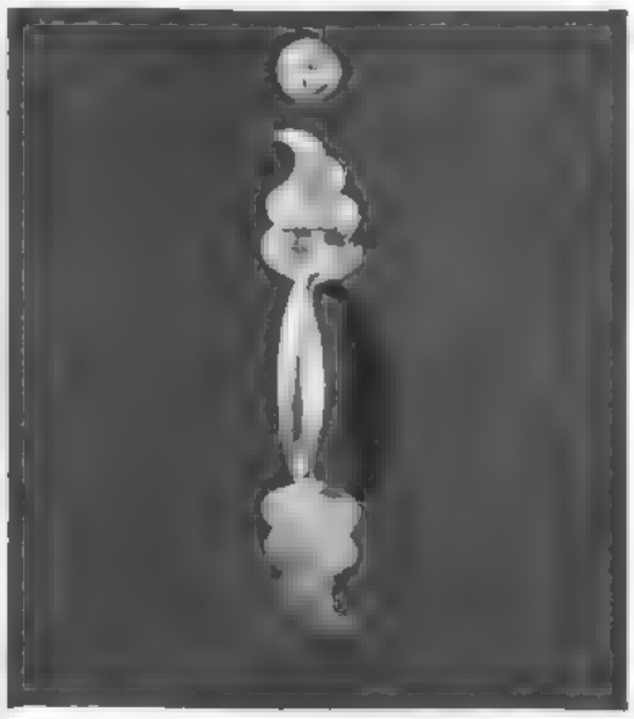
With equal assurance you and your architect can select hardware for your own residence. Sargent builders' hardware of solid brass or bronze, is smooth operating and durable. Authentic reproductions and modern masterpieces of design offer a wide choice for every style of domestic architecture.

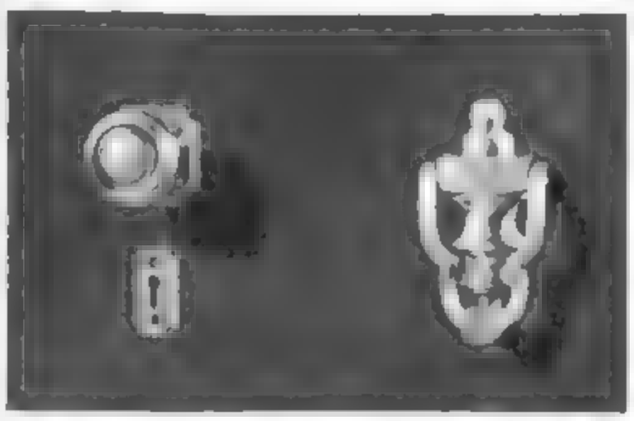
Sargent reputation rests on many years of expert workmanship and continued insistence on the best materials. A tool, a lock-set, the smallest Sargent item in a hardware store—all offer excellent value. You can count on "Sargent" as a mark of quality. If you are planning to build, write for our illustrated booklet, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation." Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE







No. 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Holabird & Roche, architects, is equipped throughout with Sargent Hardware. The illustrations of hardware items shown above at left will give an idea of the type of hardware installed in that notable commercial structure.

For the Pennsylvania Colonial residence shown at the right, Carl A. Zeigler, A. I. A., architect, Sargent prescribes hardware as illustrated above at right. Each piece of hardware is perfectly machined of solid brass or bronze, an authentic reproduction in keeping with the architectural style.

(Continued from Page 202)

And there were many others, but the most ingenious of all and, quite likely, as of little consequence as any, was a dummy cardboard clock face. This had some tin hands and it carried the ruling:

NO TICK HERE

This was in the saloon on the corner - Jack Sargood's Place—back of which there was a padlocked shed where the torches for processions were kept. Then, farther on, after the Central House, there were several rickety shacks. One was the Chinese laundry, where small boys gathered and hurled taunts involving the Celestial's pigtail, until he'd pad out, flourishing an iron, and chase them away. There was a cobbler's shop—Cappie Lauder's—with a wooden boot in front. Many wondered how Cappie could get so many tacks in his mouth and keep right on talking without swallowing any. At the Westville Marble Works, Andy Bestol, fat and merry, cut all the Clasped Hands and Broken Wheel illustrations with a chisel and a mallet. Then there was a tailor shop, a bicycle-repair shop and Wylie Quirk's Photograph Gallery. Wylie was the city's most accomplished liar. Brilliant, he was. One of his best yarns concerned a hazardous trip he made through some mountainous Western country. He was standing on the brink of a precipice, he said, when a gust of wind blew him over and he fell more than 2000 feet "perpendicu'ly." He expected to be killed any minute; but to his great surprise, a freight train was passing at the base of the mountain and he plumped right through the roof of a box car, landing on the floor, unhurt except for a few minor scratches. It was an unusual experience, he said, but the thing about it that made him very mad was that the railroad company came back on him and recovered damages for malicious destruction of property.

Lest the Customers Go Astray

Every dealer on the main street in those days just about exhausted his advertising appropriation with a two-column, two-inch spread in the Daily Hustler, twice a week. Consequently, it was considered both advisable and in good taste to haul out front some gentle but effective reminder to the passing public of the kind of business carried on inside. The hardware man displayed a couple of plows, some cultivators, a sheaf of hoes and shovels, a few odd kegs of spikes and nails and a large roll of fence wire. The last item was a permanent decoration, except for Halloween. The grocer had his zinc-lined tanks filled with green stuffs, over which cooling sprays of water played all day long, and countless baskets of produce. The furniture stores and undertaking parlors set out a few rolls of rugs and some chairs. Jake Kapp, a clothier, put out two black, armless busts on iron standards, over which he draped overcoats rusted by the weather of many seasons. And the shoe merchant's store couldn't be overlooked, because he had it banked with shoes nailed to paper-covered boxes and boards, large boxes filled with rubbers and shoes, and at least ten pairs of rubber and felt boots hanging from the awning arms.

This identification system was universally in use, and the mechanics of it fell on the shoulders of the clerk, who received eight dollars a week, sometimes ten dollars, and who opened up at 6:30 and closed at 9:30 on weekdays except Saturday, when he stayed until "the last dog was hung." His final duty before covering up the stock was to "drag in the stuff from outside," as ordered. So it was that few customers, whether they bought or "just came in to look around and gab," ever gave a store the go-by by mistake.

In most towns like Westville there were cigar factories—two or three, maybe more—located in the rear of the tobacconists' shops, back from the wooden Indian. The cigar makers, regarding their profession profoundly, worked at low benches and definitely settled the questions of the day that demanded wise treatment. They first filled their molds, pressed them, and then plucked out the bindered filler to roll on the outside wrapper. They were skillful with their wide-bladed knives which flashed across the bird's-eye-maple cutting blocks, and even more dexterous in the use of the white paste from the dirty jars that glued the ends. Theirs was a fascinating business to watch, especially for the regular loafers who would come in and tip back and try to play jokes on the youthful stripper learning the trade. Before they left they would beg a chew of "tucks"—the cut-off ends.

"How's chances fer a chaw uv tucks?" they'd inquire.

"You keep your hands out," Billy Hoffman would say. "The last time you filled your face you filled your pockets too."

They'd deny the charge and maneuver around until they saw a chance, and then they'd dive into the burlap sack at the end of the bench and they'd soon have their cheeks bulged to bursting and a handful to tide them over.

A Monument to Dental Skill

The professional men, with the exception of the cigar makers, the telegraph operator and the itinerant eye doctors, had their offices in their homes or up over the stores. Their shingles creaked and rasped on windy days and they had signs with their names on tacked to the risers of the stairways. The physicians worked all hours of the day and night. Some were paid one dollar a call and some had hundreds of dollars standing out on their books. Lawyers "lawed it" with traditional dignity. One dentist—Doc Spiegelmeier—specialized in extractions. After plying his forceps with diligence for better than thirty years he saved enough teeth to fill two two-quart fruit jars, which he kept in a window. Not only that, but he had enough more to spell out the name of the city and fashion a crown and scepter with teeth wired to dark plush backgrounds hung on the walls of his office. Doc was one of the most artistic professional men in Westville. He received much more credit than his competitors who drilled holes with a foot-pedal machine and installed an amalgam filling for fifty cents.

Traders were ever around, swapping nags or most anything, with boot. Ministers conducted fierce and relentless campaigns against the pool room and vice in all its hideous forms, and it was necessary to ring off when you hung up the receiver. Charlie Judson set type by hand in the print shop under a brass hanging lamp. Charlie Sage ran a Business College & School of Penmanship. Excepting those who became Bill Posters & Distributors, young men who hoped to become business executives like Mr. Moore received their training there, and farmer boys learned bookkeeping during the winter. There was a water works where skates could be sharpened, lacking the dime to get them hollow ground at the tinsmith's. The blacksmith shop with its unforgettable odor of burned hoofs was around by the Tie Sheds. And Ed Lenhart was proprietor of the Opera House where Hod Fairman and Bill Strickland shifted scenes; especially for anyone who tried to sneak in the back door with the actors' baggage.

Guy Petre and "Jumbo" Smith always hung around the Opera House, rustling up props and helping the Thespians in the presentation of difficult pieces. One night a troupe played a Russian melodrama and the heavy made an entrance in the second act during a blinding snowstorm. Guy and Jumbo had spent several hours cutting up paper into bits for the snow. They were up among the curtains, perched precariously, and began sifting the paper lightly as the scene opened.

"Ye gods! What a night!" cursed the villain, striding through the flakes. "Out on the bleak steppes and the Volga is frozen ——"

Guy shifted at this point to get a broader sweep and struck the box of snow. It landed in front of the great actor. Kicking it savagely into the wings, he went on with his ravings, seemingly unperturbed. But he cuffed both Guy and Jumbo so thoroughly later that they made very good wolves, howling, in the next act.

The traveling salesman—the drummer—loquacious, good-humored and wise-cracking, was an indispensable adjunct to business. He made all the small towns and hired livery rigs to drive inland to smaller ones off the railroad, like Algansee. The drummers usually arrived on the morning train. Some who expected to get out that same day checked their grips and washed up in the depot, where there was a roller towel with a rent in it, said to have been caused by a stroke of lightning. The others rode uptown in the bus.

Sam Outland, the jovial colored driver, would start off with a crack of his whip at his scrawny steeds, and he'd pull the door shut with a connecting strap and sit on the strap. He'd just get comfortably settled when one of his passengers would reach up and pull the strap out from under him. The door would swing open and a roar of laughter would go up. This trick worked every time. Some youth frequently caught on the steps in the rear, crouched down to escape Sam's whip. And if a Smart Aleck was up that early he'd yell:

"Hey, Sam! Your front wheels are goin' around!"

After the drummers had breakfasted, applying "an appetite like a canal horse," they went out to make their calls. Most of them had been covering the territory for years, dropping in once or twice a month after mailing a postcard on which there was a picture of a nattily clad gentleman carrying a grip, and the message: "I Will Call On You on or About Thursday With a Full and Complete Line of Samples." This message was all printed except the name of the day, which the salesman filled in when he made out his "rout." Their samples were much better than their merchandise, but satisfactory explanations were made unless the merchant declared:

"You can't pull any more snides on me."

Big-Timers in the Small Town

By the townsfolk the drummers were not held in very high esteem. They drank beer quite openly and were supposed to be on good terms with all the waitresses. They told their newest stories, "longer than the bell rope on a freight train," joshed about their expense accounts and passed out segars. They'd sit around in the chairs in the hotel yard and put a nickel in the music box that played steel records. When it tinkled Just Before the Battle, Mother, one would parody:

"Farewell, mother, you may never
Clasp me to your heart again;
I may be numbered 'mong the missing,
But never, never with the slain."

Or, perhaps, he'd sing out:

"Just tell 'em that you saw me,
But you didn't see me saw."

They were all goers, and don't you forget it. And they invariably patronized "Sixty Cents" Avery, the popcorn man. He'd drive up about seven o'clock, unhitch his horse, turn the animal around and tie him between the thills of the wagon. He suspended his popper by a wire from the roof and oscillated it over a kerosene jet. The drummers, while making a purchase, were ever reminded of the story of the country swain who drove into town with his girl to attend a band concert. He hitched some little distance away from Sixty's wagon.

"My," exclaimed the girl hungrily, "that popcorn smells good."

"Well," sympathized the rustic, "I wish I'd 'a' druv up closer."

Along with the drummers, trade and commerce was agitated by the traveling medicine show featuring Chief Honk-A-Tonk and fakers with cheap jewelry and handkerchiefs made from the finest Hibernian linen. Agents were plentiful too.

CASH IN On This Offer!

Here's your opportunity to earn big cash commissions as our representative in your spare time. Extra bonus paid to real workers. Experience unnecessary. Mail name and address today for full information and free working equipment.

Box 1624
% The Saturday Evening Post
251 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pa.
Name
Street
City
State Age

TOUGH BEARD TENDER SKIN? Try this Barber's Secret

No matter how tough the beard or tender the skin, "Prep" stops razor rash prevents sore neck—no pull or pucker—two minutes saved—whiskers slide off so easy blades last twice as long—26 million barber shaves prove it gives a painless shave. Ask the druggist or barber for the barber's secret or send ten cents for travel size to MARK W. ALLEN & CO. INC., 2120-2nd Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Send 10 Cts for Travel Size

PREP

HOT & SHAVING CREAM

INKOGRAPH The Perfect Writing Instrument

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

ONLY $1.50

SAME SIZE AS $7.00 to $8.75 FOUNTAIN PENS

DEALERS Send For Catalogue

MAKES 3 CARBON COPIES

SEND NO MONEY

Inkograph Company Inc., 159-165 Centre St., N. Y.

AGENTS

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

ABSORBENT TOWELING

IS THE CHOICE OF CAREFUL HOUSEWIVES

1000 Hotel Positions Open!

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS

Washington, D. C.

SAVE YOUR DESKS NEW or OLD

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$400 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5,040 IN ONE YEAR. $160 machine earned $3,168. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 557 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

MISS UNIVERSE

(Dorothy Britton)

Now in Earl Carroll's Vanities

"A corn in a beauty parade! . . . What nonsense with Blue-jay at every corner drug store!"

. . .

Famous Feet can't take chances with dangerous corn-cutting. Nor can you. Blue-jay safely and gently uproots the corn. The medication is controlled . . . you can't use too much or too little. The satin-soft shoe-pad relieves the pressure and stops the pain at once. A single Blue-jay usually ends the corn; but even the hardiest offender yields to a second or third. At all drug stores . . . *For calluses and bunions, ask for the large size Blue-jay.*

© B & B '29

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

You, too, Can Earn Extra Money Every Month

For many years, Mr. F. G. Persun of New Jersey has been "topping off" his regular salary with extra money earned as our local representative For the past three years the extra dollars have been piling up every month

Today there is a desirable, profitable, part-time job waiting for you! Or, if you prefer it, a full-time job.

You don't need experience or a single penny of capital to qualify. We will tell you just what to do and say—furnish everything you need—to represent the local subscription interests of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*

Cash commissions from the very start; generous bonuses to follow—but here we come to the detail-bringing coupon.

Mr. Persun is a vault custodian. But as our representative, in his spare time, he earns many extra dollars every month

Scissors Here

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

248 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like to earn more money. Tell me how.

Name *Age*

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Street

City *State*

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(Continued on Page 209)

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Modern indoor life demands the revitalizing influence of regular ultra-violet applications. Under these energizing rays bodies are stimulated, nerves soothed, metabolism increased. And soon the skin itself takes on the sun-tan color of vigor and vibrant health. Children and grown-ups alike reap these modern benefits so necessary to happiness.

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Just lie back and relax under the revitalizing rays of the Alpine Sun Lamp. In a few minutes you receive benefits equivalent to hours of outdoor sunlight.

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The new Home Model

Today, a smaller-sized replica of this famous Hanovia Lamp is available for the home. In other words, here is the *original* ultra-violet lamp used and approved by medical authorities everywhere—now built for use *right in your own home!*

What other equipment could you choose so surely and safely, to get the unmatched benefits of ultra-violet rays? What more logical sun lamp could you select to bring regular tonic baths of real sunshine to you and your family on the dark, cloudy days of winter and summer?

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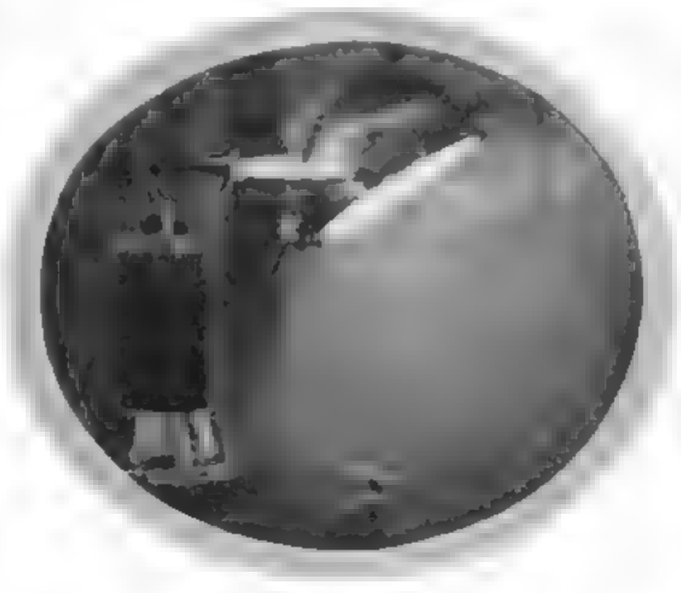
These outstanding Hanovia features of efficiency, safety and convenience are worth much more than any initial saving made on inferior equipment. Particularly so, when you consider that a mere few minutes exposure to Hanovia *indoor* sunlight gives benefits equivalent to those gained from a much longer exposure to *outdoor* sunlight.



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But if you are seeking to maintain and enhance your enjoyment of life through new energy and increased health—and if you are anxious to have your money buy the full and complete benefits of true ultra-violet rays—then sign and mail the coupon TODAY. Promptly you will receive the free, authentic booklet giving the whole story of ultra-violet rays, and full details of Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamp—Home Model. (Special payment plan offered. Hanovia Branches in all principal cities.)

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HANOVIA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO
Dept. Z, Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen: Send me at once your special free booklet on Ultra-Violet Rays. Include description and prices of the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

The Alpine Sun Lamp

FAMOUS FEET

© B.A.B. 1929

how they're kept free from corns

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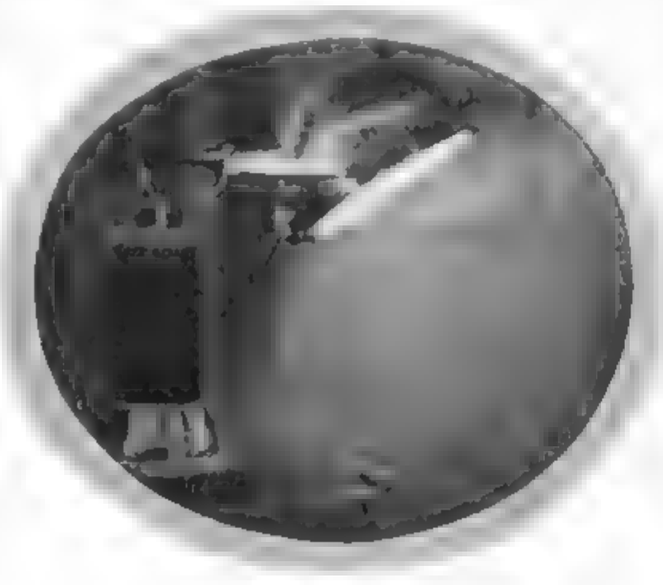

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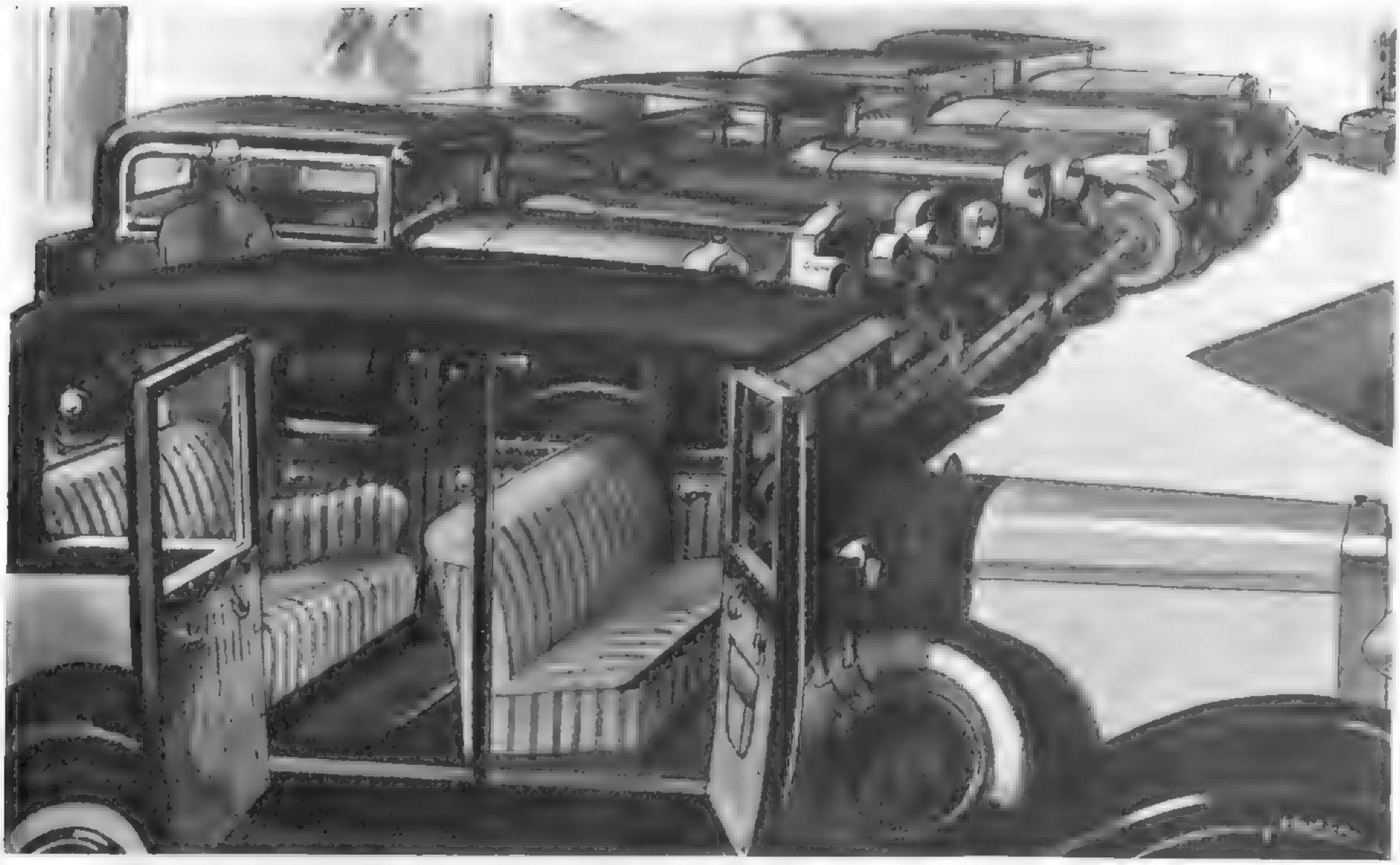

"Any car is worth 10% to 20% more if originally equipped with FANDANGO COVERS"

MR. DOUGLAS C. BURRELLE
Manager, Used Car Division, Approved Cadillac Corporation, New York City.

• • • •

"I give the owner of a *Fandango-equipped* car anywhere from 10% to 20% more when he brings his car to me."

Douglas C Burrelle

• • • •

"THE car with Fandango Covers is always in newer, finer condition than the car that is *not* protected by them. That is why I can give the owner of a *Fandango-equipped* car anywhere from 10% to 20% more, when he brings his car to me," says Douglas C. Burrelle, leading authority on exclusive used cars.

Every car owner should use Fandango Auto Seat and Interior Covers. Not only do they mean a cleaner, better-looking car; not only can he sell it for more if he wants to *sell* it, but when he turns it in on a *new* car, it means an increase in the trade-in value amounting to as much as 10% to 20%!

Though you yourself can easily attach a set of Fandango Covers, your Fandango Dealer can give you quick, expert Installation Service—*at no extra charge*. The moderate price you pay for Fandango Covers is the *first* cost and *last* cost.

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FANDANGO Auto Seat & Interior Covers

(Continued from Page 206)

assisted in perfecting them, that they therefore belonged to the Works.

"But what about your wheels?" one partner asked me.

It had been my good fortune to invent a method for forging wrought-iron wheels, the making of which had become a lucrative business. Demand for them had increased rapidly, especially for car and engine trucks. There was also a good demand for locomotive wheels forged with hollow counterbalances. Theee were also covered by my patent.

"The same thing applies to them," I answered. "I propose to have them made at the Standard Steel Works, one of our subsidiaries."

"Supposing we sell the right of manufacture to outside makers?" one of the older partners queried.

"That's another matter," I retorted. "I wouldn't want you to sell those rights. But if you don't care to go ahead with the manufacture and do make outside arrangements, what will you do for me?"

"We intend you to have a royalty," they promised.

"That will be satisfactory," I told my bosses. "But there won't be any royalty, because those forged wheels are going to be made by the Standard Steel Works."

So my bosses smiled and I went home happy. Mrs. Vauclain and I enjoyed our New Year's dinner, though I had to go back to the Works immediately.

Cause for Dismissal

I mention this matter of my patents because they were presented to the partnership not out of large-hearted liberality but because the partners had managed me so intelligently that I was more interested in building up the business than in fattening my bank account. When I say "intelligently," I mean honestly and fairly.

Since the inception of the business it has been governed by one code of management which Matthias Baldwin borrowed from Saint Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, third chapter, sixth to thirteenth verses. I believe any business institution can afford to study them. They are:

Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition which he received of us.

For yourselves know how ye ought to follow us: for we behaved not ourselves disorderly among you;

Neither did we eat any man's bread for nought; but wrought with labor and travail night and day, that we might not be chargeable to any of you:

Not because we have not power, but to make ourselves an ensample unto you to follow us.

For even when we were with you, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.

For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies.

Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread.

But ye, brethren, be not weary in well doing.

This code of conduct is not always easily followed, for it compels each man to know what he is doing, and makes him do it. No provision is made for limiting work or responsibility, for coddling anybody, or for helping lame ducks. Each man is expected to know his business, so no one else need bother about him.

Applying this code to my case, the partners stood with me when I introduced hydraulic presses for forging work, when I introduced the twenty-four-hour day to economize machinery, when I spent money on new roofs and other necessary improvements, in changing certain foundry processes, and in the installation of electricity. They backed me in countless other ways.

Some of these changes were preceded by an argument, but the partners were amenable to reason, and once they had been won to my way they never let me hold the bag. If they firmly thought any proposal was impracticable, I gave it up and that ended it. That is why we were in sympathy and why, when I was later admitted to partnership, I turned my patents in on a share-and-share-alike basis. It was part of what we like to call "the Baldwin spirit"—which is the life, code and works of Matthias Baldwin exemplified.

A little example of this spirit was given during the fall of 1907, when a severe financial depression was coupled with an increased demand for railroad supplies. The banks wouldn't let us have cash to pay our operatives. As we refused to meet our pay roll with clearing-house certificates, one of my partners, Mr. Alba B. Johnson, and I borrowed to the limit on our life insurance and so got cash to pay our workmen during the most trying week of our experience.

As one of the safeguards of our management has been the development of foreign markets, it may be proper here to mention that during that great depression of 1907 and 1908, when business in the United States was below normal, we made and shipped twenty compound, ten-wheeled locomotives to the Paris-Orleans Railway in France; twenty consolidation-type locomotives and two inspection cars to the South Manchuria Railway and a Mallet articulated compound locomotive of very narrow gauge to a sugar plantation in Santo Domingo.

This $2,500,000 of business, though inconsiderable in happy times, came in pretty handy during that depression. And we didn't despise the order for one locomotive from Santo Domingo. I've always had enthusiasm for the small customer. You never know how fast he may take on size and weight.

I met with one interesting reaction during that panic. The head of one of our smaller departments said, "I'm perfectly willing to have my wages reduced."

This was a surprising confession.

"You are?" I answered. "And what prompts your offer?"

"I felt that as business was slowing up it might help the Works if I took less money," he explained.

"Young man," I told him seriously, "I'll not give you a reduction, but if you think you're being paid too much you may be right about it. However, we need a man for your job who earns just what we are paying you. Under the circumstances perhaps I ought to fire you; then you wouldn't need to bother about the amount of money you're getting."

A Man May Change His Mind

Of course I didn't fire him, but I wanted him to know that no normal employe should worry about his wages. And this youngster was not a slacker. We can spot a slacker before he starts. Yet in his state of mind he might have begun to bother about management, and organize committees and have organization meetings in his department. Then I would have fired him. But instead of losing sleep in perfecting plans for other workers, he dug into his job and made a go of it.

Sometimes a good man falls off in his work. His superior tells me about it. Then he and the superior come in together to talk this problem over with me. It's my job to get there first about it.

"Hello, Jack; I understand you're in trouble," I begin. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

This is a kind of surprise attack. Jack promptly realizes that his only trouble is in his workmanship; whereat he's interested only in getting back to the shop. The discussion of the problem ends there. Jack has changed his mind. There are times when a man should change his mind.

Nearly forty years ago I was ordered to load a vessel in Philadelphia for Australia, but before my locomotives could be placed on board a stevedore boss filled the ship with soap.

I inquired, "What are you doing with that soap?"

"Putting it where I was told to by the captain," he told me.

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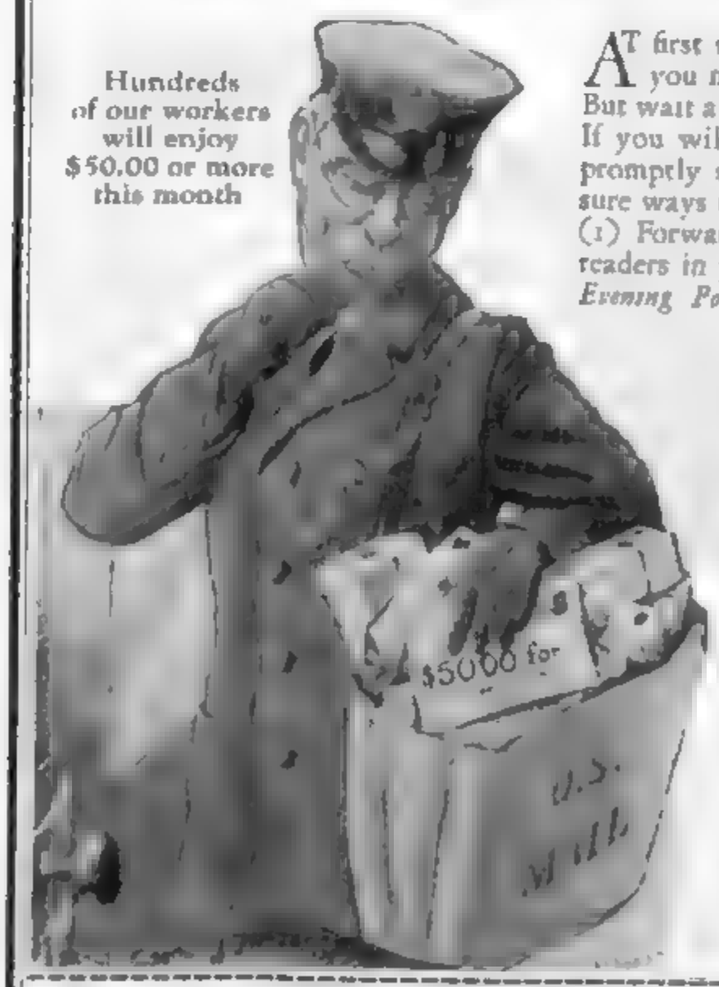

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"You'll take it out in a minute," I said. I knew what my shipping contract specified

"I'll not touch that soap," he answered.

It was four A.M., but I routed out the captain and told him, "I own this ship until my engines are all loaded. If there's any cargo space left after that, you can fill it with soap, and much joy to you."

The captain knew I was within my rights. "Keith," he said to the weary stevedore boss, "why did you put that soap in there?"

"Because you told me to, captain," answered the loading boss.

"Well, get it out of there quick," the captain ordered. Then he snapped, "Hasn't a man a right to change his mind?"

That was his way of meeting a crisis. There are various ways of meeting crises. Our Works faced a crisis two years after the 1907 panic, when one of our senior partners, Mr. William J. Henszey, passed away, leaving us to pay his heirs $6,000,000 within six months. As we were heavy borrowers and the junior partners were in debt, the outlook was not encouraging.

Our legal counsel, Mr. John G. Johnson, suggested the organization of a stock company in such a way that the common-stock interest of a member should become preferred 6 per cent stock after his death or retirement. The active members would thereupon hold common stock for the interest of those who had retired or died and endeavor to earn enough to pay the fixed interest on the preferred stock. The stock company functioned successfully. I became a stockholder, but kept on building locomotives.

Now, though a modern locomotive is a ponderous but delicate piece of mechanism, quite as intricate as it is expensive, and the building of one is not a tea party, my job is no longer difficult, because anybody can build a locomotive if he has been long enough in building the proper organization. It's like the man who, while motoring along a country road, saw a woman drive a large cow to a fence, then lift the cow right over it.

The motorist was amazed. "My dear madam," he exclaimed, "how was it possible for you to lift that animal?"

The athletic dairy maid, who was not panting perceptibly, smiled and answered, "I've been lifting that cow over that fence ever since she was a calf."

It's a long time since I started building locomotives, but my strength lies in the young men all around me. I never let an old man go, but I tie up to youth at every opportunity.

Lost Motion in Business

Many a time I have been asked if young men are benefited by college. My answer is that you can help but not spoil a boy of quality. The best rule is to give him all the education he can absorb. We haven't gone crazy on education. I sent my six children to college and each of them was benefited. If critics complain that no educated man wants to be a common laborer, I reply that no one wants educated men to do the hard and dirty work men had to do in my young days. Our educated men now build or operate machinery and live better lives than did their ancestors.

Yet, though the machinery of business is literally and figuratively more intricate, we get our results by cutting costs and corners.

There are too many fancy furnishings in business, too many roundabout ways to get results which should be reached by straight lines. I'm not decrying cost sheets. Ours are elaborate; though I carry production figures in my head, so I can make bids without figuring. Our other executives have retentive memories. What I'm thinking about is letters. Many letters I receive are two pages long! Their authors can't think or express themselves clearly. If any member of our organization writes a letter that turns the page, he must have a ready reason for it.

Business is based on production, to which wages and profits are secondary. Old, slow methods have been discarded. To make our modern business grade, higher speed is necessary, but it is attained by mechanical, not by human hands.

As the Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, pointed out when our plant at Eddystone was opened, the man who first suggested travel by steam power was locked up in an insane asylum; George Stephenson, who invented our first practical locomotive, was the butt of ridicule, and even thirty years ago the distinguished art critic, John Ruskin, who did not believe in machinery, had many ardent followers.

Current advocates of the simple life fail to realize that if we abolished mechanical inventions and resultant industry, we should abolish civilization by abolishing the ability of nearly everyone to make a living. That's why I spend money for larger plants and more equipment.

If an employe receives a maximum of $600 a year, that $600 is equivalent to a 6 per cent interest on $10,000. By installing a device which costs us, say $5000, we often save the wages of a $600 man, who is thereafter given charge of another machine. This system enables me to look for work without worrying about profits; more wealth is created automatically.

I mean world-wide wealth. My own doesn't interest me. I don't know my own net value, in dollars and cents or anything. The man in business solely to make money is often grievously disappointed.

Money Follows the Man

For years our Works attorney, the late John G. Johnson, billed us for $500 as an annual retaining fee. When we grew from a partnership into a big stock company and our business had increased enormously, we protested that he wasn't charging us enough for his legal services. He listened, nodded and remarked, "I shall make a note to increase my retainer." He billed us the next year for $1000!

Ten thousand dollars would have been a proper minimum. The biggest corporations sought advice from him. But he was much more interested in law than money. He often charged a tenth of what other lawyers charged for the same kind and quality of service. One of his New York lawyer friends tried to get him to remove to Manhattan, since he "couldn't charge large fees in Philadelphia."

Out of curiosity, Mr. Johnson asked, "What do you think I could earn in your metropolis?"

"A hundred thousand dollars yearly," his New York friend enthusiastically assured him.

Mr. Johnson thanked his friend for his good counsel, but remained in Philadelphia, where his normal income was $200,000.

The point is that if the man does not follow the money, the money will follow the man.

It is almost impossible to fix the worth of a job by its salary. It's the man on the job who fixes it. The pep and driving power of youth is desirable, but the best results usually come with maturity; especially maturity which laughs at age.

For seventy years George Johnson worked for us. He was our greatest trouble man on the road. At ninety-two he could set up three engines daily; more than any younger man could do. Shortly before George Johnson retired at ninety-five, I urged him to let me send him an assistant. He objected, but I insisted. Finally he yielded.

"All right," he grumbled. "But don't send me old Jones. Send me a young man if anyone."

Old Jones was sixty, which shows that age is only relative.

Outsiders sometimes regret that some employe does not rise above his job. George Johnson, machinist, drew top wages for his kind of work. Yet he could not have been an executive. I'd have spoiled a good workman to make a poor manager if I'd shifted him to a foremanship.

(Continued on Page 214)

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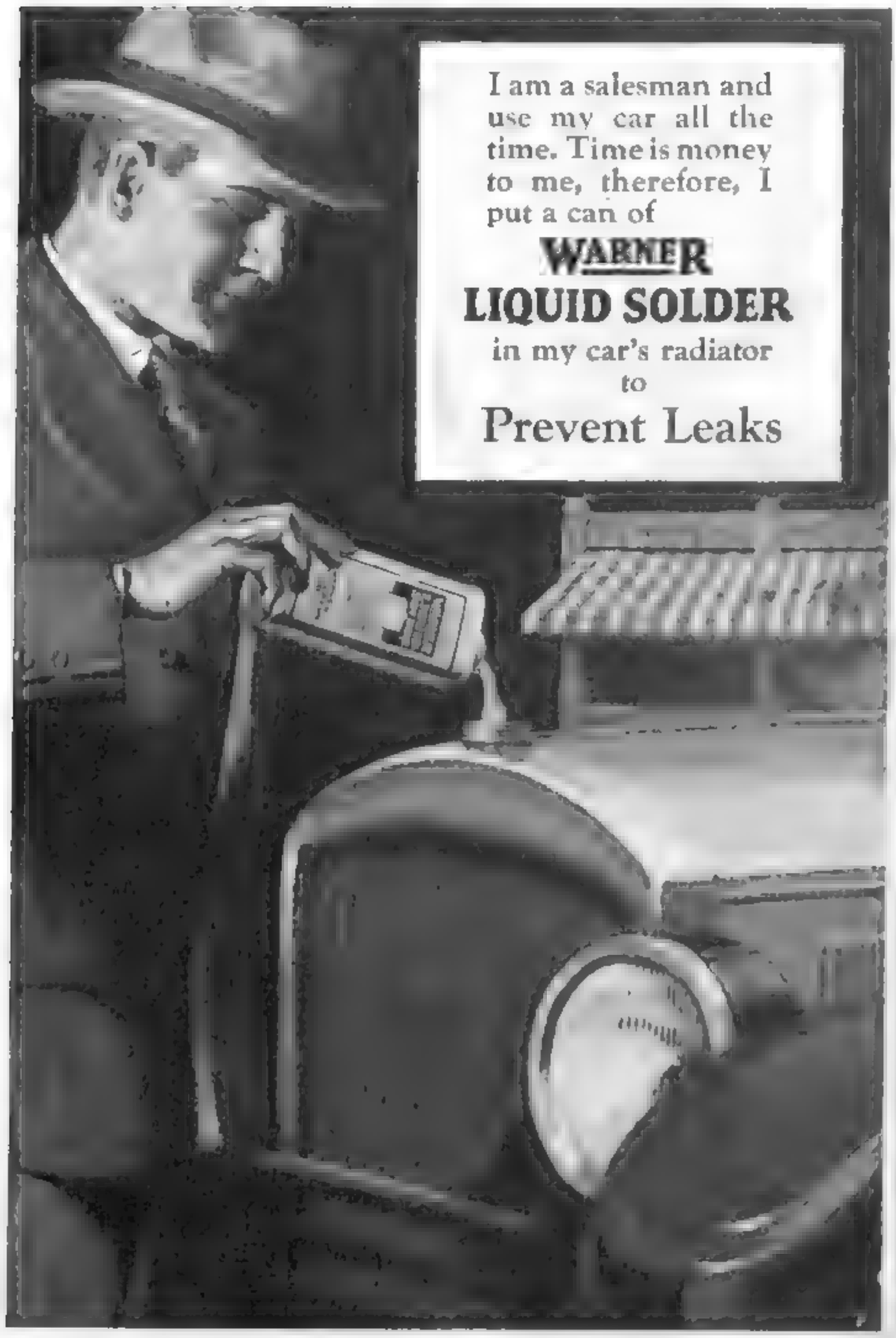
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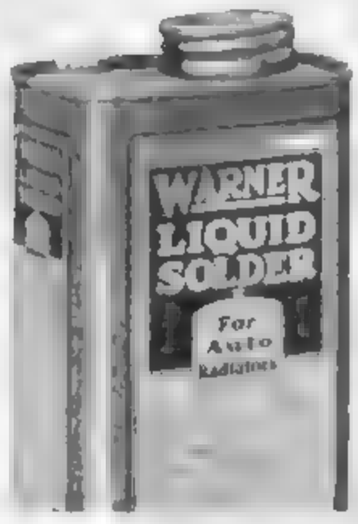

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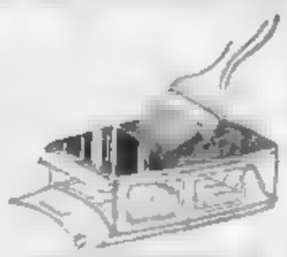

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Look what SPALDING *has done to the* STEEL SHAFT!

1. *removed vibration—making its use desirable in irons*

2. *given it, for the first time, the sweet feel of the finest hickory*

and here's the secret of its sweetness

PERHAPS, like thousands of golfers, you have found that the steel shaft has a very sweet feel in a wooden club—and a very sour feel in an iron.

Perhaps you have also found that a steel shaft drives a ball straighter. If so, you have probably prayed for a set of steel-shafted irons that would have the same sweet feel as your woods. Until now, however, you have never been able to find such irons. Do you know why?

Here is the reason. When the head of a steel-shafted iron hits a golf ball, the vibration from the shock of the blow must go somewhere. If the metal of a steel shaft is in direct contact with the metal of the clubhead, a perfect conductor is formed for this vibration. So it races up the shaft, into your fingers, and kills all sweetness of feel.

Every golf expert has recognized this one weakness of the steel-shafted iron. But it remained for Spalding to overcome it. And after two years of effort, Spalding now offers to the golfing world the first set of irons with steel shafts that are as sweet in feel as the finest hickory. There's not a trace of vibration in them, thanks to Spalding's exclusive new construction, the "Cushion-Neck."

Spalding
KRO-FLITE
GOLF CLUBS

Registered Sets—Sold in sets only.

Related Clubs—Sold one at a time.

How the "Cushion-Neck" Baffles Vibration

At no point, in the new "Cushion-Neck" irons, does the metal of the clubhead touch the metal of the shaft. For the end of the shaft that fits into the hosel of the clubhead is cushioned in rubber—surrounded by a rubber sleeve. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the insulation on a wire.

Then the rim of the hosel is crimped around the rubber, sealing it forever from the air, retaining its liveliness for the life of the club. And you'll never realize what perfect feel and sweetness that cushioning layer of rubber puts into a golf club until you hit a ball with one of these new "Cushion-Neck" irons.

Matched as only Spalding can match golf clubs

These new steel-shafted irons with the "Cushion-Neck" come in the world's most perfectly matched golf clubs—Kro-Flite Registered Irons, and Kro-Flite Related Irons.

Here are clubs that have such a perfect relation, one to the other, that they all have the same "swinging weight"—that is, they all *feel exactly alike* when swung through the arc of a stroke. Instead of learning a different swing for different clubs, you learn the correct swing for one—and it is correct for all of them.

BUY A MATCHED SET COMPLETE OR BUILD IT CLUB BY CLUB

Take your choice—buy either the famous Spalding Registered clubs—which are sold in sets only, or build up a set, one or two clubs at a time, by adding the Kro-Flite Related Irons, which are sold individually. Both come with cushion-neck steel shafts or with hickory shafts.

Kro-Flite Related Irons range in price according to club, from one [illegible] and two [illegible]. You can build up a perfect set of clubs—from driving-iron to mashie—and be sure that all the clubs of the same swinging weight—whether you buy them all at once or one club at a time. Kro-Flite Related Irons with cushion-neck steel shafts are $8.00 each. With hickory shafts, they are $6.50 each.

Spalding Registered Kro-Flite sets [illegible] are never sold in part sets. The set of six perfectly matched irons with cushion-neck steel shafts is $60, with hickory shafts $50. The set of nine with cushion-neck steel shafts [illegible] $75. The six-club set can be increased to nine at any time after purchase.

The Wood Set, consisting of the driver and brassie, is $30—steel or hickory shafts. Spoon to match is $15. Should a Registered Club be lost or broken, simply send your set number and club number to Spalding and an identical club can be made for you.

Let your professional outfit you. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, as do all Spalding stores.

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Ingram Users *have the secret of* Cool *and stingless shaving*

(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

THE instant you begin your first shave with Ingram's Shaving Cream your face is conscious of a brand-new sensation, and long after you have rinsed away the soap from your skin your face will be *cool* . . . cool . . . COOL . . . COOL!

For Ingram's is the shaving cream definitely planned to take the sting out of the morning shave and leave a clean cheek and a fresh, cool skin when the job is done.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face

Don't put up with the hot pin-pricks of shaving one day longer. We invite you to be "in on the secret of these cool morning shaves."

No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special healing and cooling ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a tonic all in one!

Ingram's does these four things and does them well:

Number One. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.

Number Two. It will keep your skin in better shape.

Number Three. It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.

Number Four. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet.

IF you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty to look at, but it's the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had!

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for the sample. Do it now!

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-49
110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

(Continued from Page 210)

On the contrary, there's the man I've already mentioned who straightened sheet-iron plates without wasting a blow, who struck so steadily and accurately that he was worth three ordinary straighteners. When I made him a gang boss he showed capacity for leadership. He went on, to become vice president in charge of operation with 25,000 workers under him

Most men need leadership; yet true leaders are hard to find. Once a man becomes a manager he must carry out as well as give instructions and speed production economically. He must have courage, yet side-step errors, for he might save us a dollar a man a year and then more than counterbalance that $25,000 saving by a $100,000 error. The best manager is one who is apparently doing nothing, because he knows how to train lieutenants.

In general, I believe young men should seek positions in large corporations not because large ones are able to pay the largest salaries but because there's inspiration in working up through a completed structure. Yet many young men prefer to help build up little companies. I make no distinctions between college and noncollege men, being interested only in the work they do. Neither do I discriminate, in salary, between married and unmarried employes. Marriage may help or hurt a man, though we are apt to lay too much stress on unhappy marriages.

But whether he is a bachelor or a man of family, it is difficult for one's son to make a place for himself under a father's supervision. Almost anybody else will have a better chance of success. That relationship, in business, is a handicap.

I try to avoid overadvancing any man. A set-back is bound to be bad for him. At the same time, if I pay a man less than he is earning, I am robbing him. Hence I do not balk at high salaries. A man can be worth $100,000 annually to a company if he delivers more than $100,000 worth of service. The only real high salary is that paid to a man who delivers less than its full value.

Finally, I am opposed to profit sharing, because the employe should get his share of company profits in his wages or his salary.

A business managed on these principles can manufacture profitably, if it is backed by efficient salesmanship.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Vauclain and Mr. May. The next will appear in the issue for April twentieth.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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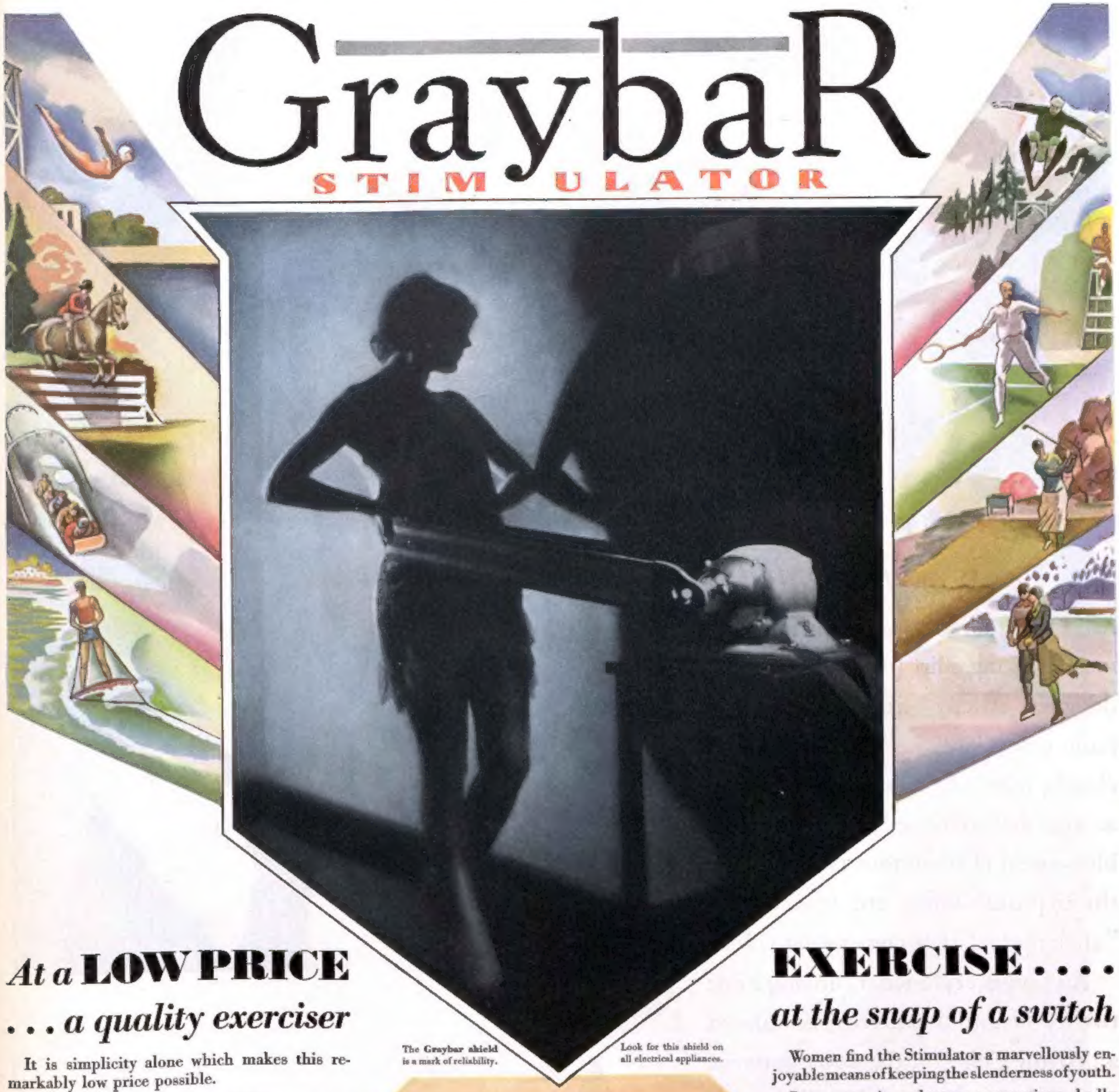
GraybaR
STIMULATOR



At a LOW PRICE
. . . a quality exerciser

It is simplicity alone which makes this remarkably low price possible.

The Graybar Stimulator has only *one* moving part—the motor. It has *no* gears whatever—and needs none!

And another thing—

This low price buys a fine Graybar product, one of a large family of electrical appliances that are known across the country for their high quality.

Attractive appearance—The lines are pleasing—the color a rich walnut—the nickeled parts highly polished.

Six speeds—Just a flip of the belt gives whichever speed you want. You can have anything from a light to a vigorous massage.

Reduces weight in any part of the body you desire, firms up flabby muscles, promotes elimination and stimulates the entire system.

The Graybar shield is a mark of reliability.

Look for this shield on all electrical appliances.

remarkable low price

$59.50

(Slightly higher west of the Rockies)

and the GraybaR *has* **six speeds**

EXERCISE . . . .
at the snap of a switch

Women find the Stimulator a marvellously enjoyable means of keeping the slenderness of youth.

Busy men, in sedentary occupations, badly need its benefits—to take the place of regular outdoor exercise. It makes the "daily dozen" a stimulating pleasure instead of an arduous task.

We should like to send you a booklet which picturizes and describes the Graybar Stimulator in detail—telling you just what it can do for you. Just send in the coupon below—no obligations entailed.

MAIL THIS COUPON for complete details

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO.,
Graybar Building, New York City

CHECK HERE
- ☐ Just send me your booklet on the Graybar Stimulator.
- ☐ Send me your booklet and tell me where I can see one on demonstration. No obligation, of course.

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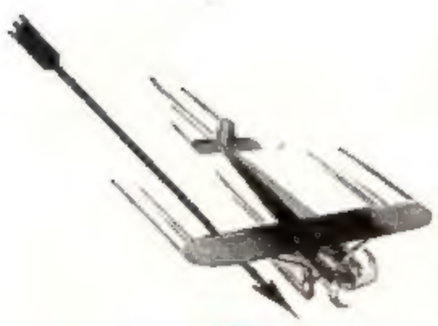

$2.45

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ARROW'S newest, most surprising, and most exciting shirt (called Airtone) is designed strictly "from the air." Its basic colors are the tones of sky and clouds, from the tint of desert dawn as the mail-pilot sees it, to the cool blue-green of mountain twilight. On these pastel tones are traced tiny "air-lanes" of rich contrasting colors.

And on every* model (among some twenty beautiful patterns) is tailored an Arrow Collar of the same material ...starched, or soft...with all the skill that makes Arrow's name the foremost in men's linen. The price is one which only unmatched skill and efficiency could approach—exactly $2.45. Every good men's-outfitter has your size.

*Every model but one: the exception is the neckband-type, with a starched Arrow Collar to match, tailored of the same fine fabric as the shirt.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK
Arrow Collars . Handkerchiefs . Shirts . Underwear

ARROW *Airtone* SHIRTS

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ONE hundred tidbits to the pound! . . . . That's Johnston's Chocolate Bazar . . . . the round metal box with contents as entrancing as its gayly decked exterior leads fancy to expect. . . . One hundred small pieces – each a perfect thing – perfect in deliciousness, in flavour . . . and in perfect taste for the thoughtful gifts that social custom dictates. ❧ ❧ ❧ Chocolate Bazar is packed in one and two pounds at two dollars the pound. ❧ ❧ ❧

Johnston's

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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

Old Dutch Cleanser brings *Healthful Cleanliness* - the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency

The Great Modern Advance!

Old Dutch brings Healthful Cleanliness, so essential to the well-being of your family. This notable Old Dutch achievement is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. Old Dutch also institutes quicker, easier and more economical standards of housekeeping.

There is nothing like Old Dutch. It contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acid or caustic—it is not a chemical. Its marvelous efficiency is derived from "Seismotite"—a natural cleanser endowed with scientific cleaning principles. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of Old Dutch possess distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt; assuring wholesome, hygienic cleanliness.

Old Dutch preserves the modern beauty of the home. It is perfect for sinks and bath tubs of snow-white or gayly colored porcelain or enamel; painted walls or woodwork; pots, pans and cooking utensils of all kinds. Tile; floors; nickelplate; windows and mirrors; refrigerators; enameled or painted furniture, etc. The fact that Old Dutch does not harm the hands is convincing proof of its purity and safety.

You will be agreeably surprised, when you use Old Dutch, at the small amount of work and time required to keep the home spotlessly clean and beautiful—safeguarded with *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch Cleanser Homes are Healthful Homes

Chases Dirt
Protects the Home

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